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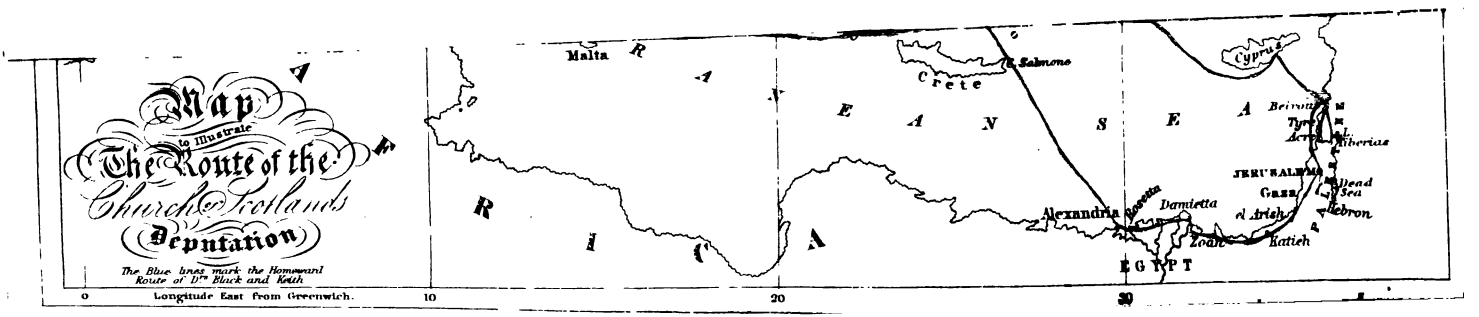
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Longitude East from Greenwich.
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Isaac Andrew Alexander
D 3801

NARRATIVE

OF A

MISSION OF INQUIRY

TO

THE JEWS

FROM

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

1839.

"He caused me to pass by them round about, and behold there were very many in the open valley, and lo! they were very dry." Ezek. XXXVII. 2.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

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Pappaw Pres. Assoc'n.
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PREFACE.

This work was undertaken at the desire of the Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the Conversion of the Jews. The writers had only one object in view during their journey, namely, to see the real condition and character of God's ancient people, and to observe whatever might contribute to interest others in their cause. Desiring to keep this single object in view in their Narrative also, they have not recorded many particulars of importance in regard to the general history of the countries which they visited, except in so far as this was likely to forward their main design. The same reason, however, has led them to dwell somewhat minutely on the scenery of the Holy Land, and the manners of its inhabitants, because, any thing that may invest that land with interest, will almost necessarily lead the reader to care for the peculiar people who once possessed it, and who still claim it as their own. It is meant to be a plain narrative, so that the most unlearned reader, if only familiar with the Scriptures, may follow the writers in their visit to the lost sheep of the House of Israel.

We have had specially in view the people of the parishes of Scotland, feeling it our duty and our privilege, as ministers of Christ in the Church of Scotland, to promote the cause of the Jews among our brethren. If the Church of Scotland in these perilous times, "take hold of the skirt of the Jew," God may remember her for Zion's sake.

The work has been long delayed, longer than was desirable, but this delay was unavoidable. During at least twelve months after returning home, scarcely a week passed wherein we did not receive some call to visit this or that other parish in order to tell orally the things we had seen and heard. And even now, when at length we have found time to sit down and write these records of our journey, it has been amidst the incessant demands for parochial labours, to which every pastor is daily subjected, and which he feels to be imperative.

May the God of Israel, for his ancient people's sake, make this work useful in kindling a brighter flame of love to the Jews in the bosom of all who are "the Lord's remembrancers" in Scotland, and may He grant "that this service which we have for Jerusalem may be accepted of the saints."

ANDREW A. BONAR.
ROB^{T}. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

2*d May* 1842.

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CHAPTER I.

FRANCE—ITALY—MALTA—GREECE.

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy, and I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease."—ZECHAR. I. 14, 15.

THE subject of the Jews had but recently begun to awaken attention among the faithful servants of God in the Church of Scotland. The plan of sending a Deputation to Palestine and other countries, to visit and inquire after the scattered Jews, was suggested by a series of striking providences in the case of some of the individuals concerned. The Rev. Robert S. Candlish, D.D. Minister of St George's, Edinburgh, saw these providences, and seized on the idea. On the part of our Church, "the thing was done suddenly;" but it soon became evident that "God had prepared the people."[1] The Committee of our General Assembly, appointed to consider what might be done in the way of setting on foot Missionary operations among the Jews, were led unanimously to adopt this plan after prayerful and anxious deliberation. Our own anticipations of the result of our inquiries might be described by a reference to Nehemiah.[2] We thought we could see that, if the Lord brought us home in safety, many people would

[1] II Chron. XXIX. 36. [2] Nehem. I. 2, 4.

ask us "concerning the Jews that had escaped and were left of the captivity, and concerning Jerusalem;" and that our Report might lead not a few to "weep, and mourn, and fast, and pray, before the God of heaven," for Israel. We have good reason to believe that this has been the effect. In Scotland, at least, many more "watchmen have been set upon the walls of Jerusalem,"[1] men of Nehemiah's spirit, who keep their eye upon its ruins, favouring its very dust, and who "will never hold their peace, day nor night, till the Lord make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

It was a token for good at the very outset, that Dr BLACK, Professor of Divinity in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Dr KEITH, Minister of St Cyrus, whose writings on the evidence from fulfilled prophecy have been so extensively read and blessed, were willing to give themselves to this work, along with two younger brethren, Rev. R. M. M'CHEYNE, Minister of St Peter's, Dundee, and Rev. ANDREW A. BONAR, Assistant Minister of Collace, Perthshire. Mr Robert Wodrow, an Elder of our Church, whose whole heart had yearned over Israel for many a year, was also appointed by the Committee, but ill health compelled him reluctantly to decline. Being all of one mind in regard to Israel, and eager to seek their good, a few weeks sufficed to have every preparation completed. Those of us who had Parishes to leave behind, felt that, in a case like this, we might act as did the shepherds at Bethlehem, leaving our flocks for a season under the care of the Shepherd of Israel, whose long lost sheep we were now going to seek. Nor have we had any cause to regret our confidence, and one at least of our number found this anticipation of the Good Shepherd's care more than realized on his return.

[1] Isa. LXII. 6, 7.

As we went on our way through Glasgow, Greenock, and Liverpool, the members of our Church commended us to the Lord. On our arrival in London, the office-bearers and members of the London Jewish Society, and many other Christian friends in the city, shewed us no small kindness. The Religious Tract Society furnished us with their publications in various languages. What we saw of the Jews there, and of the operations of the London Society among them, was very useful to us. Provided with Lord Palmerston's passport, and letters to her Majesty's foreign Consuls, through the kindness of Sir George Grey and Lord Ashley, as well as with letters to friends and merchants in the various countries we expected to visit, we were commended to the Lord in Regent Square Church the night before we set out. Many prayers also followed us, and the prayers of our brethren have not been in vain.

We sailed from Dover on the morning of 12th April 1839. Soon its white cliffs—its chalky hills—were left behind, and after three hours' sail over a boisterous sea we landed in Boulogne. We felt, as the shores of Albion faded from our view, that we needed, in our circumstances, the faith of Abraham, when it was said to him, "Get thee into a land that I will shew thee;"[1] for we knew not what was to be the result of our journeying among the seed of Israel.

A pillar to the memory of Napoleon, upon a height near the shore, attracts the eye in approaching the harbour of Boulogne. No sooner had we landed, than the demand for our passports, the pacing of the *gens d'armes* along the shore, and the general aspect of the people, reminded us that we were in a less favoured land than we

[1] Gen. xii. 1.

had left. We wished to press on to Paris that night, as we were afraid of not reaching Marseilles before the 21st, the day when the Alexandrian steamer was to sail, but we found that there was no *diligence* till next morning. In this there was a kind design of Providence, intended both to encourage and teach us, as we found before the evening had past.

Boulogne is said to contain 25,000 inhabitants, of whom 5000 are English visitors. The Leon, a small stream, flows through it. Popery is strong here, and to meet with so many ensigns of the "Man of Sin" on our first arrival, did not make France the more agreeable to us. In an elegant recess of the Cathedral, which is rebuilding in a splendid style, stands a statue of the Madonna and her Child, with this inscription, "*Mater patrona singularis*;" the Son of God thrown into the shade, and the Virgin declared to be their "special Patroness." On the wall and on the roof is delineated the supposed miraculous cross seen in the air at Poictiers in 1827. In order to raise the sum required for the rebuilding of this cathedral, the expedient was adopted of levying an additional *sou* on every chair used in the churches of the town. A ship close by intimates that the Virgin Mary is patroness of seamen; and outside of the town, on a hill, stands a very large cross, with the full-length figure of the Saviour, erected by some fishermen who had narrowly escaped shipwreck. We learned that the sailors' wives often come from the town to this cross to pray for their absent husbands. In respect to Education, the children of the town are under the special care of the Priests, and there is a college where 300 students receive instruction.

The *English Protestants* here are much divided among themselves, and true religion does not seem to be in a

healthy state;—but we had no time to ascertain particulars regarding any native Protestants. In walking through the town, we began to notice the common continental fashion of hanging lamps over the middle of the streets by ropes stretched from side to side. The old wall forms now a part of the fort, and the tower of the town-house is used for alarms in case of fire. There is an extensive view from the heights above the town.

It was not till evening that we were able to ascertain any facts regarding the Jews here. We had been told that two Jews had lately come from Dover, who resided near our hotel, but that they were men of the world rather than devout Israelites. In the evening, however, we were visited by a very interesting Jew, a person of education and agreeable manners, who spoke English fluently. He told us his history.—Originally possessed of a small fortune, he had exhausted it in travelling for the sake of his brethren, having gone to North America, to investigate the question whether or not the Indians there are really the descendants of the *ten tribes*. He had lived a year among the Winebegos and Micmacs, learned the Cherokee and Oneida languages, conformed to their manners, often living almost naked, all in order to ascertain that question, which he did not hesitate to decide in the negative. He was now spending his time in retirement, with the view of being able to recruit his resources, so as to undertake new journeys among his brethren in other parts, and especially in Palestine. The circumstance of our being on our way to Palestine had chiefly induced him to visit us. In the course of conversation, we stated the feeling of love to Israel which had led us to go forth on this journey; and Dr Keith, with great fervour, pictured the outcast state of Israel, and how plain-

ly it seemed to be on account of some sin lying at their door, urging him to consider what the sin could be. In reply, the Jew spoke of God's general love and mercy; and when we in return exhibited the way of pardon and acceptance, he became much affected,—"chiefly," he said, "because we manifested such interest in him, and such kindness." He added, "he wished there were more of the Church of Scotland's Missionaries;" and then immediately explained himself, "that it was only in one sense he could express such a wish, for he could not desire our success in converting his brethren,—but, if any should accomplish this, it would be in the way of kindness." He had been long seeking the truth, and thought he was still doing so, but was not convinced that it lay with us. He argued that the Jews had got their laws "*for ever*;" but was silent when we pointed to the new covenant promised in Jeremiah.[1] In speaking of *Jesus*, he made some interesting admissions. "The character and doings of Jesus Christ were most wonderful, and the success of Christianity in the world was the doing of God, in order to alleviate the misery of men; for, had Christianity not existed, he shuddered to think what might have been the state of nations." When pressed with the question, "Would Jesus, so excellent a character as he admitted him to be, declare himself *Son of God*, if he were not really so?" he was again silent, and seemed confused. He thought that God may possibly have prospered Christianity for the sake of *the Jews*; for *true Christianity* had never persecuted them. He had heard of Dr Keith's work on Prophecy,—expressed delight at meeting with the author,—and on being presented with the Doctor's last work on the Evidences, requested him to write his name

1 Jer. xxxi. 31.

upon it. When presented with a Hebrew New Testament, on which we had written that we would often pray that he might be brought to light and peace, he shewed much emotion. Once or twice, after rising to go away, he resumed his discourse. On finally taking leave, which he did with tears running down his face, he said with great emphasis, "*If you wish to gain a Jew treat him as a brother.*" From him we learned that there are only eight families of Jews here, and that the children of one of these attend a Christian school.

This being the first night of our inquiries after the scattered sheep in a foreign land, we could not but feel peculiar encouragement from this interview. It seemed as if the Lord was in haste to give us a token of his presence.

(April 13.) Next day at ten o'clock we started for Paris, a distance of 140 miles, in the *diligence*, a cumbrous, heavy waggon, enormously loaded with passengers and luggage, and boxes of treasure—postilions cracking their whips most vigorously. Beyond the town, we found a peaceful scene, the river Leon flowing gently through the vale. The hedges were sprouting, and gardens farther advanced than in England. Part of the road was lined with willow trees, cut across, so that they looked like columns, the branches having been stripped off for basket-making. From time to time, in the fields we saw the plough drawn by four horses, and moving on wheels. The sight of many retired, beautiful villages surrounded by rich fields often called forth the prayer, "Thy kingdom come"—when these spots shall all be seats of holiness. The cross is here a never failing object in the churches and church-yards, and occasionally by the way-side. Many people were returning

from a neighbouring market, and women riding on donkies and ponies.

We passed through *Montreuil*, an old town, defended by a wall and fort, which again are surrounded by a moat, with a considerable extent of marshy ground in the vicinity. Several times as the *diligence* moved slowly up a hill, or cautiously descended, children from the villages came round with bouquets of flowers, which they threw into the vehicle, chanting at the same time very sweetly in their native patois.

We next reached *Abbeville*, passing through its fortified entrance. It has a fine old Cathedral, and the houses are built in an old fantastic style. Here we had our first specimen of a *Table d'hôte*, with the music of a company of harpers to entertain us.

About two in the morning, the *diligence* arrived at *Beauvais*, where we were delayed for some hours. The information we had got, led us to expect that we should have been in Paris before Sabbath morning broke, and we felt this violation of the Sabbath very painfully. As morning advanced, we saw the people of the villages going forth to labour just as on other days—ploughmen in the fields, women at their cottage doors, children at play. We soon found that buying and selling, and every sort of amusement, were the chief occupations of the people of France on the holy Sabbath. Many of the horses wore tinkling bells as they went out to the fields; but the words of the prophecy is not yet fulfilled, when "there shall be on the bells of the horses holiness to the Lord."[1] In passing through *St Denys*, we found that all was bustle and activity—vehicles of every kind coming along the road, and every one engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. A band of children,

[1] Zech. xiv. 20.

and a few women, chiefly old people, were on their way to church.

On reaching Paris, we refreshed ourselves, and set out for *Marbœuf Chapel*, where divine service is conducted in English. The streets presented an endless scene of gayety and show. There was scarcely a shop shut, and the people literally thronged every street, all in their best holiday dress. Our way led through the "*Champs Elysées*," crowded with people of all ranks; each determined to find their Elysium in every form of pleasure, and openly defying the words of the Holy One of Israel.[1] Even children were there,—boys and girls skipping at their games, and amusing themselves on gaudily painted swings. The well-conditioned and fashionables were parading up and down; many eating and drinking; the noblesse riding in all kinds of vehicles. It might be a scene like this that was witnessed in the days of Noah, or when Lot went out of Sodom—eating, drinking, planting, building, &c. Even now the day of Christ would "*come as a snare*" upon all the earth![2] We felt the contrast when we got within the walls of the Chapel. While worshipping there with a devout band, we seemed to have exchanged the din and confusion of Babel for the peace and stillness of the Holy Place. In the evening, we heard a French sermon from Frederic Monod, in the upper chamber of the *Oratoire*, on Paul being sent "to open the blind eyes,"—a small assembly, but lively and fervent. The singing of the psalms in French was very sweet; it seemed to be with all the heart. In canonical hours the French Protestants use a short liturgy; they have also a short extempore prayer. Out of a population in Paris of 800,000, only 2000 attend regularly any Protestant place of wor-

[1] Isa. LVIII. 13. [2] Luke XVII. 26, 30.

ship. Still the state of Protestanism is much improved. Not long ago scarcely one faithful sermon was heard in Paris, now fourteen are preached every Sabbath-day; and there are Protestant schools, attended by 800 children, two-thirds of whom are children of Catholic parents. None of the Protestant clergy in Paris are Neologian. The Popish party are active, bringing to the city some of their best preachers, who have increased the attendance at their churches, but made scarcely any impression on the infidel part of the population. No city seems more to resemble Sodom.[1] Even in our way from the church, we saw some of the horrors of a Parisian Sabbath Evening; gambling and other scenes of profligacy being plainly visible from the street.

(April 15.) This morning (Monday), Mr Evans from Edinburgh, and other excellent friends to whom we were introduced, assisted us in our inquiries, and forwarded all our arrangements. In regard to the Jews, we found that they are not numerous, and are mostly infidels. They have a synagogue, and it is here that Rabbi Cahen has published his translation of the Old Testament, a work so imbued with Neology, that many even of his own congregation are disgusted with it. Frederic Monod said, that there had been efforts made for the conversion of the Jews, but with no success. He knew of no instance of real conversion among them in Paris. They are scattered through the mass of the population, and thus are lost to the Christian eye; and hence, in some degree, we may account for the comparatively little interest taken in this people by Christians here. The eye of the Christian in Paris rests on the masses of infidelity, and when he sees *these*, "he is moved

[1] Rev. xi. 8.

with compassion," and can look no farther. Paris is by many supposed to be "the street of the great city," referred to in the Book of Revelation.[1] Its daily scenes of open iniquity, as well as the tremendous crimes of the past, well known throughout the world, may entitle it to this awful pre-eminence. We were struck with the luxury and thoughtlessness of this great city. In its commonest hotels are seen indications of plenty; and the piled up rolls of white bread often reminded us of that feature of Sodom, "fulness of bread and abundance of idleness was in her;" "therefore they were haughty, and committed abomination before me."[2]

We saw some splendid buildings. The Church of the Magdalene—The Palaces—The Pillar in the Place Vendome, and many others. We had time to walk round the city and see some of its magnificence. But even had this been Babylon with its hanging gardens and walls of brass, we would rather have found out Israel by the river side, hanging their harps on the willows, than gazed on the trophies of Atheism and the abodes of guilt.

(April 16.) On Tuesday afternoon we set out for *Chalons-sur-Saone*. While riding up the banks of the Seine and across the Marne, the country was very pleasant. Beautiful villages seem to be characteristic of French scenery. One or two handsome chateaux appear, with gilded railings according to French taste. Such country-seats, however, are few, a fact that quite accords with the national gayety, to which rural calm would be a burden.

When we awoke next morning, we were approaching *Troyes*, a decayed-looking town, containing 28,000 inhabitants. The white and red blossoms of the cherry,

[1] Rev. xi. 8. [2] Ezek. xvi. 49, 50.

the apricot, and the peach trees met the eye in every garden we passed. Vineyards were now more frequent, the vines just beginning to bud. Bundles of sticks were lying ready to support them, when they should begin to sprout. In the plains, a field of vines and a field of wheat generally alternate, affording the necessaries and luxuries of life,[1] corn and wine. Some of the fields are ploughed in the circular manner, as in the Carse of Gowrie. We then came to the *Aube*, another tributary of the Seine, within view of some gently rising hills. There were with us in the *diligence* two young Roman Catholic lads, very open and amiable, with whom we got into free conversation. As we were distributing tracts from the windows to the people that passed by, one of them offered to join us in our employment, and both seemed happy at being presented with tracts for themselves. Indeed, one of them took a good supply with him to distribute in Lyons where he resides.

About sunset, we reached *Chatillon-sur-Seine*. Walking onward beyond the town, while the postilions were changing horses, we found it a quiet peaceful spot, —the scenery resembling the banks of the Jed, a little above Jedburgh. In this district, and indeed along all our journey, we observed how carefully in France a Church has been attached to every small village. Popery allowed none to escape its grasp, nor grudged to bring its ordinances to the door of the poorest villagers.

We reached *Dijon* about half-past six in the morning, and made up for the uncomfortable rest of the *diligence* by a few hours' sleep at the *Hotel de la Galère*. The town is marked out by a remarkably slender, tapering spire shooting up from the cathedral. About midday we called upon the Protestant clergyman, *M.*

1 Psa. iv. 7.

Alfonse Frontin, a young man labouring patiently for the truth. He has the charge of the Protestant population, who amount to 200 souls, but they are very lifeless. He told us (and we found his information verified by an intelligent member of his congregation), that there are about 400 *Jews* here. None of the French Protestants in the town have ever turned their attention to Israel, but M. Oster, the Jewish missionary from Strasburg, has visited the place. M. Frontin went with us to the house of Moses Israel, the Rabbi, a feeble old man, of no education, and very poor. A young Jew was our guide, who at first bitterly opposed all we said on the subject of religion, but soon became interested, and at parting took some tracts, at the same time positively refusing any remuneration for his trouble in going about with us. When M. Oster was here, he visited their synagogue, desiring to speak in a friendly way with them; but they treated him very ill, many even followed him through the streets and threw back his tracts. In the evening, while preparing to set out, one of us met a pleasant little boy, looking at the *diligence*, who eagerly accepted the offer of a book suited to his age. Soon after he returned, bringing with him an old man, dressed in a blue frock, for whom he asked a tract. This old man was his father, and the father and son were *Jews!* The father looked at our Hebrew Bible and read some verses aloud. We then gave him the Life of Dr Cappadose and a New Testament in French—both of which he took with as much joy as his little boy, shaking hands with us more than once at the window of the *diligence;* at the same time, another man came forward and asked one of our Hebrew tracts: he proved to be a *Jew* going to Lyons, but sceptical in his views, like

most of the Jews in France. With him we had some conversation at various periods of our journey, and gave him the Life of Cappadose on leaving his company.

At the *Table d'hôte*, the young Roman Catholic had mentioned his conversations with us, and recommended the tracts which we were giving away. The consequence was, that before our vehicle had started a person came running down from the inn, to get some for the use of the company.

At length, fairly seated, we found a Roman Catholic priest in our company. With him we conversed sometimes in French, sometimes in Latin, on various topics, chiefly, however, on the subject of *peace with God.* He received from us, and read the tract "*La bonne Nouvelle.*" At sunset, taking out his prayer-book, he requested to be left to himself for a little, and having completed his evening devotions, conversed with us for nearly two hours longer, occasionally with some warmth.

At half-past five next morning, we were at *Chalons*, where we had to wait two hours for the steam-boat at a miserable inn, "*Hotel des Diligences.*" We heard that there are a few lively Protestants here. At seven we embarked on the Saone, a river that flows so quietly that it is difficult to tell which way it runs. Our voyage from Chalons to Lyons cost no more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs each, though the distance is about 100 miles—there being an opposition steam-boat on the river. The group on board was interesting. There were peasants from Grenoble with broad straw hats, frocks, and wooden shoes; soldiers in the showy uniform of France; sailors with the Italian cap, brown or red; three Roman Catholic priests with the three-cornered hat, black bands with white edge, black cloak and sash, and buckles in their shoes; and women with the Swiss bonnet, that

seemed to be falling over the forehead. The sail was delightful, the day warm and clear. Many of the sloping vineyards on the banks reminded us of Isaiah's expression,[1] "My Beloved hath a vineyard on a horn the son of oil," *i. e.* a little hill projecting like a horn, with its soil rich and fertile. *Tournou* is a picturesque little town, on the right bank of the river, having a cathedral with two fantastic spires. We afterwards learned, that the Spirit has been lately quickening a few souls there. *Maçon*, half-way down the Saone, is a large town with a handsome bridge over the river. It was after leaving this town, that we first saw the snowy ridge of the *Lower Alps*, and part of the *Jura* range, in the direction of Geneva. We next sailed past *Trevoux*, romantically situated; its old walls and battlements hanging over the river, and the church perched upon a rock. The banks are beautifully lined with white stone. It was once the resort of a famous literary society.

About five o'clock, the boat reached Lyons. The approach is very picturesque, and becomes at last magnificent. The river seems to run along a passage cut through high solid rocks into the heart of the town. On one of the high rising grounds that meet the eye when sailing up, stood the Roman amphitheatre where Blandina was put to death. Some remains of it still exist, and the house of Pothinus is pointed out in the city.

We took up our abode in the *Hotel de l'Europe*, and were soon visited by M. Cordes, the devoted Protestant minister, who invited us to spend the day with him. M. Cordes in going through the town, pointed out the market-place, where the five Swiss young men were burned at the time of the Reformation; and shewed us Peter

[1] Isa. v. 1.

Waldo's street, which is still called "*Maudite*," *i. e. accursed.* Some streets of lofty houses reminded us of the venerable piles of building in the old town of Edinburgh.

There are 200,000 souls here, and the trade is very great. There are 6000 Protestants, and several Protestant clergy; but none evangelical or orthodox except M. Cordes. M. Adolphe Monod, now professor at Montauban, was once pastor here, but was expelled from communion by the Neologian pastors. M. Cordes succeeded, and has now a church of his own. He has 400 hearers, very lively Christians; and there have been many conversions under his ministry. God remembers his ancient witnesses in Lyons. "*This Mount Zion wherein thou hast dwelt*,"[1] is not an unmeaning or unavailing plea, whether offered for the land of Israel, or for other places once visited by the Spirit. There are about 400 French Protestant clergy in the kingdom, but of these scarcely half are orthodox. Of late, faithful pastors have been on the increase, and Evangelical Protestant congregations have been formed at Chalons, Maçon, and Trevoux, the places we passed to-day. The Jews have a synagogue here. Mr Wilson, a Christian friend of M. Cordes, told us that he went round with M. Oster, and found fifty Jewish families, most of whom were sceptical in their opinions. He knew of only one convert, a young man, who had gone to Montlimart to follow a trade. There are, however, some Jewish children at the Protestant school, eight at the week-day, and three at the infant school. If they had means, the number might be increased.

Next morning (Saturday, April 20) we sailed down the rapid Rhone for *Avignon*, a distance of about 100 miles. Again the Lower Alps appeared on our left—

[1] Psa. LXXIV. 2.

beautiful in the light of the morning sun—some of them snow-clad at the summit. The scenery on the river is exceedingly beautiful, and continues full of interest, until the frequency of similar views makes the eye weary. There is more majesty in the scenery of this river than on the Saone. Hills and rocks enclose it. The vineyards on its banks are very frequent, raised on terraces, like the steps of an amphitheatre. Sometimes the hills are bleak and wild, reminding us of Glencoe and our native mountains. Sometimes there is a fine open country, studded with towns and villages, villas, and gardens.

Next to the city we had left, we felt deepest interest in sailing past *Vienne*, close to the river side on the left, early renowned, along with Lyons, for its martyrs, and its devoted Christians, whose calm and heavenly spirit is so beautifully manifest in their letter to the Church of Smyrna. An intelligent passenger pointed our eye to a very precipitous hill among the *Alps:* "It is at the foot of this hill that *Provence* begins." We now passed the mouth of the *Isere*, flowing into the Rhone, and came to *Valence*, pleasantly situated—a place where Napoleon spent a great part of his youth. We passed in sight of *Montlimart*, a town resembling Abernethy on the Tay. We were continually sailing under bridges, of which there are seventeen across this river. One of these, called Port Saint l'Esprit, is a very splendid one, and has eighteen arches, each large arch including in it a smaller one, that the water may flow through unimpeded. It spans the river at a very broad point. We often met a long train of horses or mules, perhaps sixty in a train, dragging a chain of boats laden with merchandise up the river; and once or twice an immense hay-stack was conveyed up the stream in this manner.

It was five o'clock when we reached the celebrated *Avignon*, an ancient palace of the Popes of France. Indeed, it seems a town of ruined palaces and towers. Every thing combined to make us feel the exquisite beauty of its situation. The evening was calm, the air soft, the sky clear; the trees, in which the town is embosomed, wore their most refreshing verdure; the clock sounded from the tower amidst the stillness, reminding us of the vesper-bell. The *Alps* in the distant background, and the splendid river, completed the scene.

But our object was not to linger over scenery, or enjoy historical memorials. We needed to be self-denied. Accordingly, we sailed on to *Beaucaire*, and there during night exchanged our vessel, and moved onward to the mouth of the Rhone. In the vessel, we found that the *bell* had a cross on it with this inscription, "Sit nomen Dei benedictum" (Blessed be the name of God). It was one of the baptized bells of Popery. We soon reached *Arles*, an old town, full of antiquities, though none are of much importance. After that point, the scenery became totally uninteresting. Our Engineer was an Englishman, who seeing us distributing tracts to the passengers, became very zealous in the same work. He was a steady Protestant by profession, though it was now ten years since he came to this station, and during all that time had been only twice in a place of worship.

When nine leagues from Arles, and as many from Marseilles, at the mouth of the Rhone, about nine o'clock A. M., the steamer was completely stopped in its progress. A wind, called the *Mestrael*, which had not retarded the boat for eighteen months before, met us in the face; and the current joining with this adverse force, made the vessel unmanageable. It was imme-

diately resolved to cast anchor close by an island at the mouth of the Rhone—a small, flat island, very barren and sandy. This done, we all landed, waiting till the wind should change. We found no cultivation on the island. About twenty asses were feeding on rushes. The inhabitants were twelve or sixteen families of fishermen; their huts were formed of these rushes, each hut surmounted by a *cross* on the roof, as a protection from storms and other accidents. A few of the huts had vines (though not luxuriant) growing at the door, and forming arbours. There was also one fig-tree on the island, a proof of the mildness of the climate. The language used by the people is neither French nor Italian, but a mixture of both. They have no church nor school nearer than *Arles* or *Marseilles*. Only a very few could read French and understand it; however, as these few might be readers to the rest, we were anxious to leave tracts among them. The Engineer made his appearance, offering to go to every house with them. One tract, "*Religion de l'Argent*" (the Money Religion)—a satirical exposure of Popery—was got hold of by a French captain, who read it aloud to a crowd of bystanders. The Engineer, not content with his day's work, asked us to send him more from home, and he would distribute them at various times in the course of his voyages. "What would it be to England (said he) to send a man to preach the truth in every village of France?" Some of us went apart among the grass and rushes for prayer and reading the Scriptures. We did this in the forenoon, and again at evening, with the Rhone at our feet, in the soft air, with a clear sky above, and perfect stillness round. That night we had no other couch than the floor of the cabin.

Before morning the wind changed, and by half-past

eight we reached *Marseilles*, where we found rest at the *Hotel du Pavilion*. The approach to the city from the sea is magnificent—high hills or rather rocks form the west side of the entrance, and deep blue waters—deep even in the midst of the harbour—floated up the vessel to its anchorage. The harbour is formed by the sea running into a natural basin, which is always full, the ebb of the tide being less than six feet deep. It is defended by very strong fortifications, and these are splendidly built. Ships from all nations ride at anchor in the harbour, and people of all countries are found in its streets. The population is 150,000—of these only 2000 are even nominally Protestant. They have, however, three evangelical pastors, with a Sabbath school attended by 60 children, and a week-day school attended by 50 girls and 40 boys—both of very recent origin. This information was given to us by one of the pastors, M. Monod. We found time to call on the Rabbi, a smart Frenchman. Though a Jew, yet his opinions are those of the Neologians. He denies the fall of man, believes that the curse on the ground was a blessing, and that a new heart means the improvement of the mind. He rejects the Talmud, and though he does not avow his rejection of the Bible, yet denies the restoration of Israel to their own land; and disbelieves the promise of a Messiah, on the ground that the good of the *universe*, and not of one nation, is what we are to look for. Most of the young Jews here are quite given up to the world, and cherish infidel views. The Rabbi was willing to take tracts—was proud to shew his synagogue—and said that there were about 1000 Jews in the town. We got more information in the evening; but there is very little to interest a friend of Israel here.

We had by this time ascertained that a steamer had

sailed for Malta the day before, and that we must wait ten days for another. We resolved, therefore, to spend the time in visiting as much of Italy as we could. A boat was about to sail for *Leghorn* called the "Sully," in which we embarked, enjoying a most beautiful day, and smooth sea. The vessel coasted the shore, which is bold and precipitous. We had a near view of *Toulon*, the bay of the French navy, and the place where Napoleon first pointed the cannon. Its harbour is shut in by hills, and is strongly fortified.

The Isle of *Hieres* next came in sight, whose salubrious climate draws invalids to its shores. The scenery continued rocky and picturesque—the waters deep blue, and calm—"a glassy sea." At night the moon rose clear, and the stars were very brilliant; the waters glittered with peculiar brightness under such a firmament. We united in prayer in the cabin, and "slept in peace, for God sustained us."

At seven next morning we were on the coast of Italy. Numerous villages attracted the eye, built of stone that seemed remarkably white and clean, especially under the morning sun. *Omeglia*, *Allasio*, *Albenga*, were all successively pointed out close to the water-edge;—the olive-clad *Alps (Alpes maritimæ)* pressing hard upon them in the back-ground. *Allasio* stands on a hill, and the spire of its church is a fine object. The hills round these towns are dotted with villas, and this continued to be the aspect of the coast till we reached Genoa. Italy is indeed a beautiful region, but "gross darkness covers its people." The Engineer of our vessel, a pious Presbyterian of the Synod of Ulster, agreed to circulate tracts on board, if we would send a supply; and proposed to give them to the other engineers along this coast, all of whom are Englishmen and Protestants.

We entered the splendid bay of *Genoa* about midday. The finest view of Genoa is from the sea. The eye is almost dazzled in wandering round the bay, by the irregular tiers of marble palaces, fantastic towers, and spires, the remnants of ancient days. The whiteness of the marble, and the bright colouring of many of the houses, has a very striking appearance. Steep sloping hills enclose it from behind, and it is walled and fortified on every side; the cannon pointing down upon the town. Entering the harbours, the galley-slaves loaded with chains attracted our attention. They work in a floating machine, like the tread-mill, used for bringing up the mud of the harbour. They are sentenced by a fiction of law, not for life, but for 120 years.

On landing we were examined by the Police. Our names and the place where we meant to lodge in the city were demanded, betraying a jealousy which made us feel that we were no longer in a free country. We took up our residence at the *Hotel Croix de St Malte.* The streets of Genoa are very narrow, and delightfully cool. Originally carriages could not go along them, but now some of them are made a little broader. Most of the houses have pilasters and entrances of white marble. Some are entirely built of marble. One lately built by Paganini was pointed out to us. The females wear a beautiful veil, which covers the back part of the head and the shoulders, meeting over the breast. Some wear it of a fine white, some of bright variegated colours;—to all, it gives a clean, tidy appearance. The number of Ecclesiastics here is very remarkable. We met twenty-eight in the priest's dress in a ten minutes' walk. Of these, many are not priests, but all are connected with the ecclesiastical office. We here also met with sandaled Monks for the first time, bareheaded,

rough-looking men, the Dominicans in a brown, the Franciscans in a black dress; the rude cord round the waist and pendent crucifix, the bare head, and cowl, marking them all.

It is very common to see pictures fixed into the walls on the outside of the houses, in the porches, and even in the interior of hotels. Among these, the picture of Andrea Doria frequently occurs.

It was new to us to see oranges growing in the open air, often in flower-pots set upon the terrace or balcony, and every where in the gardens. In the evening we enjoyed a walk in the promenade, adorned with shady trees, marble seats, and a fine *jet d'eau*, while hoarse croaking frogs reminded us of Virgil's "*ranæ raucæ*." We ascended a fortified place, and looked down upon the town. We observed the olive, the vine, and the lemon, in the gardens, and the dark shady cypress in the church-yards. The evening bells were ringing, and every tower seemed to send forth a sound. Returning we saw the fine effect of moonlight on marble buildings, giving them a soft and pleasing tinge. At the corner of every street a lamp was lighted up before a picture of Madonna, and an offering of fresh flowers laid before it. We also met the fashionables issuing forth to the *spectacle* or theatre, a page lighting their steps with a bright silk lantern, all as intent on pleasure, as if the day of Babylon's doom was afar off. "They glorify themselves, and live deliciously; they say in their heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."[1]

(April 25.) We began our inquiries yesterday, but received fuller information this day. We called upon the Swiss Protestant minister, who received us kindly.

[1] Rev. xviii. 7.

Genoa contains from 90,000 to 100,000 inhabitants. Of these, only 25 are British residents, and 150 Swiss, and these have one place of worship between them. He told us that they are allowed to worship only by the sufferance of Government; they are strictly watched, and no Italian would be allowed to join their communion, even though convinced of the truth. He appeared to be sadly disheartened. Happy day when Evangelists shall be permitted to stand and proclaim the truth in the streets of Genoa! We waited upon the English Consul, who introduced us to Signor Becchi, the vice-consul, a Roman Catholic, but a very mild, candid, amiable man. He and a young English gentleman, a merchant from Ancona, gave us information regarding the Jews. They have a synagogue here, but there are only about 250 residents. The reason of there being so few is said to be, that "one Genoese has cunning enough to cheat two Jews." So they say of Lucca, that "one Luccese can overreach three Jews."

The Jews here are not strict in their religious observances, but often do business on their Sabbath, and several of them have become Roman Catholics. Only three or four months ago, a family of seven were baptized with great pomp, simply for the sake of worldly gain. There was also recently a Jewish child baptized in the Protestant church; but the reason was that the mother was a Protestant, and had made that agreement at her marriage. There are not more than four or five Jewish families of wealth and respectability in the town.

Signor Becchi introduced us to a Jew from Gibraltar, named Moses Parienti, an elderly man, of an amiable disposition, and one who was well acquainted with his nation. His beard was undressed, which he begged us to excuse, as he was then mourning for the recent death

of his wife. He told us that in Genoa there are few learned Jews, and most of them are poor. He reckoned about fifty families; but many move from place to place. They are not now, he said, admitted to the *casinos* (clubs), although formerly they were; at which exclusion many of the citizens expressed regret. He knows that in Italy, Roman Catholics are willing to receive Jewish children and baptize them, if the nurses do (what is sometimes done) carry them off, and take them to the priest; and, according to his statement, throughout all Tuscany, the Jews enjoy perfect freedom. He represented *Leghorn* as the chief place in Italy for them, and thought that there were nearly 14,000 there, with forty managers to take charge of their civil concerns, and a flourishing school for boys and girls. He offered us letters to Signore Abodram and Franchetti, who are at the head of the nation there. There are no Jews at *Civita Vecchia*. The King of Naples allows none to dwell in his dominions. There are none in *Sardinia*, because that island was part of the Spanish kingdom of Arragon, from which all were expelled. Not long ago, a Jew named *Israel*, went there in disguise, but was at last forced to flee. There are none in *Corsica*. The French do not forbid it, but the native population are bigoted to excess. At *Milan*, there are 1500, and some have property in land. At *Verona*, *Pavia*, *Padua*, *Parma*, and *Venice*, a good number are found. At *Florence* and *Modena*, there are a few; and at *Pisa* also; but the families there are chiefly from Leghorn. At *Ferrara*, Becchi reckoned about 4000 souls. At *Turin*, there are 50 Spanish, and 1500 German Jews; the latter of whom have a fine synagogue, and use a different liturgy from the Spanish. At *Nice* there are 400 or 500, and many of them from

England. Nine months ago, an order was issued by government to put them in *ghetto;* but the Prussian Consul there being a Jew, refused to go, and his remonstrances had the effect of leaving the matter undetermined. At *Lucca* none are allowed to settle, but many reside for a short time. Every three months they must get from the Duke a new permission to remain. Through all *Piedmont* they enjoy considerable liberty; and hence Jews are found at *Trieste, Cassagli, Asti, Alessandria, Acqui,* and *Cuneo.* At *Rome,* there are 5000 or 6000 who live in *ghetto;* and though much oppressed, yet they still remain, because they make money. At *Gibraltar* there used to be 6000 families, but these are now reduced to 2000. At *Corfu* there are many. A few at *Athens.* The Portuguese consul-general there, Signor Pacifico, was a Jew from Lisbon.

Signor Becchi spoke further of the contributions made by the Jews for the Holy Land. They keep boxes in the synagogues, over which is written, "*For Jerusalem,*" or, "*For Saphet,*" &c., and at a certain time, a commissioner is appointed to see what these contain, and to send the contents to the Holy Land. The Jews of Italy write pure Hebrew, and not Italian in Hebrew characters. He said they write really לָשׁוֹן הַקּוֹדֶשׁ (lashon hakkodesh), "the holy tongue."

The English gentleman from Ancona gave us much information regarding the Jews of that city. He thought that there were about 4000 there, or nearly one-fifth of the whole population, which is 24,000. They are scrupulous about engaging in business on their Sabbath; and as fair in their dealings as any in the town. At Lent and Good Friday, they are shut up in their houses; and their quarter of the town is called *ghetto,* as at Rome. There are other oppressions to which they are subject-

ed; yet still they continue in the town, because they make money, the native population being stupid and indolent. They are not allowed to visit *casinos*, nor to buy land; but many of them have villas. Mr Lewis Waye spent six or eight months there, and often visited their synagogues. Most of the young men are deists, and devoted to the world. It is said that occasionally Roman Catholics get hold of their children and baptize them, and then they must be brought up as Christians.

We afterwards mounted up a steep path to the north of Genoa, and came upon a fine view of the Ligurian Hills. A lovely valley watered by a rivulet lay beneath, the hills on all sides terraced for vines. Villages were scattered here and there, and six churches were in sight. At six in the evening, we bade farewell to Genoa. It is a lovely town, but the shadow of death rests upon it. Popery reigns undisturbed, holding all in chains.

(April 26.) Early this morning, we cast anchor in the harbour of Leghorn. The morning was misty and rainy, unlike the sky of Italy, and the town appeared flat and cheerless. Sailing up a canal into the heart of the town, we soon after found ourselves comfortably settled in the San Marco Albergo, a hotel kept by a Scotsman, Mr D. Thomson, well known to us for the kindness which he shewed to our countryman Mr Martin, Minister of St George's, Edinburgh, during his last illness. He and Mrs Thomson received us most cordially, and we found their house a home indeed. Hearing that Leghorn was a *free port*, we thought that it might be free to receive the gospel; and accordingly, without reserve, gave tracts to each of the eight men who carried up our luggage, and to some bystanders.

Scarcely, however, had an hour elapsed, when an officer appeared at the inn, making inquiry if we were the persons who had been distributing books. Our box of books and tracts, and our bag of Hebrew books, were immediately sealed up and carried off, and the two elder members of the Deputation summoned to appear before the Commissary of Police without delay. After a long examination, it was decided that the books and tracts be sent to the Censor at Florence, and that until his report be made, we be dismissed.

Sitting at table in the afternoon, Mr Thomson began to tell us some particulars of Mr Martin's death. He had said, that he wished to die at home, or if not at home, in such a house as this, for his own father kept an inn, and it reminded him of home. The Sabbath before he died, when they told him it was Sabbath, he said, "Yes, this is the day that the Lord hath made;" and turning to Mr Thomson, "This is your Communion —you will tell me at night what you hear." In the beginning of the week, he asked Mr Thomson to read to him. He read John XIV, and had scarcely finished the chapter, when he asked, "*What is a free port?*" On its being explained: "Is there any difficulty, then, in landing 100 Bibles?" This was among the last things he said. His desire was complied with. Another interesting case occurred here, of a young man named Kennedy from Glasgow, travelling for his health, and who had been visiting Rome. He was thoughtless in the extreme; but his gay companion, on leaving him, said, that now he had better turn to his Bible. This remark led him to the Scriptures. When he arrived at Leghorn, he seemed to undergo a complete change of heart, and died here full of peace and joy.

We had an opportunity the following day of visiting

the English Cemetery. It is filled with many beautiful monuments of the purest marble, and is kept like a garden, profusely planted with the rose, the cypress, and the weeping willow. We visited the graves of Smollet and Horner, at a little distance from which a palm-tree guides to the spot where the remains of Mr Martin are laid. There is a plain marble monument over the grave, with an inscription written by Dr Chalmers. The tomb of J. Wentworth Murray, who died at Florence in 1821, has this simple inscription, full of meaning to surviving friends, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee."

Leghorn is a flourishing commercial port, visited annually by 300 ships from Britain alone, but the state of religion is very low. There is a handful of Swiss and German Protestants; but not a single instance has occurred of a native Italian openly renouncing Popery. One reason for this may be found in the law of the country, which strictly forbids apostacy from the Romish faith. And another reason, no less powerful, is to be found in the licentiousness of Protestants in Italy. The English in that country are generally gay and dissolute, regardless of all religion. One of the most profligate Italian towns is Florence, and the English residents take the lead in dissipation. Hence it has become an almost universal impression, that Protestantism is the way to infidelity.

It is to be feared that a great number of the younger Romish priests are infidels at heart, and many are great gamblers. On the other hand, some of them appear to be conscientious men, and exemplary in their lives, and several private persons of their community seem to be really Christians. The sincere priests preach most vehemently against prevailing vices. We were

told of one who a few days before, preaching against breaking the Sabbath, spoke in this way: "Some of you will say, I have a dispensation from the Bishop or from the Pope; but I say this is the word of God, and the Bishop or the Pope is nothing to the word of God." We heard of another priest who began with the sins of the government, and then spoke of the sins of the priesthood in a most severe manner. He said, "Ye should be the light of the world, and what are ye but darkness? Ye should be the salt of the earth, and what are ye but salt without savour, ruining your own souls and the souls of others?"

The priesthood in Italy are in a great measure losing their hold upon the people, and confession is greatly neglected. We were told of a priest a fortnight before, who preached to the people that it was lawful for a wife in certain circumstances to steal from her husband: if he was a spendthrift and neglected her, she should take what she needed. On being afterwards asked by a Protestant gentleman how he could preach such doctrines to the people, and if it would not be better that the wife should tell her case to the church? "The church!" said the priest; "they care as little for the church as you do."

We heard of another priest preaching in this manner: "Confession is so neglected among you, that you are a mockery to the Jews. A Jew the other day missed some money: he knew that none but a Catholic had been near him, so he went and charged him with it. The man denied having touched the money. 'Well,' said the Jew, 'when do you go to confession?' 'Confession!' said the Italian, 'I never confess.' 'Ah, then,' said the Jew, 'I will never see my money again.'"

If any thing is done to overthrow Popery in Italy, it

must be done through the priesthood; for if books are introduced among the people without their knowledge, they soon find it out, their jealousy is set on fire, and their enmity increased. We heard here, that many of the Romish Clergy have expressed great joy at the spread of Puseyism in England.

During the time of our visit, the canonization of four new saints expected shortly to take place at Rome, engrossed much of the public conversation. At *Monte Nero*, three miles from town, there is a famous shrine of the Madonna, to which pilgrimages are made at all times. The Dominicans lately found an image of the Virgin there, which has brought their order into great repute. When the Pope visited Leghorn several years ago, the great square of the town presented a scene worthy of being noticed. An immense multitude crowded the square to excess. The Pope appeared, and all fell on their knees. His holiness then stood over the kneeling multitude and pronounced his benediction. It was one of those scenes which irresistibly led the spectator to the prophetic words regarding the Man of Sin, "He, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God."[1]

We spent the Jewish Sabbath in making acquaintance with some intelligent Jews, of whose information we hoped to avail ourselves in the beginning of the week. On our own Sabbath (April 28) we attended service at the English Chaplaincy. In the evening, Dr Black preached in the hotel, in the large room, next that in which Mr Martin died, to a numerous audience chiefly of our own countrymen. All the day long, the town was full of bustle and gayety. The ringing of bells, and the music of the military, dissipated the Sab-

[1] II Thess. II. 4.

bath stillness. Popery has abolished the fourth commandment as effectually as it has done the second. Instead of teaching "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," they teach by precept and by example, "Remember to keep holy the festivals."[1]

In passing along the streets to the Chaplaincy, we observed with a shudder criminals at work cleaning the streets, chained one to another, and having their crimes stamped upon their backs. One was marked "Furto violento" (robbery);" another, "Uxoricidio" (killing his wife); another, "Omicidia in rissa" (manslaughter in a quarrel).

On Friday evening, and frequently during our stay, we visited the Synagogue. It is a large handsome building, and reckoned the finest in Europe, with the exception of that of Amsterdam. There are two galleries for the women, one above the other, the lattice-work of which is beautiful. The place of the ark is lined with variegated marble; the door veiled with a curtain of black velvet, flowered with silver, and having a motto from the Psalms. The reading desk is also of marble:—the velvet cloth bearing the motto, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." There were perhaps 500 Jews present, but few seemed to take any interest in the service. Close by the ark stood two Orientals, dressed in eastern costume, venerable men, with long grey beards, lately come from Jerusalem. Many came to them to kiss their hand, and get it laid upon their head. Others also gave this benediction.

Near the two Easterns, stood another Jew of some eminence from Saloniki. Jews from Greece, Barbary, Turkey, Syria, and Arabia are often here, as we

[1] In the Italian Catechism, composed by order of Clement VIII., entitled "Dottrina Christiana breve," republished at Rome 1838, which we bought at Civita Vecchia, these words are given instead of the fourth commandment, "Ricordati di Santificare le Feste."

learned from an English Jew whom we met in the synagogue. At the door, for the first time we observed the box for alms, having the word צדקה (tzedaka), "alms," over it, and another with this inscription ארץ ישראל תּוּבב, that is—"For the land of Israel, let it (the temple) be built and erected speedily in our days."

The whole population of Leghorn in 1835, including the suburbs, was 76,397, and the Jews at that time in all Tuscany were reckoned at 6486. Now, (1839,) in Leghorn alone there are 9000 or 10,000 Jews, some of them among the most wealthy men in the land. They have much influence over the government, and most of them are very liberal in their religious opinions.

From the printed statistics of the Tuscan States, we gathered the following facts. "The Papal States having discouraged the Jews, they have flocked into Tuscany. The Duke of Tuscany granted land to the Jews in a marshy district, called Maremne, on condition of their cultivating it. About a thousand *siccate* of land were taken by the Jews for the purpose of colonization, near the town of Follonica, and nearly 300 labourers employed in clearing away brushwood, trees, &c. It was proposed to divide the district into twelve *podère* or separate estates, and erect a villa, or *fattoria*, to superintend the whole." The Jewish schoolmaster at Leghorn informed us that this project had not succeeded, and that very few Jews had offered to settle there. It seems vain to try to plant Israel any where till they be planted again upon their own land.[1]

There are occasionally conversions to Popery among them from interested views. But about three years ago, there occurred a sincere and somewhat singular

[1] Amos ix. 15.

conversion. A Jew of influence and education declared that he was led to embrace Christianity in a manner that resembles Dr Cappadose's account of his change. He immediately renounced the world, and is now in a monastery at Sienna, where he occasionally preaches.

On the forenoon of Monday (April 29), we visited an Eastern Rabbi, named Bolaffi, whose acquaintance we had made on Saturday. He was seated on a sofa in the eastern fashion. His dress was that of the east—his appearance imposing, and his action and elocution were very striking. We found him frank, intelligent, and learned. He liked better, however, to speak on general subjects than on religion; but at length did enter into some religious discussion. We spoke of the nature of Messiah. Bolaffi said, "He is to be a king and a prophet, but not a priest." We quoted Psalm CX. He denied that to be spoken of Messiah; and thought that David was meant. We maintained his divine nature, and among other passages quoted Isaiah IX. 6. He admitted that the rendering "Mighty God" was justified by the Hebrew, but evaded the application, by bidding us notice that the Prophet says only, "he shall be *named*" so. He argued that the Protestants ought to return to the observance of the seventh day as their Sabbath, because the change was an act of the Romish Church. We came back to more vital questions, and referred to Psalm LI, "Purge me with hyssop." He got away from this by turning his remarks to רוּחַ (ruach), "Spirit," arguing that that word applied even to beasts. As to the way of pardon, he maintained that repentance was all that was needed, quoting 2d Samuel, where David said, "I have sinned," and Nathan answered, "The Lord hath put away thy sin."[1] He had read the New Testament,

[1] II Sam. XII. 13.

and his knowledge of it enabled him to object that Christ was not Prince of peace, because he himself says, "I am not come to send peace, but a sword." He contended that the Sabbath should be so kept that a fire ought not to be lighted on that day even in Siberia. At parting, he said, "Christians shut us out of Paradise, but we think that all who do good works may enter, whether they be Catholics, Mahometans, or Protestants." Each of us in turn had joined in the conversation; but Dr Black was the chief speaker, being able to use the Italian language very fluently.

We left him and went to see the Jews' Library. Many Jews were in the room, and several volumes lay open on the table. Those present vied with each other in shewing us Hebrew works upon geography, mathematics, and the sciences. They brought out a Hebrew copy of *Euclid*, and a Hebrew translation of *Philo*, and said that they had *Josephus* also translated into Hebrew. When we had taken a sufficient survey of their books, they led us to their School—a large, commodious building. The classes are arranged after the Lancasterian plan, and there is a regular gradation from those learning the letters and the sound of the vowel-points to those who translate Hebrew into Italian. There are masters to teach drawing, music, history, geography, and writing. English and French are given in the upper classes. Each teacher has a large black board, and the alphabet, syllables, vowel-points, and short sentences are taught from large sheets hung up on the wall, exactly as in our own schools. We found 180 Jewish boys and 80 girls attending the school, all educated free of expense. The advanced boys and girls translated Italian into Hebrew, and *vice versa*, in our presence with great fluency. The young men in the Talmudi-

cal class read and translated the 1st chapter of Isaiah with Aben Ezra's Commentary.[1]

Next day we paid Rabbi Bolaffi a second visit. He was affable and polite as before. Six or eight Jews were present in the room. One of us happening to sneeze, he immediately exclaimed, "Santa!" and another Jew, "Felicita!" that is, *good luck*. After a few remarks on a book which he held in his hand, he stated some of the objections he had to the New Testament. They were such as these:—Paul advised a man to remain in the religion wherein he was found, whereas he himself circumcised Timothy, contrary to his own advice. And again, Timothy's mother could not have been a pious woman, for she had married a heathen. He told us he had himself written against Voltaire's works; and brought out a map to shew us the absurdity involved in Voltaire's hypothesis of Israel crossing the Red Sea at low tide. His map and his argument were alike curious. We brought him back to the great question. He argued that a man is free in his will, otherwise he could not be judged for sin; and asserted, as before, that *repentance* is the method of procuring pardon, referring to God's promise, that as soon as the seed of Israel repent He will bring them home. Another of his objections to the New Testament was, that "*Firstborn*" and "*Son*," to which terms much importance is there attached, are no more than names of affection among the Jews. He understood Zechariah's words, "The man that is my fellow," in the same sense; and Micah v. 2, as proving no more than that Messiah was to be of David's line. We said, "He *has* come of that line." "No; even the New Testament does not say that Christ's genealogy can be traced to David; it only

[1] See Appendix, No. I.

gives Joseph's line." "The genealogies were fully known in Christ's time, and publicly appealed to by the Evangelists. Are there any in existence now?" "Yes; there are some who know their genealogy." "Are there any of the line of David now known?" He replied with a look of dignity, "*Io sono*"—"I am one." Thus ended our interview with this interesting man. He is a fine example of the Jewish Rabbi;—a subtle sophist in argument,—deeply read in the literature of the Hebrews, yet so ignorant of general knowledge, that he soberly estimated his nation now scattered through the earth at thirty millions. After leaving him, we sent for his acceptance several tracts, such as "The City of Refuge," and "The Life of Cappadose," along with the Italian edition of Dr Keith's work on Prophecy.

In the evening we returned to the Library to meet a polite, active, young Rabbi, Abraham Piperno. He shewed us a copy of Elias Levita, dated 1541, and Zemach David. He brought out a Hebrew copy of Euclid; and a Hebrew Encyclopædia, in five volumes, some of its articles written by himself. He told us that they have three printing presses in Leghorn.

In the course of conversation, we spoke of Isaiah LIII. and Daniel IX. His answers were very brief, and consisted of little more than a reference to what we would find in a book called "חִזְּוּק אֱמוּנָה" (hizzuk emuunah), "Defence of the Faith." He believes in the restoration of Israel to their own land. He was not aware of any Jews from Leghorn having gone to Palestine; but Chancellor Uzzielli afterwards told us, that occasionally some of the poor and illiterate do so to die there, believing that thus they shall escape *purgatory*.

Returning to the hotel, another Jew, a teacher of

music, waited upon us, bringing with him a servant, who carried for his master a heavy MS. It turned out to be a work written by himself against Voltaire and Volney. We soon began to see that he had some selfish object in view, and that he was more anxious to sell his MS. than to buy the truth as it is in Jesus.

Next morning we visited a rich merchant, named Abodram, from Spain, with whom Mr Neat, once Jewish missionary here, had been on friendly terms. He had heard of our discussion with the Rabbi, which had indeed made a stir throughout the Jewish quarter. He received us politely, and accepted a Spanish copy of Dr Keith's work, but did not seem to care much about the object of our journey.

We then proceeded to the Jewish burying-ground, "בֵּית הַחַיִּם" (beth hahaim), "house of the living," as we found written over the gate. It is large and extensive, and requires to be so, for it is considered unlawful to lay two dead bodies in the same grave. It is a bare, level enclosure; no cypresses wave over the tombs; a few goats were skipping through the grass. The Jews are compelled by law to bury their dead either in the morning, or at night by torch-light. The older part of the burying-ground, lying toward the west, is full of tombstones bearing Spanish inscriptions, for the Jews of Leghorn came originally from Spain. With some natural pride, they point out not a few of these monuments having a *coronet* graved upon them, which they believe to be the tombs of those among their brethren who were Spanish nobles. Upon some of the tombs are carved hands spread out to bless—marking the grave of a priest; upon others a hand pouring water out of a cup—marking the grave of a Levite. At the head of almost every gravestone are these expres-

sive letters, תנצבה, that is, "Let his soul be bound up in the bundle of life."

Some of the monuments are *truncated pillars*, which are intended to point out the grave of a young man cut off in his vigour. One Italian inscription runs thus:

UN VIRO SAGGIO
DALLA GIOUENTU DELLA POVERTA FORTE SOSTEGNO
ISACCO FRANCHETTI
QUI RIPOSA.
O GENTI, PIANGETE LO, IMITATE LO.
MORE DI A. LXX. IL DE XXX APRILE DI 1832.

i. e. one truly wise, the firm stay of poverty, lies here. Lament him—Imitate him, &c.

On the other side, the Hebrew begins thus: "This is the peaceful rest of Signore Isaac Franchetti," &c.

On another grave at the east end of the burying-ground, are these simple words in Hebrew: "Funeral pillar. The pleasant girl of Signora Reigna Andricas, a child of 12 years of age, died," &c.

Another epitaph, probably over a Rabbi, runs thus:

נודו על חכמה אשר אבדה
נודו עלי תורה כגוש עפר
נודו עלי אור אשר חשך

"Lament over wisdom, which is perished;
Lament over the law, which is a clod of dust;
Lament over light, which is darkened," &c.

In our way home, an opportunity occurred of calling upon a Rabbi from Barbary, who had a large collection of Hebrew books. Most of them were commentaries of obscure Jews, and not in good condition. His wife wore the high, sugar-loaf cap peculiar to the Barbary Jewesses. The Jew who accompanied us shewed us a

Hebrew MS., which he says is prohibited by the Rabbies, containing the theory that, when Christ comes again he will be Messiah. We had some reason to suspect that this was an imposture, and did not purchase it.

The Chancellor Uzzielli very kindly called upon us, and gave us information regarding the civil affairs of the Jews. Of such importance are the Jews here, that their feasts are marked in the Almanac, and if a bill falls due on any of these days, they are not required to pay on that day. They are governed as a community or corporation by forty men, called "Elders." These Elders manage any assessment laid on the nation by government, gathering it from their brethren in equable proportions. They also manage cases of divorce, which are not frequent. Napoleon allowed polygamy among them, but it is a thing unknown in their community. The office of elder is hereditary in certain families; and when a vacancy occurs, they select two individuals, and present their names to the Grand Duke, who chooses one of the two thus nominated.

The Jews of Leghorn send about £800 to Palestine every year. This sum is gathered in the boxes at the synagogue-doors, and sent to the four holy cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Saphet, and Tiberias, sometimes by individuals going to Palestine, but more frequently through their mercantile correspondents at Constantinople, where there is an agency appointed to manage such sums sent from any part of the world. The Jews in Leghorn believe in the restoration of their nation to the Holy Land; but, added the Chancellor, it is "*più credenza, che desidério*," "more a belief of the head, than a desire of the heart."

A Jew who had been our guide, Jacob Mossias, in prospect of our departure, asked us to give him a He-

brew New Testament, which we did, along with some tracts. We bought several books from him; among others, Abarbinel on the Passover, containing a Jewish map of Palestine, and some singular Jewish wood-cuts.

"Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."[1]

We had now taken our passage for Malta, and were preparing to sail next day, when all were summoned to appear before the Police to receive the sentence passed upon us and our books. The Censor had examined and condemned our books. The two elder brethren were therefore commanded to leave Tuscany without delay; the two younger being supposed to act under their direction, were not commanded but requested to do the same. Many of our tracts were restored to us, but all the copies of Dr Keith's work on Prophecy were detained; because it contained interpretations opposed to those of the Church of Rome. And thus we were dismissed. We afterwards learned that a *sentence of perpetual banishment* from Tuscany had been pronounced against us all—a sentence we could easily bear, but one that proves Popery to be still the silencer of the witnesses, and the deadly enemy of the truth.

The Jews were considerably interested in our case; and perhaps it was permitted in order to shew them that Popery is equally the enemy of Protestantism and of Israel. The return of the Jews and the fall of Popery are two events that seem intimately connected in prophecy. It was therefore well ordered that, in seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel, we should meet with treatment at the hand of their oppressor, fitted to awaken in us the cry, "How long, O Lord."[2]

[1] Ezek. xxxvii. 9. [2] Psa. lxxxix. 46; Rev. vi. 10.

On calmly reviewing all that we had seen of Israel in France and Italy, and considering what might be done to carry the gospel to them, we came to the following conclusions.

In France, the state of the Jews seems to call for the labours of an evangelist or itinerant Missionary, for the Jews are not gathered together in great numbers in any one town, but distributed among many. Such a Missionary would not require a great knowledge of the Talmud and of Jewish learning as in other countries, but rather a mind capable of grappling with the sophisms of infidelity; above all, the power of simply and affectionately urging the gospel upon them. Having the command of the French and Hebrew languages, he might be an eminent blessing to the Jews scattered over the towns of France.

With regard to Italy, there can be little doubt that Leghorn affords the most promising station. The Jews are more numerous there than in any other Italian town, and it seems probable that the government would not interfere with the labours of a prudent missionary, if these were confined to Jews and Protestants. It appears as if God had shut the door upon our efforts to carry the gospel to the poor blinded Papist, but left the door open to carry the message of mercy to the poor despised Jew. If our Church were to maintain a Chaplain for the benefit of our own fellow countrymen resident in Leghorn,—a measure which would be hailed with delight by many Presbyterian families there, who sigh for the privilege of pure gospel ordinances administered in the same form as in their native land,—it occurred to us all that this labourer might also turn his efforts towards the Jews. If he were to become intimately acquainted with the Jewish families, which he

could easily do, he might, by the blessing of God, carry the sweet savour of Christ into many a domestic circle of Israel, in that land of the shadow of death.

In the afternoon of Friday (May 3), we embarked in the *Lycurge* for Malta, our kind friends accompanying us to the boat. Upon the deck of the vessel we met with individuals from many various nations. Besides French, English, and Italians, there were an American traveller, a German, and a young Greek, known by his horizontal moustache and the fantastic dress of his native mountains, full of spirit, and proud of his liberated country. In addition to these, we had the newly appointed Bishop of Tripoli, of the Græco-Romish church in Syria, a mild-looking man, with very fine long hair, beard and moustache, marked features, and a pleasing expression, dressed in a brown mantle over a red gown, with a purple sash, gold chain, and cross. Two younger priests and a servant accompanied him, all of the same pleasing appearance. We had also several soldiers on board, a Romish priest, several monks, and three veiled nuns from Spain, all on their way to Rome.

We sailed over a calm unruffled sea, and passing the small island of *Gorgona*, coasted the more celebrated *Elba*. A white cloud was leaning on its heights as we passed. Had Napoleon never been there, that island might often have been seen with no more notice than an inquiry, What is its name? Now, however, every eye gazes on it with interest as the vessel passes by. Formerly it was known for its mines, of which Virgil sings—

"Ilva
Insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis."[1]
("The rugged Ilva,
Rich in her endless beds of steely ore.")

[1] Æn. x. 173.

A devout superstitious Roman Catholic, come from Holland, on a pilgrimage to Rome, entered into discussion with us. His pronunciation of Latin nearly agreed with ours, so that we were able to converse freely till night separated us. We spoke also with one of the monks from a Spanish monastery, and found him a most bigoted, ignorant devotee. The party from Syria spoke Arabic and a very little Italian, so that our intercourse was limited though interesting. The Bishop accepted from us a very small Italian New Testament, raising his eyebrows in astonishment that the whole could be comprised in so small a compass. But when we told him that in our country we were Bishops, his wonder almost amounted to incredulity, as he eyed us from head to foot, observing the youthful countenances of some of us, and our simple attire. The young Greek spoke freely with us in Italian. He is employed as a guide to lead travellers through the scenes of ancient history in his native country. Full of vivacity, his tongue seemed never to rest, but was either singing the songs or describing the romantic scenes of Greece till night came down. Then he spread out his mat on the deck, and after going through his evening devotions, wrapped himself up in his rough, shaggy capote, and resigned himself to repose.

When next morning dawned, we found ourselves not far from *Civita Vecchia*, where we anchored for two hours. We landed and rambled through the town. The country round appeared to be very desolate and mostly uncultivated. The town itself is wretched in the extreme, and the streets are gloomy and dull; the only objects to attract the eye being the carts in the market drawn by oxen, and the cross surmounting every dwelling.

Entering a bookseller's shop, we purchased several Popish Catechisms and Tracts, believing that we would here find a specimen of Popery undisguised. We were not deceived in our expectation. In one of the catechisms, the second commandment is altogether excluded, while prayers to saints, and directions as to the worship of the Virgin, are given at full length. We next wandered into an open church, and after examining the usual crucifixes, paintings, altar-pieces, and confessionals, found our way into a curious side-room or rather vault, a mortuary adorned with human skulls. In the niches round stood skeletons, some of which held a cross in their bony hands, others a scythe and hour-glass. Mottoes such as these were affixed, "*Aspice in me et miserere mei—Breves dies hominis sunt*" (Behold and pity me—Few are the days of man). These are meant to excite spectators to pray for the dead. Another skeleton had this motto, "*Expecto donec venerit immutatio mea*" (I wait till my change come). Another, referring to purgatory, "*Non exies inde donec reddis novissimum quadrantem*" (Thou shalt not come out hence until you pay the utmost farthing). One in particular drew our attention. The skeleton fingers held a bag open for any visitor to drop in money, and over it was written, "*Elemosina por i poveri morti di campagna*" (Alms for the poor dead of the country).

This town is the "*Centum Cellæ*" mentioned by Pliny,[1] and was in his day a port of Etruria.

Re-embarking, we soon lost sight of the Italian shore. Next day was the Sabbath,—a silent Sabbath, far from the assemblies of God's worshippers.

(May 6.) No land appeared till Monday morning, when we obtained a distant view of Sicily. Mount

1 Epist. VI. 31.

Eryx might be one of the heights we saw. At all events, we were now viewing hills of which we used to read in our earlier days,

> "Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ;"[1]
> (A thousand of my lambs roam on the Sicilian hills;)

and were traversing the very sea of which Horace sang in all the pride of a Roman citizen, when he looked on its dashing waves.

> "Nec durum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare,
> Pœno purpureum sanguine."[2]
> (Nor dreaded Hannibal, nor the Sicilian Sea
> Dyed red with Punic blood.)

By sunset the same evening we came in sight of Gozo, rocky and steep, and as we looked round upon the blue waters, without a bound but the horizon, remembered Paul, having no doubt that this is the part of the sea at the mouth of the Adriatic, on which he was tossed.

About ten in the evening, we drew near *Malta*, and soon sailed far up into the splendid harbour of Valetta, formed by one of the creeks in which the island abounds. We cast anchor in the smooth deep water, near some of the ships of war stationed here. The lights twinkling on the heights shewed the direction of the town, while the solemn bells tolled the hours of night. A small boat came alongside, and a voice hailed us in English. It was some individual who held office in the place. He inquired if we were all "*en pratique*," *i. e.* free from plague,—if we had brought any news,—and if there were any individuals of rank on board.

Sitting on deck, and feeling joy and gratitude at being thus far brought on our way, we remembered that this island once sent up its hymn of thanksgiving, when Paul, and Luke, and Aristarchus stood on its shore and

[1] Virg. Eclog. 2, 21. [2] Od. 2, 12, 2.

MALTESE LADY.

praised their Deliverer. Perhaps they sang Psalm CVII, 23–30. Whether or not the spot pointed out on the other side of the island be the real place of Paul's shipwreck, it is difficult to say; but certainly many spots, and the harbour of Valetta among the rest, correspond to the brief description given, Acts XXVII. 39, "κόλπον δέ τινα κατενόουν ἔχοντα αἰγιαλόν" (a certain creek with a shore).

Early on the Tuesday morning (May 7), we disembarked amid tumult and confusion that baffles description, arising from the greedy anxiety of porters and miserable-looking beggars, all striving to the utmost to obtain a pittance by seizing on the luggage of strangers. *Valetta* is certainly a singularly built town. Several of the streets are little else than so many flights of steps, steep and slippery; yet up these the mule can climb with ease, a feat that no horse in our country could accomplish. The heat was very great, so that we were quite oppressed by walking under a burning sun. Strangers from every country under heaven seem to meet here;—the Greek gracefully attired, and the turbaned Turk;—a dismal priest next, and then a monk with shaven crown;—three English sailors next, and then an English officer;—a Maltese peasant hurries past with ornamented vest, and girdle round the waist; and then the Maltese lady wearing the *onella* (perhaps a remnant of the eastern veil), a black silk scarf drawn over the head, forming an arch, which reveals the face half in the shade.

The state of morals is fearfully corrupt all over the island. The natives are proverbially deceitful and avaricious. They possess lively passions, and are tenacious in their love and in their hatred. Popery is their curse; churches and priests abound; and our government has

hitherto done too much to countenance the Man of Sin in Malta. Queen Adelaide's Protestant church has not yet risen above its foundation.

In Malta there are very few Jews, and these few move from place to place; not many have wealth, and the most are wretchedly poor. There is one converted Jew employed in the printing establishment of the Church of England Society's Mission.

We called on Mr Schlienz, of the Church of England Missionary Society, from whom we received useful information; and at the quarantine station we conversed with the Rev. Mr Freemantle, a Minister of the Church of England, who, with his wife, had just returned from Palestine. They had travelled by way of Cairo to Mount Sinai, and thence to Jerusalem. He told us that we would find far fewer Jews in the Holy Land than is generally reported; and all of them poor and wretched. He stated that the fearful corruptions of the professedly Christian churches in those countries are the most effectual stumbling-blocks to the Jew, and that the exhibition of a pure and holy faith would probably be one of the chief advantages of building an English Protestant church upon Mount Zion.

Riding out in the evening to St Julian, a village some few miles distant from Valetta, to visit Dr Clarke, who once laboured among the Jews, we had an opportunity of seeing a little of the scenery of the island and the manners of its people. The *conducteur* of our vehicle, instead of riding, ran all the way by the side of the mule, urging it on by his voice, and setting an example by his own indefatigable speed. No road could be more irregular, and it is impossible that it should be otherwise, for the shore is indented every few miles with inlets of the sea, round which you must wind your way.

Often it became steep and narrow; and often it was made of solid rock. We noticed the beautiful appearance of the western sky at sunset, for which the island is remarkable. The rocks and buildings appeared to be tinged with a yellowish pearly lustre, which added a singular beauty to every object in the scene.

We required to be ready to sail early next morning in the French steamer "Eurotas" for Alexandria; and though the tardiness and greediness of our porters and boatmen very nearly disappointed us of our passage, we at length succeeded in getting off. It was a bright and beautiful morning when we sailed from the quarantine harbour. Occasionally the reflection of the sun's rays from the smooth surface of a bending wave was like the gleam from a mirror; and the playful glance of the beams on this splendid sea brought to our mind the expression,

> ....." ποντίων τε κυμάτων
> Ἀνήριθμον γελασμα,"
> (The countless playful smiles
> Of ocean's waves,)

which Æschylus[1] used in regard to those very waters as they laved the shores of Greece. A few small white clouds appeared in the horizon, but not a speck in the sky above us. Malta was out of sight in a few hours, and during the rest of the day we saw nothing but fields of level water.

At evening, the few clouds on the horizon seemed like the hills of some distant land. There was no peculiar beauty in the sunset—only the sun himself appeared remarkably brilliant,

> "Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light."

1 Prom. Vinct. 89.

The swallows kept flying about the vessel till darkness came on; and then the stars shone out singularly bright. The planet Venus was reflected on the water quite like the Moon in brilliancy.

Coming down to the cabin, the young American traveller described to us some of the scenes which he had witnessed at Rome during Passion-week. He told us of the Pope blessing 150,000 people, all kneeling before him[1] in the great square of St Peter's, and of his riding into the city in imitation of Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

The night was perfectly serene. We experienced nothing of the

> "Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ;"[2]
> (The blustering south wind swaying Adria's waves;)

though we were passing over its waters, or at least over the "*Ionium Mare*," where it joins the Adriatic. All next day, the sea presented the same glassy smoothness. Two vessels on the distant horizon were lying quite motionless, there being not a breath of wind. The Greek sung many of his national war-songs, and his patriotism seemed to rise higher and higher as we sailed towards his country.

Next morning (May 10) about sunrise, we came in sight of Greece, opposite Cape Gallo (the ancient *Acritas*). Crossing the Gulf of Coron (anciently the *Sinus Messeniacus*), we sailed slowly past Cape Matapan (the ancient *Tænarus*), where the cloudcapt hills of Laconia terminate. These hills form the range of *Taygetus*—

> ....."virginibus bacchata Lacænis
> Taygeta:"[3]
> (Where Lacedemon's virgins kept their revelry:)

and the cape is the most southern point of Europe;

[1] II Thess. II. 4. [2] Hor. Ode III. 3. 5. [3] Virg. Georg. 2. 488.

the "*invisi horrida Tœnari sedes*"[1] (the seat of hateful Tænarus), of which we used to read in the classics. The young Greek guide proudly pointed to the mountain range as the seat of the unconquered Mainotes, and to the far distant hills at the top of the gulf (the *Sinus Laconicus*) as marking where Sparta stood. Many of the summits were capped with snow. The heights of Tænarus were obscured by morning clouds—while their bases reached down to the water edge. Through the glass we could descry many hanging villages with terraced fields and gardens.

Passing the islands of Elaphonesia and Cerigo (the ancient *Cythera*), and the promontory Malea, we entered the Ægean Sea. The numberless islands of the Archipelago now came in view one after another. We remembered that the Psalmist spoke of all this great sea, and may have known something of the islands and countries which it washes. The expression appeared very appropriate, "this great and wide sea,"[2] or more literally, "*this great sea which is broad in its arms*" (רְחַב יָדַיִם rehav yadaim), an epithet which seems to refer to the waters clasping round these innumerable islands, and pouring themselves into these thousand creeks and bays.

Our first sight of these beautiful islands, and the whole of their appearance afterwards, under so bright a sky, made us understand the language of the Latin poet, "*nitentes Cycladas*"[3] (bright-shining Cyclades). Nor is Virgil's description of this sea less accurate,—"*crebris freta consita terris*"[4] (liquid fields sown thick with countless isles).

[1] Hor. Ode I. 34. 10.
[2] Psa. civ. 25.
[3] Hor. Ode I. 14. 20.
[4] Æn. III. 127.

Our vessel was now directing its course north-east for the island of Syra, the ancient *Syros*. At a distance, Spezzia was pointed out to us, and a little farther off rose Hydra, famous in the warfare of modern Greece, reminding us of our own Bass Rock. Next we passed near Falconero, an uninhabited rocky islet. Melos and Anti-melos then came in sight, the former a large island with a fine harbour, and marked by two lofty hills; the latter bold and precipitous, descending steep into the water. Far to the south we saw Dipsis, almost a bare rock, and toward evening Seriphos. The sun seemed to sink down behind Falconero, leaving a calm sea and a beautifully spotted sky behind, tinging all the western horizon with a glorious red.

At two next morning (Saturday, May 11), we cast anchor before the town of Syra. The coast of the island forms a natural harbour. The town rises up from the shore, and seems entirely to cover the conical hill on which it is built. The castle or Acropolis is on the top, keeping watch over houses that seem to creep up the hill toward the Acropolis for shelter. All the buildings are of a dazzling whiteness, and the hills around green with olives. We could imagine ourselves riding in the harbour of one of the ancient cities of Greece, the town smiling below, and the Acropolis frowning defiance from above. The chief town of Syra was anciently called Hermopolis, and the books printed here by the Church of England Missionary Society bear this name on the title-page. It was a place of little consequence till some of the Sciotes who escaped the massacre in which their brethren perished, fixed on it as their residence; but since the settlement of the new kingdom of Greece, and especially during the last fifteen years, it has rapidly increased.

The mail-packets of the French and Austrian companies use Syra as their station, and from this place vessels are ready to carry the traveller to Athens, Egypt, and Constantinople. We witnessed much activity in the harbour, boats loading and unloading. The water was so clear that we could see the pebbles at the bottom. In the docks we counted thirteen small vessels on the stocks. The town has a population of 20,000. A hardy Greek rowed us to the shore, when, after being examined by the Board of Health, we found our way to the "Hotel de Gréce," or "Ξενοδοχειον της Ελλαδος" (the Greek Inn). It was a wretched inn, but the people were anxious to shew us every kindness. Instead of butter they brought us Grecian honey.

In walking through the streets, it was interesting to find the language of ancient Greece moulded to express modern inventions. There was the "Βασιλικον δρομειον Συρας," "the Royal Post-office of Syra;" and again, a board, marking the sailing of the steamers, was headed by the word "Ατμοταχυπλοια." We met asses carrying in panniers the ancient αμφορα, a two-handled jug. A little child came begging for bread, and his cry was "ψωμι" "ψωμι," (*i. e.* bread). We came upon three booksellers' shops, in one of which we found "Τα Θαυμασια συμβαντα του Ροβινσωνος Κρουσου," "The wonderful adventures of Robinson Crusoe," with a recommendation of it by some of our countrymen;—"Ο πολυμαθης Χαλμερος, και Ταυολρος," "the learned Chalmers and Taylor." We saw with greater joy in the shop the whole Greek Bible for sale; though beside it stood one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Occasionally in the streets tumblers of clear cool water were set in rows upon a marble slab for sale, and it is no small refreshment in such a climate to receive even a cup of cold

water.[1] Looking down upon the harbour from above, the white cotton sails of the small vessels seen upon the deep blue sea appeared very beautiful.

We visited Mr Hildner of the Church of England Missionary Society. He and his wife are Germans, and have laboured here nine years. Miss Wilcox had lately joined them, her department being to teach the Grecian girls English, drawing, singing, and needlework. As yet they have seen little fruit in the conversion of souls, but wait for it. Their efforts have been confined almost entirely to teaching the young: in doing which they adopt the Lancasterian system. In the school-rooms, which are pleasantly situated, we found the whole apparatus of an Infant and Juvenile school. On the walls were boards for the multiplication table, entitled "Πινακες Αριθμητικαι." Others had the elementary syllables, "Πινακες Αναγνωσεως;" and others the picture of some object of natural history, "Αιετος," "eagle;" "Ονος," "ass;" "Λυκος," "wolf;" with the description below. There were present 300 boys and 300 girls, with fine Greek countenances, all busily engaged. It was curious to hear the boys reading the *Cyropedia* in ancient Greek, and rendering it into Romaic. The girls were writing, and they formed the Greek letters beautifully. Some of them were learning English. Young Greeks are very clever, and anxious to acquire knowledge. Want of perseverance is their greatest fault. They read the New Testament daily, and almost every child possesses a copy. On Sabbath mornings, after they have been at the Greek church with their parents, they are assembled for two hours in the school, learn a Bible lesson, and are addressed by the Missionary; but many do

[1] Matt. x. 42.

not attend, as the parents are anxious only about their temporal welfare, and the acquisition of secular knowledge. The American Missionaries at Athens conduct a school in all respects similar to this, and some of the inferior clergy there, who seem to be pious men, take an interest in its prosperity. The London Society maintain a similar school at Corfu.

This visit to Syra served to awaken in our bosoms new feelings of interest in behalf of Greece. On our way back to the harbour, observing the rising spire of a new building, we asked what it was, and were told that it was a Roman Catholic church. Popery seems determined to assert her right to the name of *Catholic*, by her untired zeal and universal enterprise.

The same day we left the island with regret in the "Leonidas," another French steamer, which was to convey us to Alexandria. On leaving the harbour we saw the hills of the island Negropont (the ancient *Eubœa*), to the west: and near us on the left lay Tinos. Before us were Delos and Mycone; on our right Andros and Xiphos. We could see the general aspect of all these islands. Summer clouds rested over the summits of their hills.

On board our new vessel we found a change of company, several passengers having been waiting at Syra for a vessel to carry them to Egypt. Among others were four Eastern Jews, and a tall strong Albanian, who spoke only Romaic, but whose gestures were as significant as language. There was also a Turk, of a mild pleasant countenance, and his wife, with her face muffled in her white veil.

We passed by Naxos, with its town of the same name, of a marble whiteness. Opposite to it lie Paros and

Olearos.[1] We stretched our eyes in the direction of Icaria and Naxos, that we might obtain a glimpse of highly-favoured Patmos; but in vain. We could only see the waves that were rolling on to break upon its rocky shore.

About sunset, when we were leaving Naxos and Paros behind us, and had left off gazing on their hills, we found the four Jews[2] seated together, finishing their Sabbath prayers. At the moment we had first spoken to them, one was reading Psalm LXXXV. 1, 2, "O Lord, thou hast been favourable to thy land," &c. They told us that they had come from the Dardanelles, and were now on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, meaning to return home in the course of three months. Two of them were men of learning, and all seemed to know Hebrew well. They spoke Spanish with each other, but understood Italian. In order to gain their confidence, and engage their attention, one of our number brought out Abarbinel on the Passover, and shewed them its map, vignettes, and figures. At the foot of one of these pictures, the abbreviation תו"ב[3] occurred; at another אב"יר.[4] These we explained to their great surprise; and when one of us added, גם אנחנו אמרים אמן, "We too use the word *Amen*"—they looked at each other, and began to smile and talk. Our friendship was now established, and opening our Hebrew Bibles, we got into close conversation. One of them, at our request, read aloud Isaiah LIII, and then listened to us, when we applied it to the atoning Saviour. On telling them that

1 "Olearon, niveamque Paron."—Virg. Æn. III. 126.

2 Their names were, Solomon Japhe, Solomon Peshuto, Abraham Joseph, and, the mildest and most simple of all, Nasim Paltiel.

3 See p. 33. 4 This means, "Amen—so be the will of God."

we believed a first and a second coming of Messiah, they spoke of it to each other, but made no remark to us. A little after, we joined them again, all sitting upon the deck. We opened out a map of their country, and as we pointed to the most remarkable places, named them in Hebrew. We had in our hands a small publication of the Tract Society, entitled "*Manners and Customs of the Jews.*" In explaining to them some of the woodcuts, we took occasion to let them know that we were not Roman Catholics, and had no images in our churches. Of this also they spoke to one another. A little after, opening our Italian New Testament, we read the quotation from Isaiah in Matt. IV. 15, 16, "The people that sat in darkness," &c.—saying, "The great Light is Messiah." One of them replied, "We believe it is." They continued for some time looking at the pictures in the book already mentioned, till coming to a representation of Paul preaching to the Jews from the stairs of the Temple,[1] they asked what it was. This led us to explain, and again taking up the Italian New Testament, we read Paul's address. Every thing in the passage was suited to awaken their attention. Paul's reference to the law, to his sitting at Gamaliel's feet, and to the traditions of the Fathers—the people keeping silence because he spoke in Hebrew—and then the full narrative of his former life, and his conversion to Christ. It seemed a message directed to them by the Lord, and they listened with deep attention. But as soon as it was ended, first the one that seemed most learned, and then another, rose and left us, apparently somewhat displeased. Two still remained, and continued to examine the other pictures, such as the Feast of Tabernacles, and the Deluge, which afforded us further opportunity of speaking to

[1] Acts XXII.

them. Observing one of Peter and John healing the man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, one of us said it was the gate *Nicanor;* they immediately looked to each other and said שַׁעַר נִקָנֹר (Saar Nicnor). After which, we read in their hearing the passage where the miracle is described.[1] During the conversation, they were not a little pleased by our remarking, in reference to there being *four* of them and *four* of us, travelling to Jerusalem, אַחִים אֲנַחְנוּ (acheem anachnu), " We are brethren."[2] The two who had staid with us then bade us good night with great cordiality. We learned from them that *Jacob Baal Turim*, a well-known Jewish commentator, is believed to be buried in the island of Scio.

The captain of the steamer informed us, that from November to February he has often on board sixty or seventy Jews at a time, going up to visit Jerusalem. Of these not many are wealthy, and they return in the course of a few months.

During night the wind rose and the sea became boisterous, so that we experienced the tossings of the "*Carpathium Mare*" (Carpathian Sea), to which we had now come. About sunrise next morning, which was Sabbath, we were passing the eastern point of Crete, opposite Cape Sidro, anciently called *Samonium* or *Salmone.*[3] A ledge of rocks ran along the shore, behind which the country was bold and mountainous. Over all a lofty peak rose in the distance, which may possibly have been Ida. About an hour after, we obtained a view of a part of the southern coast of the island, where, in the days of Paul, was " the place called the Fair Havens, nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea." The recollections of the sacred history were a thousand-

[1] Acts III. [2] Quoting Gen. XIII. 18. [3] Acts XXVII. 7.

fold sweeter to us than all our classical remembrances. It was interesting no doubt, to look upon the island of which Virgil sung, and whose inhabitants Homer celebrates—

"οι Κρήτην ἑκατόμπολιν ἀμφένεμοντο"[1]
(Who people hundred-citied Crete).

But a far deeper and holier feeling of interest was awakened in our breast, when we looked upon it as a region where the Cross of Christ was once so successfully lifted up, and salvation preached with power to the debased idolaters. We read over with a new relish the Epistle to Titus, who was "left in Crete, to set in order the things that were wanting, and to ordain elders in every city." We remembered how frequently Paul must have visited this island, sailing over the very sea we had been traversing; and we thought of Apollos tarrying at Crete, on his way to his native Alexandria (whither we were bound), along with Zenas, the lawyer, a scribe, well-instructed unto the kingdom of heaven.[2]

Next day (Monday, May 13) the sea was calm, and we had some farther conversation with the passengers. We offered an Italian tract to a poor monk, a pilgrim on his way to the Holy Sepulchre; but he civilly declined it, saying, "*he had a pain in his head whenever he attempted to read!*" One deeply interesting person on board was the medical attendant belonging to the vessel, a young Frenchman named Darnel. Last evening, when nearly all had gone to rest, one of us was led into a close and earnest conversation with him on his hope for eternity. The ship was rolling very heavily, but he lay down on the floor of the cabin, and in broken English

[1] Hom. Il. II. 649. [2] Titus III. 13.

on his part, and broken French on ours, we spoke on divine things till past midnight. This morning the conversation was renewed. The doctor declared that religion was dead in France; the follies of Popery had led men of reason to despise all religion, and he believed that there was more morality now than when Popery reigned. His idea of duty was, that it consisted in the practice of such virtues as, concern for the public good, faithfulness to the marriage relation, and charity to the poor. He had no idea that a regard to the will of God was the rule of a man's duty, and honestly confessed, that he had not the least feeling of sin—"Philosophy," said he, "has taught me all that is needful for man." He acknowledged he was not happy:—he ate, drank, slept, and rose every day to his work, yet still was not so happy as he wished to be. "But where am I to find happiness? The St Simonians say they are quite happy in their brotherhood, yet their system is absurdity." We said that we had found happiness, and pointed out the foundation on which it rested, and urged him to put to the proof God's promise through his Son, "Come to me, and *I will give you rest.*" He put us off by saying, "he could not pray unless he believed." We rejoined, that he refused to turn the mind's eye toward the object to be believed, and therefore could not rationally expect to embrace the truth. Upon this he argued that a man was no more to blame for his hard heart, than for a diseased member of his body; nor could he see the evil of being born in sin, and having a wicked nature. We shewed him God's solemn declarations of man's awful guilt, and the free offer which he makes to him of pardon and a new heart. He was a kind, feeling, amiable man—one who seemed truly sincere, yet one who felt, like the young ruler, an

invincible repugnance to the demands of the gospel. We gave him a French Bible, writing his name upon it, and our heart-felt desires for his salvation. He received it freely, and "went away sorrowful."

The heat was now very oppressive, and the cabin at midday was like an oven. About two o'clock in the afternoon, we came in sight of the low-lying shores of Egypt. The coast is very low indeed; and the country, as far as the eye can reach, flat and sandy. A landmist arose over the sky as we approached the shore, drawing a veil over the sun, and thus moderating the intense heat. Our Albanian friend pointed to a row of buildings indistinctly visible, which he said were "Ανεμομυλαι," *i. e.* windmills. Sailing past the ancient Pharos, now no longer an island, we entered the harbour. We counted twelve ships of the line, belonging to the Pacha's fleet, resting majestically on the waters. They seemed to be beautifully equipped and fully manned. The appearance of the marines was striking, with their white cotton dress, red sash, deep brown faces, and glancing arms—and martial music resounded from every vessel. The crescent and star upon the red flag reminded us that we were now among the followers of the false prophet. Turning towards the shore, our eye rested with quickened interest on the graceful palm-trees, the camels slowly moving along the beach, and other indications of an Eastern clime, as the anchor dropped, and we prepared to land.

CHAPTER II.

EGYPT—THE DESERT—SOUTH OF PALESTINE.

"Set thee up way-marks, make thee high heaps: set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest: turn again, O virgin of Israel, turn again to these thy cities."—JEREM. XXXI. 21.

WHEN about to land, we were told that the plague had that very day made its appearance in Alexandria. This was by no means welcome news, for we saw that in all probability we should now be subjected to the delay of a quarantine before entering Palestine. Meanwhile, however, having no alternative, we disembarked. The quay exhibited a strange scene of confusion and noise. A crowd of rough half-naked men and Arab boys, some with asses, some with camels, lined the beach, all screaming and quarrelling, determined to press their services on every passenger, and to take no denial. With some difficulty we got our luggage satisfactorily disposed of, and then each of the company, mounted on an ass, and, guided by an Arab boy, scampered through the gate of the city, and through the narrow bazaar, till we came to a pleasant square in the other extremity of the town. Here we took up our abode in an inn kept by a Frenchman.

With calm delight we were now able to look round upon the land of Egypt, while many scenes of its eventful history rose up before us. It was here that Jacob

and Joseph sojourned, with their families, for 400 years. This was the land of Moses and his wondrous deeds. And, more interesting still, this was the land that gave refuge to "the holy child Jesus," when compelled to flee from the land of Judah. It was the cradle of Israel, and the cradle of Israel's Saviour—as it is written, "out of Egypt have I called my son."[1]

This city Alexandria was the birthplace of Apollos,[2] that pattern of burning zeal, and scriptural eloquence —the city, too, of Athanasius—and the scene of the labours of the seventy translators of the Old Testament. Alexander the Great, Cleopatra, Cæsar, and many other names, are associated with the name of the once illustrious Alexandria. With still deeper interest we now pondered over the future history of Egypt, as disclosed in the record of prophecy, and prayed that the time may be hastened, when "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God"[3]—When "the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord"—"And the Lord shall smite Egypt, he shall smite and heal it;" "Saying, Blessed be Egypt my people."[4]

(May 14.) Every eastern city is infested with dogs that prowl about the streets for food; and during all the night their ceaseless howling reminded us of David's description of his enemies: "They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city."[5] Before breakfast, some of us rambled out to Pompey's Pillar. The only thing remarkable about it is, that the shaft is one stone, a solid mass of red granite, 90 feet long, and 9 feet in diameter. The capital is Corinthian, indifferently carved. The traces of

1 Matt. II. 15. 2 Acts XVIII. 24. 3 Psa. LXVIII. 31.
4 Isa. XIX. 21, 22, 25. 5 Psa. LIX. 6.

many a traveller's visit are to be found scratched upon its pedestal. The *Mareotic Lake* lay east of it, but is now dried up, affording no moisture to water the Mareotic vines that once regaled Cleopatra and her luxurious court. The ground around it swarmed with small lizards, and the surface is broken with innumerable holes made by the jerboa. It was curious for us to observe for the first time women wearing the veil that hides the whole face except the eyes. Some carried the earthen jar upon their head in a very graceful manner. Some also were carrying their children on their shoulders, as referred to by the prophet, when he says of returning Israel, "thy daughters shall be carried on their shoulders."[1] Some carried them in a still more singular manner, upon their side, a custom also referred to by the prophet, "Ye shall be borne upon her sides."[2]

Passing through the bazaar, one of the Pasha's Beys rode past us, fully armed, mounted on an Arab steed. An Egyptian clothed in white cotton ran before him at full speed, clearing the way with voice and arms. This vividly recalled to us, Elijah girding up his loins and running before Ahab's chariot to the gate of Jezreel.[3]

In the forenoon we arranged our money-matters, and visited several individuals to whom we had letters

[1] Isa. xlix. 22. [2] Isa. lxvi. 12. [3] 1 Kings xviii. 46.

—especially Mr Larkins, the English Consul, and Mr Todd, from whom we received great kindness.

In the evening, we visited the Frank Synagogue. We were guided up a dark stair in an obscure street, and through a long narrow ill-lighted passage into a small room, not more than thirty feet long and ten broad. At the door, stood the usual box for alms, and another for "שמן למאור" (shemen limar), "olive-oil for the lamps." There were only ten persons present; three of whom were natives of Egypt, dressed in the common oriental costume; the rest from Leghorn, Trieste, and other mercantile towns of Europe. They shewed little feeling of devotion; except at one point of the short service, where there was a pause in the reading of the prayers, and all seemed to pray in silence for four or five minutes, turning their faces towards the ark. Before concluding, a box was carried round for contributions. There was not one interesting feature either in the worship or in the place, with the exception of a large frame suspended on the wall, bearing these words, "הרחמן יחזיר עבודת בית־מקדש למוקומה במהרה בימינו," "*May the merciful one bring back the service of the house of the sanctuary to its place, speedily, in our days.*" This was like one of the groans of Israel for deliverance in "the house of bondage."

As soon as service was over, the Jews spoke freely to us—opened the ark, and shewed us their copies of the law. One of the best of these we spread out for examination on the reading-desk; and out of their own scriptures discoursed to them of sin and atonement for sin. We told them that we had come from Scotland out of love to their souls. We spoke of Messiah, how He came the first time to die for sin, and is coming soon the second time to reign in glory. They said that there

are about 100 families of European Jews in Alexandria, who have only one synagogue; and that there are about 300 families of native Jews who have two, and these they called the Arab synagogues. One Jew who had resided much at Cairo, told us that in that city there were 300 families of Jews, of whom one-third were Caraites. We afterwards learned from English residents that this information was not very accurate, and that there are more Jews in Cairo than in Alexandria. In the latter, there may be about 1000, and in Cairo about 2000. The Jews of Alexandria are mostly of the third class in trade—the richest of them are all *sarafs*, or money-changers.

We were occupied all next morning (May 15) in preparing for our journey through the desert. The plague having appeared in Alexandria, we could not enter Palestine by Jaffa or Beyrout, without submitting to a long and unwholesome quarantine. We therefore resolved to proceed by the way of *El Arish;* and to do this without delay, as in the course of a few days, orders were likely to be sent to establish a quarantine at El Arish. The Consul's trusty janissary, Mustapha by name, born at Thebes, a useful clever person, busily engaged himself in providing us with needful articles. We had already furnished ourselves with light dresses at Marseilles, and straw hats at Leghorn—and now we purchased travelling implements. We went to the bazaar, and bought carpets to lie upon at night, and a thick soft coverlet to wrap ourselves in. We next procured with some difficulty two tents, neither of them large, one round, the other oblong. Cairo is the proper place for obtaining such articles. An Indian gentleman's canteen and cooking utensils, with a stock of remainder provisions, fell into our hands at a cheap rate.

Mustapha procured two Arab servants to attend us, Ibraim and Ahmet, the former able to speak Italian and English, the latter only Italian. They had often journeyed through Syria, and Ibraim had been lately there with Professor Robinson of America. When they came to be hired, Mr Todd said to them in the eastern manner—"I am as they are," pointing to us. "Offend them, offend me." They replied, "Their comfort shall be on our heads." Mustapha added, "If they do not do what is right, they shall never drink water in Alexandria again."

The two tents cost us 340 piastres (about £3, 9s.); for our beds, canteen, and provisions, we paid about £14. Our servants were to accompany us for three months at the cost of 36 dollars each, exclusive of 30 dollars to each on their leaving us, to enable them to return home.

In the afternoon we tried the Turkish bath. The attendants first laid aside our clothes, and put a towel, wrapt like a turban, round our head, and another round our waist. Then we were conducted into the inner apartment, the atmosphere of which we could scarcely breathe at first, on account of the heat and vapour. Our feet, shod with wooden sandals, slid on the smooth marble floors. Then they laid us down on our back upon the smooth marble divan, in the centre of the apartment, washed us with soap, and poured hot water over our heads. All this was done by an Egyptian almost naked, armed with a rough glove of camel's hair. It was not without a shudder that we felt ourselves in such hands, amidst about twenty others, all Mahometans with shaved heads and black skins. We were then led to one of the side baths, where the hot water was allowed to pour upon us. The pores be-

ing abundantly opened under the operation of so many causes, we were conducted back to the room where we had undressed, laid upon our backs, covered over with a warm quilt, and *shampooed*—the soles of our feet being scraped with an instrument for the purpose, and every joint in our hands and feet made to crack. Lastly, they offered us coffee, and a glass of sherbet; after which we were allowed to dress, and come away, not a little amused, as well as refreshed. The custom of passing from the bath to the dressing-room, during which the feet might easily be soiled, reminded us of the true rendering of the precious words of our Lord, "He that has been in the bath needeth not, save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit."[1]

Before dinner we had a pleasant ride to the gardens of the Governor, about a mile from town. Passing out of the gate, we observed that every man who went out shewed his hand to the sentinel. This is to prevent desertion from the army, every soldier bearing the Pasha's mark on his right hand. We passed a grove of palms and observed the flowering pomegranates,—vines also and figs, tamarisks and banians.

We stood a little to observe the common manner of drawing water at the wells. A wheel is moved round by oxen or buffaloes, whose neck is yoked to a pole. Every where we saw the slow-pacing animal moving round, and heard the creaking of this clumsy apparatus. By the road-side an old sarcophagus was lying in fragments. We alighted and walked through the gardens, laid out with straight walks, after the Egyptian taste. The flowering oranges were beautiful and fragrant, and the vines luxuriant. The grapes are said to be watery. In returning we visited the site of the Lake Mareotis,

[1] John xiii. 10.

Pompey's Pillar, and the Mahometan burying-ground. We then proceeded through the extensive ruins of the old city to Cleopatra's Needles, two beautiful obelisks, one lying flat, half sunk in the ground, the other still standing erect. Both are covered with hieroglyphics, fresh and unchanged by time. Near the Coptic Convent we examined with much interest the site and remaining traces of the church of the great Athanasius, who was Bishop here A. D. 326, God's witness for the truth against many kings and people. Some broken pillars and fragments of the foundation are all that remain. Not far from this is the ancient Jewish burying-ground; but the Jews are now forced to bury outside the walls.

In the course of our ride, one of our friends, who had resided long in Egypt, stated a remarkable fulfilment of prophecy.—Scarcely any of those reeds for which the Nile was once famous are now to be found upon its banks. The *lotus* in particular has disappeared, so that it is nearly unknown; and the *papyrus* is very rare. Now the words of Isaiah are these: "The waters shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up."[1] This has literally taken place. In the days of the prophet there were seven mouths of the Nile; there are now only two; the rest have been wasted and dried up. But farther he predicts,[2] "They shall turn the rivers (*i. e.* the canals) far away, and the brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up; the reeds and flags shall wither. The paper-reeds by the brooks, and every thing sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away and be no more."[3] These words have come to

[1] Isa. xix. 5. [2] Verses 6. 7.

[3] Some have rendered verse 7,—"Nakedness on the river, on the mouth of the river," which would be a striking reference to the five dried-up branches

עֶרְוָת עַל־יְאוֹר עַלפִּי יְאוֹר

pass, while at the same time it is interesting to remark, that Egypt is as famous for its melons and cucumbers, its leeks and onions, and garlick, as it was in the days of Moses.[1] The reeds were commanded to wither, and they have fled away; the other predictions, against which no word of threatening went forth, have been left luxuriant as before. The shelving banks of the river, down which Pharaoh's daughter went with her maidens to bathe, have been much elevated, owing to the vast deposits of alluvial soil which the Nile is making every day.

We returned about sunset,—one of the Moslem hours for prayer,—and observed for the first time the Mahometans bending to pray on the deck of the ship, the retired corners, and even in the streets. The same evening, in the Bazaar, we met two of our Jewish friends who had sailed to Egypt with us. They were kinder than ever, and told us that they were going to sail for Beyrout.

Next morning (May 16), before dawn, we were awakened by the arrival of the asses and drivers, that had been engaged to convey us as far as Damietta, the sand of the desert being so far hard and suitable for the asses' feet. Notwithstanding the continued knocking of these drivers, we refused to start so early; and it was not till seven that we were fairly mounted on the nimble little animals, our carpets serving the purpose of a saddle. We soon passed through the Rosetta gate, and bade farewell to Alexandria. Our train consisted of sixteen asses. Our servants, Ibraim and Ahmet, rode by our side, and ten Egyptian lads ran beside the asses that bore the luggage. Soon after, our train received the addition of two more asses, one to carry the water-

[1] Num. xi. 5.

skins, and another to be ready for service in case of any of the rest becoming exhausted.

It was the morning of the day on which our General Assembly was to meet in Edinburgh, an Assembly in which the important question of the Spiritual Independence of our Church, and the privilege of its Christian people, were likely to be keenly discussed. As we rode along the sands, sometimes meeting the palm-tree, sometimes a cluster of lowly shrubs, with flocks of goats browsing near, we spoke to each other of the day, praying that the crown might be set on the head of the Anointed One, and that the dry land of our Parishes might be turned into water-springs.

We thought of the Judges of Israel riding on asses,[1] and of the many references to this custom in the Bible. We remembered above all that Zion's King came thus to Zion, "Meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass."[2] The palms seemed frequently to spring up immediately from out of the sand, their root no doubt being nourished by unseen moisture. Does the Psalmist refer to this circumstance, when he says, "The righteous shall flourish as the palm-tree?"[3] At all events, there is reference to its regular, steady growth, year after year, marked by a new circle upon the bark. The beautiful waving of the branches also, when moved by a passing breeze, shewed us how they came to be so frequently used in triumphs; a custom alluded to in Revelations,[4] where the great multitude who have overcome all their enemies and stand before the throne, are clothed in white robes and hold "palms in their hand." Lizards were every where basking in the heat of the sun; and sometimes in the distance a

[1] Judg. v. 10.
[2] Matt. xxi. 5.
[3] Psa. xcii. 12.
[4] Rev. vii. 9.

group of camels were seen feeding on the stunted shrubs of the desert; while the only sound that broke on the ear were the cries of the driver, "*ruach*," "get on," and "*uzbel*," "stop;" or sometimes the voice of the older men calling "*waled*," "boy," to the younger lads. The boys took great delight in teaching us the Arabic for the numbers one, two, three, &c., and for some of the common phrases of life, interpreting them by signs. Dr Keith engaged himself in questioning our servant and guide Ibraim about Petra; for he had been there with Dr Robinson of America. From him we learned that a rough, hairy animal, which we understood to be the porcupine, abounds in Wady Mousa, and that the Arabs call it "*kangfud*," which is evidently the Hebrew קִפּוֹד (kippod), the word used in Isaiah,[1] though translated "bittern" in our version.

Our course lay across the head of the ancient Lake Mareotis, and some other salt-lakes, now dried up by the sun. A white crust of salt often covered the hard sand. In the distance, we observed the well-known phenomenon of the *mirage*, to which the prophet Isaiah is supposed to allude, "The parched ground shall become (really) a pool."[2] At one time, we saw what seemed to be a calm flowing water, reflecting from its unruffled surface trees growing on its banks, while some object in the background assumed the appearance of a splendid residence amidst a grove of trees. At another time, there appeared castles embosomed in a forest of palms, with a lake of clear water stretched between us and them. Generally the mirage may be known by its continually shifting the view, and by the

[1] Isa. xxxiv. 11.

[2] Isa. xxxv. 7. The Hebrew word (שָׁרָב) employed in this passage for "parched ground," is exactly the Arabic name for the mirage, viz. *serab*.

hazy movement of the atmosphere over the apparent waters.

Suddenly, we came upon the Bay of Aboukir, and were refreshed by the cool breeze from the Mediterranean. This bay is famous in the warlike annals of our country, and here the *Canopic* mouth of the Nile used formerly to empty itself into the sea.

About one, we rested, taking shelter from the heat under the walls of a wretched khan, which was so small that we preferred putting up our tent, while the Arabs opened their sacks and gave the asses provender,—reminding us of Jacob's sons.[1]

At three, we resumed our journey, enjoying the pleasant air from the sea till toward evening, when we left the shore. The road was now marked by pillars, composed of heaps of brick, at distant intervals. The Arabs call these "*Ahmoud*," that is "pillars." They are peculiarly useful to the traveller, for it is as easy for one to find his way amidst drifted snow that has covered the tracks and lines of a road, as to find it in this sandy desert;—and no doubt, to these allusion is made by the prophet,[2] "Set thee up way-marks, make thee high heaps." When a hurricane has passed over the desert, the traces in the sand are easily obliterated, which may be alluded to by the prophet,[3] "O my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy (swallow up) the way of thy paths."

We descried Rosetta about two hours before we reached it, at the extremity of a long flat valley of sand. The rays of the setting sun gave a red tinge to the surface of the desert, and as we approached the town, we entered a beautiful grove of palms, growing

1 Gen. XLII. 27.

2 Jer. XXXI. 21. The Hebrew word is תְּמְרוּרִים, "obelisks or columns."

3 Isa. III. 12.

luxuriantly out of sandy hillocks. Some of our attendants had got before us, and were waiting for us, in eastern style, at the gate—"*El Bab Rashid*," the gate of Rosetta, as they said. All was now truly oriental, and the scenery of the Arabian Nights occurred vividly to our mind, as we rode through streets silent as the grave. Not even a solitary lamp cheered the eye. The houses seemed nothing else than lofty walls of brick or red granite. Many of them appeared to be wholly deserted, though sometimes a turbaned head was dimly seen at the narrow windows of these ominous-looking dwellings. The darkness of evening, the gloom of the buildings, and the silence of the town, made our entrance into Rosetta peculiarly sombre.

We lodged at the Latin Convent, wearied with our journey, having travelled thirty or forty miles in nine hours. This Convent was erected about thirty-five years ago, chiefly with the view of accommodating travellers, and is a large brick building, in the form of a square, with a court in the midst, like all eastern houses. We were guided by the aid of a lantern up a dark irregular stair to the highest story, where we found the apartments for strangers far from being either airy or clean, but very acceptable after a day's journey in the wilderness. There are about fifteen Roman Catholics in the town, and a superior (who was absent at Jerusalem) generally resides in the Convent; but at the time of our visit, there were no inmates except a solitary Monk,—an amiable Italian, with a little native boy attending him.

We were refreshed by a draught of the water of the Nile. It is certainly peculiarly sweet and soft—very palatable at any time, and not less so after the heat of the day. Perhaps the peculiar pleasantness of

these waters is referred to by Jeremiah, "Now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor?"[1] We had scarcely sat down when we heard the sound of music and mirth, and running to the window observed the glare of torches in the street. We were told that it was "the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride."[2] Some of us instantly set out to witness the spectacle of an Eastern Marriage. We wished to see the Parable of the Ten Virgins illustrated, and our wish was gratified. The bridegroom was on his way to the house of the bride. According to custom, he walked in procession through several streets of the town, attended by a numerous body of friends, all in their showy eastern garb. Persons bearing torches went first, the torches being kept in full blaze by a constant supply of ready wood from a receiver, made of wire, fixed on the end of a long pole. Two of the torch-bearers stood close to the bridegroom, so that we had a view of his person. Some were playing upon an instrument not unlike our bagpipe, others were beating drums, and from time to time muskets were fired in honour of the occasion. There was much mirth expressed by the crowd, especially when the procession stood still, which it did every few paces. We thought of the words of John, "The friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."[3] At length the company arrived at the entrance of the street where the bride resided. Immediately we heard the sound of many female voices, and observed by the light of the torches, a company of veiled bridesmaids, waiting on the balcony to give notice of the coming of the bridegroom. When they caught a sight of the approaching procession, they ran back into

[1] Jer. II. 18. [2] Jer. XXXIII. 11. [3] John III. 29.

the house making it resound with the cry, "Halil, halil, halil," and music both vocal and instrumental commenced within. Thus the bridegroom entered in "and the door was shut." We were left standing in the street without, "in the outer darkness." In our Lord's parable,[1] the virgins *go forth* to meet the bridegroom with lamps in their hands, but here they only waited for his coming. Still we saw the traces of the very scene described by our Lord, and a vivid representation of the way in which Christ shall come to his waiting Church, and the marriage supper of the Lamb begin. In India and other parts of the east, it is the custom for the friends of the bride to *go out* to meet the company.

There are a few Jews in Rosetta, but no synagogue. The whole population of the town consists of 6000 inhabitants, and about 3000 soldiers. The ancient *Canopus* stood near the site of the town, but Rosetta is believed to be the ancient *Bolbotine*, and the branch of the Nile that flows past Rosetta is the *Bolbitinicum ostium*.

The Monk in the Convent proved very affable. His name was Jeremiah Galazzo, a Franciscan, from Italy. He had never read the New Testament in any language but Latin; and when we offered it to him in Italian, he received it with a smile of delight. Shortly after he came back to us, and asked if we really meant to make the book his own; and then requested us to write our names upon it, mentioning that it was our gift to him. This we gladly did, and also left some Italian tracts in his library. Perhaps the Lord may some day make these seeds of divine truth to spring up in his heart, as they did in Luther's within the walls of a Monastery.

1. Matt. xxv. 1.

At one end of the room where we slept, there was a small library containing such books as these :—"*Officia Sanctorum;*" "*Corpus Christi;*" "*Scopa;*" "*Grammatica Francese;*" *Jerome's Epistles in Latin;* "*La Dottrina*" *of Bellarmine; Antoine's* "*Theologia Moralis;*" "*Pictavii Compendium Historiæ Universalis.*" There was a work on the Incarnation, in Arabic; a copy of Bellarmine's "La Dottrina" in Arabic and Latin, and Missals in abundance, two large folio copies in Latin, and one in Arabic;—but no Bible among all! In the corner of the room was a small cupboard, neither neat nor clean. On the table stood a tinder-box, a vessel of olive-oil, and some cups. On the wall hung a rosary, with the image of the Virgin, bearing this inscription, "*Maria concepta senza peccato originale precate pro noi che a voi recoriamo;*" *i. e.* "Mary, who wast conceived without original sin, pray for us who betake ourselves to thee." On the back of a chair hung a monk's brown, dirty dress; and a skull-cap lay on a shelf above.

(May 17.) Next morning when we rose we gazed for the first time upon the river Nile; and in the forenoon walked along its banks, drinking of "the water of Sihor," those pleasant waters that were once turned into blood. The fact that these waters were so highly prized must have made that amazing miracle to be the more deeply felt, and gives singular force to the words, "The Egyptians shall loathe to drink of the water of the river."[1] So much is the water esteemed down to the present day, that the Turks say, if "Mahomet had tasted this river, he would have prayed for a temporal immortality that he might enjoy it for ever."

We visited a Rice-mill which is in the course of erection; and found that the principal workmen in it were

1 Exod. VII. 18.

four Americans employed by the Pasha. They were very happy to meet with us, and invited us to their lodging. One of them begged us to leave any English books which we could spare, as they had read over all their store. They said they kept the Sabbath every week, for when engaging with the Pasha, he allowed them this privilege, that they might take either their own Sunday or the Mahometan Friday for rest. We next went to the Bazaar, a strange scene of filth and wretchedness. The shops were poorly supplied, except in the article of cucumbers; but the miserable objects that were crawling about,—sore-eyed children perched on their mother's shoulder, with faces half devoured by flies,—old men half blind,—and all filthy in the extreme, presented a scene that cannot be described. Water is universally carried in skins of animals, sewed up in the form of a bottle. The women always carry their burdens, however light, upon the head.

At twelve o'clock, the Muezzin, who were standing on the minaret of the Mosque, called the people to prayer, for it was noon. The deep-toned and prolonged cry of these watchmen is heard over the whole city, and if it were a call to the worship of the true God, would have a solemn effect. It is repeated at set hours every day, and is to be heard in every Mahometan town. Did Mahomet think upon the words of the Psalmist when he instituted this practice, "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice?"[1] As it was Friday the Mosques were all open. Looking into one of them we observed a row of turbaned worshippers all kneeling at the same time. On approaching too near the door, we were warned to withdraw. Looking into another, we

[1] Psa. lv. 17.

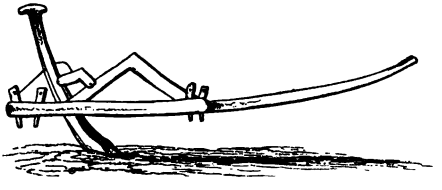
observed a man in a kind of pulpit addressing the worshippers, who were seated in a row upon a marble floor, with their eyes directed toward the preacher. The attitudes of devotion in the East are singularly beautiful.

In returning to the Convent, we had an opportunity of witnessing the procession that takes place upon the event of a Circumcision. The Arabs, with a reference to their progenitor Ishmael, circumcise their children when thirteen years old, and perform the ceremony with great pomp.[1] The boy, on whose account the ceremony was to be performed on this occasion, was handsomely dressed, with his head garlanded with flowers, and he seated upon a white horse. The attendants stopped every now and then, and were entertained with music, firing of muskets, and merriment of various kinds, as in the marriage procession. The women wearing the veil seated themselves on the ground, and sang with shrill voices: sometimes they threw a fragrant liquid over the boy, reminding us of the words of the Psalmist, "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."[2] We observed more narrowly the bracelets and ornaments on the forehead worn by the women, and their eyes painted with stibium, and also the silver anklets worn by the children. The men together played at single-stick, keeping time to the music in a very dexterous manner.

At four in the afternoon, we took leave of Rosetta and of our friendly Monk, and crossed the Nile, which is here 1800 feet broad. We and our servants were a sufficient load for one small boat; our luggage occupied another; and our asses a third;—and thus we floated slowly to the other side. A rice-field was near

1 Gen. xvii. 25. 2 Psa. xlv. 8.

the spot where we landed; the rice was springing up through the water, which still drenched its surface. We saw a man ploughing with oxen;—the plough seemed nothing more than a piece of wood, shaped so



as to be capable of piercing the ground. Some of the women of the villages were using the distaff, and the children were gathering mulberries.

We had now a pleasant ride down the right bank of the Nile, among very rich gardens of melons and cucumbers, with figs and mulberry trees, and the finest palms we had yet seen. The croaking of frogs in all the rice-fields was incessant, and the pigeon, called by the Arabs *Tur*, was cooing among the trees. From time to time we had to cross little canals formed to carry water from the Nile, and supplied by the oxen turning round a wheel. Into one of these one of our baggage asses was pushed headlong by his fellow; and the patient animal lay quietly at the bottom till it was lifted out.

One of our attendants went to drink at a tank by the road-side. At all these tanks there is a small pitcher for the accommodation of travellers; sometimes fastened by a chain, and sometimes without it, but even if left loose it remains untouched. The villages are wretched. The people seem almost naked, and excessively dirty; most of them, too, are old people; very rarely did we meet any healthy young men. The reason is, that all

such are obliged to enter the army; and Egyptian villages and lands are left to the care of women and old men. It seems still the case that taskmasters rule over Egypt—it is a "*house of bondage*" at this day. God remembers how Egypt kept his chosen Israel 400 years in slavery, and therefore has poured out upon it the fulfilment of that humiliating prophecy, "It shall be the basest of kingdoms."[1] If God fulfils so accurately the *threatening* against the *enemies* of Israel, will he not as literally fulfil the *blessing* which he has promised to the *friends* of Israel? And has he not said, "Blessed is he that blesseth thee?"[2]

About sunset, we left the rich banks of the Nile, and entered again upon the pathless desert. We could not observe so much as one foot-print of man or beast upon the smooth sand. Soon we came upon the sea-shore, and rode along the margin, the waves washing the asses' feet, while the moon rose to light us on our way. At one point, our drivers being weary, proposed encamping for the night; but Ibraim advised us to advance a little farther. Upon this the young Arabs proceeded without a murmur, and in order to cheer the way, commenced a native dance and song. One of them advancing a little before the rest began the song, dancing forward as he repeated the words, when the rest, following him in regular order, joined in the chorus, keeping time by a simultaneous clapping of hands. They sang several Arabian songs in this way, responding to one another, and dancing along the firm sand of the sea-shore in the clear beautiful moonlight. The response, the

1 Ezek. xxix. 15. "Basest of kingdoms," is every where seen fulfilled in the fact, that *native Egyptians* have none of the power or wealth of the land. Every appearance of power or greatness in it belongs to its foreign governor and his officers, not to natives. The Pasha is the gulf in which the produce of Egypt is swallowed up. 2 Numb. xxiv. 9.

dance, and the clapping of the hands, brought many parts of the word of God to our minds. We remembered the song of Miriam at the Red Sea, when "the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and Miriam *answered them*," that is, "Miriam sang responsively to them;"[1]—and also the song of the women of Israel after David's victory over the giant, "They *answered* one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."[2] The words of the Psalmist were likewise brought to mind, "O clap your hands, all ye people; Shout unto God with the voice of triumph;"[3] and again, "Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together"[4]—*i. e* in full choir. The responsive form of the 136th Psalm, and others of a like kind, was fully illustrated by this interesting scene.

We slept this night on the sea-shore. And in putting up our Tents, we began to understand better the circumstances attending this manner of life. We learned how to "*enlarge the place of the tent*,[5] by "stretching out the curtains." We saw how by "lengthening the cords," we drew wider the covering; and as we drove in the pins "or stakes" into the sand, we learned the necessity of "strengthening the stakes," if they were to endure the tugging of the wind and weight of the canvass. Israel is yet to dwell at large, under a tent widely spread; but not a temporary abode, shifted at next morning's dawn. Jerusalem is to be "a tabernacle that shall not be taken down, not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken."[6] There may be a reference to the falling of the tent when its cords are

1 Exod. xv. 20. 2 1 Sam. xviii. 6, 7. 3 Psa. xlvii. 1.
4 Psa. xcviii. 8. 5 Isa. liv. 2. 6 Isa. xxxiii. 20.

loosed, in Job, "He hath loosed my cord and afflicted me."[1] And perhaps also in the Epistle to the Corinthians, "If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved,"[2] where the original word is καταλυθῇ, "loosened." Then verse 4 has this meaning, "We groan, not to be left without a tabernacle altogether, but to have the glory enveloping our tent, to have an additional and far more glorious covering." Jael's tent-nails and hammer[3] could not fail to occur to us. When Zechariah says, "out of him came the nail,"[4] he refers to the fixing of the tent. And when another prophet says, "the nail that is fixed shall be removed,"[5] he may allude to the tent-pin pulled up when the tent is shifted.

(May 18.) We started early next morning, and were soon on our way. We had already learned how natural were the words, "Take up thy bed and walk;"[6] our simple beds costing us no trouble, and serving us for a softer seat on the asses' back.

About one o'clock we reached the lake Bourlos, anciently lake Buteo, where the *Sebennetic* branch of the Nile once discharged its waters into the Mediterranean. It is a fine expanse of water, communicating with the sea by a narrow outlet. Multitudes of large porpoises were swimming about, whose playful motions amused us as we sailed across. They repeatedly darted out of the water in pursuit of the smaller fish. The fishermen on shore were using the ἀμφίβληστρον, a net resembling the poke-net used in the isles of Scotland. It is circular, and the weights are placed round the circumference. The fisherman holds it by the centre, gathers it up in his hand, and casts it into the water: he then

[1] Job xxx. 11. The Hebrew is יִתְרִי.
[2] II Cor. v. 1, 4.
[3] Judg. v. 26.
[4] Zech. x. 4.
[5] Isa. xxii. 25. *The nail* is in Heb. יִתֵּד.
[6] John v. 8.

draws it slowly to shore by a line fastened to the centre. This is probably the very kind of net which was used by the disciples.[1]

Leaving Bourlos, we rode through a pleasant wilderness abounding in palm-trees. Passing a garden of melons and cucumbers, we observed "the lodge" in the midst of it, a small erection of four upright poles, roofed over with branches and leaves, under the shadow of which a solitary person may sit and watch the garden. To this desolate condition the daughter of Zion has come as the prophet foretold, "The daughter of Zion is left as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."[2] In two hours we arrived at a paltry village named Balteen, whose wretched houses appeared externally to be masses of brick or of mud. They are built in squares, and the windows look inward. Several families occupy one of these square edifices. At this spot, our guides refused to go on, because they said that there would be no more water till four hours more of a journey, and the road was too bad for travelling in the dark. Without any altercation, therefore, and being glad to rest, we pitched our tents in the middle of this village about seven o'clock. The day had been exceedingly sultry; and the faces of some of us were blistered by the hot wind and glowing sands. We had scarcely sat down in the tent-door to enjoy the cool air of evening, when our attention was painfully arrested by the screams of one of our drivers. We rushed to the spot in time to save the poor fellow from a repetition of the unmerciful blows which the chief driver had been inflicting on his head with a staff. Some disobedience in drawing water was the cause of quarrel. We took him into our tent, and Ibraim applied some coffee to the bleeding wound,

1 Matt. iv. 18. We saw the same afterwards at the Lake of Galilee.

2 Isa. i. 8.

laughing all the time at his piteous cries. Truly the tender mercies of the heathen are cruel.

(May 19.) This morning was the Sabbath, and we rested according to the commandment. After worshipping together, we spent the forenoon in a grove of palms. The heat was great, the thermometer being 84°. We soon left the shade of the palm and seated ourselves under the deeper shade of the fig and tamarisk. A fox started from his lair at our approach, and the native pigeons hovered round us. A thrashing-floor was in sight;—for our resting-place was on a rising ground; and here the men were busy bruising out the corn, with an instrument which we afterwards found very common in the east. It was no more than a flat board teethed with rows of sharp stones, on one end of which sat the man driving the oxen round and round over the straw. It brought to mind, "Neither is the cart-wheel turned about upon the cummin," and "Break it with the wheel of his cart."[1]

Some of the villagers found us thus seated. About twenty, half-naked, wretched-looking people, gathered round, to gaze at us and our clothing. We felt it painful to be among these ignorant, miserable people, and not be able to tell them in their own tongue one word of the great salvation. It stirred us up the more to cry, "Thy kingdom come!" They kindly offered us some fresh garlick, and then their long pipe to smoke. One of them brought a vessel of water, and tasted it first himself to induce us to drink with confidence.

In the evening, the Sheikh or Governor of the place came down to our tent, attended by his Secretary, whom we found to be an Arabic Christian, and by his Pipe-bearer. They drank tea and ate sugar with great good humour, and seemed delighted at the attention paid

[1] Isa. xxviii. 27, 28.

them. They gladly accepted a pencil-case and knife, and promised to Dr Keith to take Arabic tracts if he would send them. The Governor's brother was next introduced, that we might heal him of blindness. We found that one of his eyes was obscured by cataract, which we assured him it was beyond the reach of our skill to remove. Upon their leaving us, we received a hint to give a small *bacshish* or present to the Pipe-bearer, as a token of respect to the Master for the honour he had done us in visiting our tent.

(May 20.) Owing to the restless impatience of our guides and servants, we were obliged to strike our tents at midnight. The moon was nearly full, and the sky without a cloud as we travelled onward for some hours through a much richer and more undulating country than that which we had passed. The palms and other trees of the desert gave beauty to the scene, while the hoarse croaking of the frogs told us that water was plentiful. Sometimes we came upon Arab huts made of branches of the *belach* or palm, and were saluted by the angry howl of dogs. Arriving at the sea, we rode along the shore, the waves frequently washing the asses' feet. We now felt great difficulty in preventing ourselves from falling asleep, and were often on this account precipitated to the sand, to the great amusement of our Egyptian attendants. Frequently we were roused by the vivid flashes of lightning, which played beautifully from the bosom of the dark clouds above the sea.

After riding ten hours in this manner we came to Assoum, an unsheltered village, consisting of a few wretched huts, and with very bad water. To save time, our tents were not erected; but we cast ourselves down, wearied and sleepy, upon our mats, under the shelter of the coverlets thrown over us, and tried to find a little

rest under a scorching sun and upon glowing sand. It was easy now to understand the murmurings of the children of Israel in the desert; for heat, thirst, and a long journey over burning sands, made us experience feelings of misery which we had not known before. After two hours of repose, a dip in the sea, and a sparing meal of rice and dates, we resumed our journey, being anxious to reach Damietta this evening. About three o'clock, as we left the sea-shore, the Minarets of the town appeared in the distant horizon. We rode through an undulating pass of low sand-hills, the air resembling that of an oven. Coming in sight of a well, our guides ran to quench their burning thirst. To us, however, this only afforded a trial of patience, for the water was so muddy that we could not drink. In a little time we arrived at Senana, a village on the west side of this branch of the Nile, where the Pasha has barracks for some thousand troops. The troops were exercising as we passed by;—some were in drill, and some shooting at a mark. They wear a white cotton dress, with a deep red sash, and are far from being a bold-looking set of men. The Nile here is 800 feet broad; and this was anciently called the *Phatnitic* or *Bucolic* branch. We sat down upon the bank, and drank freely of the water, which, when passed through a filter, was pure and delicious. An Egyptian officer brought us out chairs, and sat down with us in the shade of his house. He spoke with deep admiration of Mehemet Ali, and told us anecdotes of his unwearied activity.

The houses and mosques of Damietta looked very beautiful in the evening sun on the opposite bank of the river,—a sad contrast to the filth, poverty, and guilt, to be found within. This is the ancient *Tamiatis;* it occupies a fine situation, and has well cultivated lands

in its vicinity. We had sent Ibraim across the river with a letter to the Vice-Consul, the only representative of England in this place, to make known our arrival. He returned with a message from the Vice-Consul, inviting us to his house; upon which we immediately embarked, and were soon rowed across the gentle stream, and up one of the canals, till we landed in Damietta immediately under the Consul's garden. We were received into a large hall, with a stone floor, and a broad divan at the far end. In the one corner,[1] which is the place of state, we found the Vice-Consul, a smart-looking Egyptian, in a Greek dress of dark green, with yellow slippers. He received us very graciously, and made us sit beside him on the divan. Long pipes, highly ornamented, were immediately brought to us by the attendants. We felt it not a little teasing, after all our fatigues and sleeplessness, to be compelled, out of politeness, to go through these eastern formalities, and to recline with him for nearly two hours, until a repast was prepared such as he thought suitable for British travellers. However, we were deeply interested by observing many eastern customs, which we had read of from our youth. We were introduced also to the Consul's brother and nephew; the latter a fine-looking young man, with a pointed moustache, who had singular command over his features. He spoke to us in Italian very freely; told us with great *sans froid* of the poverty and misery of the inhabitants of Damietta; and when we informed him that we were Ministers of Christ, said that he admired our religion very much, because it appealed to reason. An old Bedouin sheikh was brought before us, who promised to do his best to procure camels for our future journey through the desert. At last the repast was served up. It was much

1 Amos iii. 12, and Zech. x. 4.

after the English fashion, our host shewing us the greatest kindness. After all was over, we were guided by the janissary, carrying a silk lantern, through the dark streets, to rooms belonging to the British consulate. Our mats were spread upon the floor, and we slept soundly, although the mosquitoes annoyed us not a little. A locust also dropt in at one of the lattices of the room. Our chamber was fitted up in the true oriental style, for the part of the room assigned for the bed was about a foot higher than the rest of the floor. We saw the meaning of "going up to the bed."[1] The windows were completely shaded by a wooden lattice-work on the outside, which we found universal in Egypt. It is probably the same thing that is spoken of by Solomon, "shewing himself through the lattice."[2]

(May 21.) Early next morning, we settled accounts with the Egyptian donkeymen who had brought us thus far on our journey. Soon after which the Consul's janissary, dressed in white, with red shoes, came to invite us to our forenoon's repast. We then found that it is the custom in the East, to send for the guests when the feast is prepared, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready."[3] The Consul was sitting as usual in the cor-

[1] Psa. CXXXII. 3. [2] Song II. 9. [3] Luke XIV. 17. Esther VI. 14.

ner of his divan, along with some Egyptian friends, among whom was the Governor of the province—a

rough-looking man, with a grisly beard, snow-white turban, and piercing eye. He was very kind to us, and examined all our clothes, even the pockets and lappets of our coats, our watches, outside and inside, with uplifted eyebrows, adding, "*Buono, buono,*" at every discovery. The collazione was in the English fashion for our sakes, and the Governor for the first time, as he told us, attempted the use of the knife and fork. After the repast, the servants carried round a brazen basin, and out of a jar poured water on the hands of every guest. We remembered Elisha pouring water on the hands of Elijah.[1]

Returning again to the hall, and squatted once more upon the divan, coffee was brought in very small cups, each cup being enclosed in a small silver case. The long pipes were next carried in by six attendants. Each servant stood at a reverent distance, and kept his eye fixed upon the hand of the guest, whom he was serving, watching the slightest notion. This vividly recalled

[1] II Kings III. 11.

the allusion in the Psalms, "Behold as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters."[1] While we were thus seated, a tall old man came in with a petition in his hand. He took off his shoes, and approached the Governor barefoot.[2] The great man glanced rapidly over the paper, and without speaking a word gathered his brows into a terrible frown, whereat the poor man retired as if from a serpent.

At parting, we were invited to return to the evening meal. No hour was fixed; but, towards evening, we were sent for by the Secretary, whose name was Salvator Strigelli, an intelligent young Italian, fantastically dressed, with long black hair curling upon his shoulders. We asked him when his Master usually dined, he said, "About half an hour after sunset," which proved to be half-past seven. We had an opportunity of speaking to this Secretary very directly on the necessity of a personal interest in Christ. He seemed, however, to have a strong leaning to scepticism, and was of a romantic turn of mind.

At the door of the Consul's house were many poor and diseased, hanging about in expectation of getting help from those who visited him. We remembered Lazarus laid at the rich man's gate.[3] At dinner we were still more interested in observing a custom of the country.—In the room where we were received, besides the divan on which we sat, there were seats all round the walls. Many came in and took their place on those side-seats, uninvited and yet unchallenged. They spoke to those at table on business or the news of the day, and our host spoke freely to them. This made us understand the scene in Simon's house at Bethany, where Jesus sat at supper, and Mary came in and anointed his feet with

[1] Psa. cxxiii. 2. [2] Exod. iii. 5. [3] Luke xvi. 20.

ointment;[1] and also the scene in the Pharisee's house, where the woman who was a sinner came in, uninvited and yet not forbidden, and washed his feet with her tears.[2] The chief dish at the table was a highly seasoned *pilau* of rice; but the Consul pressed us much to another, which he described as a dish peculiar to Egypt, made of an herb like clover, called *melahieh*. It has a saltish taste, as its Arabic name indicates. Several armed Arabs were serving us, but the favourite attendant was Hassan, who was always summoned into the room by a loud call "*Wa-hassan*," accompanied by clapping the one hand very sharply on the other. The conversation was of a more serious cast than previously. The Consul, whose name is Michael Suruff, is by birth an Egyptian, and his father was a native of Damascus. He is a Greek Roman Catholic, but so liberal, that he declared he believed our Protestant worship to be much nearer the form which Christ would approve. He thought that there were no traces in Scripture of any such orders in the church as their bishops. At the same time, he reckoned it a disgrace for any man to change his religion.

(Wednesday, May 22). In the pleasant air of morning the flat roof of our house afforded us an opportunity of realizing Peter's position in Acts x. 9, and of imitating his example. Immediately below our apart-

[1] John xii. 1–3.

[2] Luke vii. 36–38. We afterwards saw this custom at Jerusalem, and there it was still more fitted to illustrate these incidents. We were sitting around Mr Nicolayson's table, when first one and then another stranger opened the door and came in, taking seats by the wall. They leaned forward and spoke to those at table. Now, in the case of the woman that was a sinner, Christ is dining at a Pharisee's table. As the feast goes on, the door opens, and a woman enters and takes her seat by the wall just behind Him. The Pharisee eyes her with abhorrence; but, as custom permits it, he does not prevent her coming in. After a little time, as Jesus is reclining, with his feet sloped toward the back of the couch, the woman bends forward, pours her tears on his feet, and anoints them with precious ointment.

ment was the Græco-Romish chapel, a very small apartment, filled with the fragrance of incense. Two priests stood at the altar, and two monks were reading the Arabic service. Two little boys also were assisting; but we were the only auditors. The half of the population of Damietta is professedly Christian, but most of these belong to the Greek church. In one of the streets we were attracted, by the sound of bawling voices, to a native school. Eight children were seated on the floor, with their books placed before them, not on a desk, but on a sort of hurdle. The children kept up an incessant rocking motion of the body backward and forward at every word they repeated, and all seemed to speak at once at the pitch of their voices. At the corner of another street, we were attracted by a similar sound to a school up a stair, attended by about thirty children, with two teachers. They sat in regular rows on the floor, with their books, which were all Arabic, in their hands; their shoes had been left in a heap at the door. Three repeated their lesson at once, rocking to and fro. Quickness and loudness of utterance seemed to be aimed at as the chief excellence of the scholars.

We visited the Consul once more, to thank him for all his kindness and bid him adieu. The common salutation at meeting and parting is to put the hand first on the breast and then on the lips, as if to intimate that what the lips utter the heart feels.[1] But no custom of the East struck us more than their manner of squandering away time: drinking coffee, smoking, and sitting indolently on a couch, seem to occupy many hours of the day.

In the forenoon, our arrangments for traversing the desert being completed, we set out for the lake Menzaleh,

1 See Job xxxi. 27, "My mouth hath kissed my hand."

about a mile from Damietta. Many of the people whom we passed on the way were preparing chopped straw and camel's dung mixed with earth for fuel.[1] Many of the children were absolutely naked. Reaching the lake, we embarked in a large open boat, spread our carpets on the floor, and formed an awning with our mats. A large sail was raised, and a gentle breath of wind carried us slowly along; the sail and ropes were well patched, and would have fared ill in a gale. Lake Menzaleh is the ancient *Mendes*, and is in general four or five feet deep. The bottom appeared to be a very rich alluvial soil, and were the lake drained would form a splendid plain. The banks are all cultivated for rice. In the middle of the deck of our boat stood a large earthen jar with water, of which the sailors drank from time to time. The Bedouin sheikh, Haggi Mater, sat beside us. He was an elderly man, of a very mild and pleasant countenance, and yet it was easy to trace beneath the numerous folds of his turban the cunning of his nation. He was in great good humour when we gave him dates and other fruit, and still more in the evening when we offered him tea and sugar. The thermometer was 74° under our awning, and the vessel moved very slowly, so that we found it pleasant to bathe in the lake. We sailed past two villages that lie close to each other, *Ugbieh* or *Menzaleh*, and *Maturieh*. The former is on the neck of land, and both had a lively appearance, presenting the aspect of more industry than any Egyptian town or village we had yet seen. There were many boats at the quay; some carrying lime, others rice, others fish. The Mosque, rising over the houses and palm trees, and seen against the deep blue sky, gave a truly picturesque effect to this quiet but

[1] This may explain what is said in Ezek. iv. 14, 15.

busy spot. Towards evening, we observed the shore covered with immense reeds, from ten to twenty feet high; the water-fowl, and the fish leaping out of the water, seemed to be innumerable. The unbroken stillness of the evening scene was strangely solemnizing, and after singing the 23d and 121st Psalms, we committed ourselves to repose in the bottom of the boat.

(May 23.) We were roused before sunset. Our boat had reached during the night a narrow embankment, which divides this part of the lake from the next. The part we had sailed over was anciently the *Mendesian* branch of the Nile; and the part we were now to enter upon was the *Tanitic* or *Saitic* branch, now called Moes. The place was called *Sid*, perhaps a remnant of the ancient *Sais*.

While the men were transporting the luggage over the slender isthmus, we wandered along the shore. It was a beautiful morning, and the air was soft and balmy, —just such an atmosphere Joseph used to breathe when he was governor over the land of Egypt. We came upon two Arabs sitting by a smouldering fire of camel's dung. The quern or hand-mill, made of two granite

stones, was lying by a large cruise of water, and a round iron plate for baking. As we sailed on, the banks on either hand presented fields of very large onions, watered by human labour. A half-naked Egyptian stood by a well, into which he dipped a bucket, which was attached to a transverse pole. By means of a weight at

RUINS OF ZOAN.

and Mr Bonar, passing over some heaps of rubbish a few minutes' walk from the village, started a fox from its lair. Following after it, he found himself among low hills of loose alluvial matter, full of fragments of pottery, while beyond these lay several heaps of large stones, which on a nearer inspection he found to be broken obelisks and ruins of what may have been ancient temples—the relics of a glory that is departed. But darkness came on, and obliged him to return to the tent. It was a lovely moonlight night, and very pleasant it was to unite in prayer and in singing psalms amid the wild Arabs, in the very region where God had wrought so many wonders long ago. We read over Isaiah XIX, "The burden of Egypt," in our tent, and when we looked out on the paltry mud village of San, with its wretched inhabitants, we saw God's word fulfilled before our eyes. "Surely the princes of Zoan are fools, the counsel of the wise counsellors of Pharaoh is become brutish:" "*Where are they? where are thy wise men?*" "The princes of Zoan are become fools."[1] The people of the modern village are extremely filthy and ignorant, famous for pilfering, and not to be trusted. Our sheikh and servants were a little afraid of them, and insisted on making one or two discharges of fire-arms, to instil a salutary awe into the villagers. They also kept watch round our tents the whole night, (one of them with a naked sabre, which lay by his side gleaming in the moonlight,) keeping one another awake by a low Arab chant.

(May 24, Friday.) At sunrise, we took a full survey of all that now remains of ancient Zoan. We found that the large mounds of alluvial matter which cover

[1] Isa. xix. 11—13.

the ruins of brick and pottery, extend about two miles from east to west, and one mile and a half from north to south. The whole country round appeared to be covered not with sand, but with soil which might be cultivated to the utmost if there was water. The most remarkable relics of this ancient city lie at the western extremity. We came upon immense blocks of red granite lying in a heap. All had been hewn, some were carved, and some were still lying regularly placed one above another. Here probably stood the greatest temple of Zoan; and there seems to have been an open square round it. Possibly also a stream flowed through the very midst of the city, for at present there is the dry channel of a torrent. Further to the north, we found ten or twelve obelisks, fallen and prostrate, and two sphinxes, broken and half sunk into the ground. The finest of the obelisks was thirty feet long, the culmen unbroken, and the carving unimpaired. All were covered with hieroglyphics. Several had the symbol of Ibis, others of Anubis and Osiris. One of the sphinxes was thirteen feet long, and nearly perfect, the other was a fragment.

Towards the south were the remains of two columns having capitals of the Corinthian order, though in the form of the shaft there seemed to be an imitation of the lotus-leaf. Among the mounds we could clearly trace buildings of brick, the bricks still retain-

ing their original place. The remains of pottery, however, were most remarkable, jars of the ancient form without number, all broken into fragments, many of them bearing the clearest marks of the action of fire, shewing that God has literally fulfilled the word of the prophet, I "will set fire in Zoan."[1]

Returning to our tents we found eight camels waiting for us, each attended by a Bedouin. This was our first trial of "the ship of the desert." The loading of the camel is a singular scene. At the word of command the animal sinks down upon the sand, with its limbs all crouched under it. A wooden frame is fastened on the highest part of the back, to which a net-work of ropes is commonly attached, for the convenience of enclosing luggage. A carpet and covering are then placed above, and form a soft saddle, upon which the rider must sit either astride or sideways, without stirrup or bridle, and balance himself according to the best of his ability. The camel often moans sadly during the time of mounting, and sometimes tries to bite. When it rises there is much danger of being thrown over its head, and then of being thrown the other way; and the Arabs are very careless in warning, for they say no one is hurt by a fall from a camel. All things being ready, we proceeded forward at the slow rate of somewhat less than three miles an hour. The long step of the camel causes a constant monotonous rocking of the body, which is very fatiguing at first, and our patience was tried by their incessantly bending down their swan-like necks to crop the dry prickly herbage of the desert. The

[1] Ezek. xxx. 14. See Dr Keith's Evidences of Prophecy, p. 390, last edition.

Sheikh presented us with some fresh cucumbers to keep us from thirst, and we listened with interest to the short plaintive song of the Bedouins, who responded to one another while they urged on their camels. We passed a small hovel in the sand, where the Arabs made a curious sound expressive of superstitious reverence. They told us it was the dwelling of a *dervish*. Coming upon the dead carcase of a camel, which two men were flaying for the sake of its flesh and skin, our guide remarked that, besides these, the hair also is valuable, being used in making rough cloaks for the Bedouins. No doubt these are the same as the hairy garment worn by Elijah,[1] and the "raiment of camel's hair" worn by John the Baptist.[2] All the Arabs wore also a broad "leathern girdle about their loins."

We frequently experienced an interesting illustration of a passage in the prophet Isaiah.[3] About midday, when the heat was very oppressive, a small cloud, scarcely observable by the eye, passed over the disc of the burning sun. Immediately the intense heat abated, a gentle breeze sprung up, and we felt refreshed. "Thou shalt bring down the noise of strangers (enemies) as the heat in a dry place (a sandy desert), even the heat *with the shadow of a cloud;* the branch (the palm-branch waved in supposed triumph) of the terrible ones shall be brought low." The immediate relief afforded us by the interposition of a small and almost imperceptible cloud taught us the lesson of the prophet, with what divine ease and speed God can relieve his suffering church and bring low her proudest enemies. Again and again in the course of our journey we had occasion to quote the words, and in the spirit of Bunyan's pilgrim when refreshed, said one to another, "He bring-

[1] II Kings I. 8. [2] Matt. III. 4. [3] Isa. XXV. 5.

eth down the heat in a dry place with the shadow of a cloud."

In four hours and a half we arrived at Menaghee, a poor village, where every house was built entirely of mud,[1] but where there was a wood of fine palm-trees and three wells of good water, so that as we pitched our tents we were reminded of Elim.[2]

The evening was pleasant, and we bathed in a part of the old *Pelusiac* branch of the Nile. The river no longer flows to the sea, and its reeds are "withered, driven away, and are no more."[3] We concluded that we must be near Sin or Pelusium, the key of Egypt in ancient days. Beside this stream, we saw great numbers of ravens, called by the Arabs *ourab*,[4] and many a vulture, called *daiah*,[5] hovered over us as if desirous to feed upon our flesh. A fine moonlight night succeeded. The Arabs and camels formed a circle round our tents. They fed the camels with chopped straw and bran; in reference to which common food, Isaiah speaks of a better time that is to come, when the provender shall be "winnowed with the shovel and the fan."[6] Talking to Ibraim about the Bedouins, we asked if the Arab sheikh could read. "No, no, (said Ibraim), Bedouin-man neither read nor write; Bedouin-man just like donkey." There was something in this rude testimony that irresistibly reminded us of the word of God concerning Ishmael, "He will be a wild man," literally, "He will be a wild ass man."[7]

[1] Perhaps Ezekiel refers to such mud walls as these, XIII. 10; and our Lord Matt. VI. 19 (Greek), "where thieves *dig through* and steal."

[2] Exod. XV. 27. [3] Isa. XIX. 7. [4] Heb. עֹרֵב (oureb).

[5] No doubt the Hebrew דָּאָה (daiah). [6] Isa. XXX. 24.

[7] Gen. XVI. 12. פֶּרֶא אָדָם.

(May 25, Saturday.) We were mounted on our camels by sunrise, and bade salaam to the old sheikh and his black attendant, who now took leave of us in a very kind manner, committing us to the care of the Bedouins. The sunbeams glanced along the level plain of the wilderness, scorching our hands and faces, for we were journeying nearly due east. Every hour it became hotter and hotter, and this, along with the slow rocking motion of the camel, often produced an irresistible drowsiness—a feeling indescribably painful in such circumstances. About half-past nine o'clock, a loud cry from the guide aroused us all. Our friend Dr Black had fallen suddenly from his camel. We immediately slipped down from our camels and ran to the spot. For some time he remained nearly insensible, but by the use of such restoratives as we had, at last began gradually to recover. It was a truly affecting scene, which we can never forget. Far from our kindred, in the midst of a vast solitude, no living being near except our little company of Arabs, not knowing what might be the extent of the injury received, we felt how completely our times were in God's hand. The Arabs cheerfully erected the tent, and though the water in the skins was scarce and precious, they sprinkled some over the tent to keep it cool,—for the thermometer stood at 89° in the shade. The camels couched on the sand under the burning sun, and each of the Bedouins made a little tent of his clock and lay down beneath. We were thankful to be able to resume our journey, and proceed onwards to the next stage towards the cool of the day, intending to spend the Sabbath there. The desert now presented an unvaried circle of sand as far as the horizon, sometimes gathered into little hillocks, sometimes covered with stunted thorns,

"the heath in the desert" of which Jeremiah speaks.[1] The sun went down in the same manner as at sea, and bright moonlight followed. Very weary, we arrived at Gomatter about ten o'clock at night. A small fort, or post-house of the Pasha, and a deep well of cold water, were the only objects of interest in this desolate spot, where we pitched our tents and sought rest.

(May 26, Sabbath.) The Sabbath dawned sweetly upon us, but soon it became very hot, the thermometer being 92° in the shade. We rested in our tents, and found many of the Psalms, such as the 63d, full of new meaning and power.

Dr Keith went up to the Post-house, and finding the master very friendly, sat down with him in the shade of his house. Our Arab attendants also seated themselves beside him, while he read several passages of the Bible, Ibraim being interpreter. They listened with the utmost attention, putting in a note of approbation again and again. But in the midst of his occupation, Ibraim could not refrain from making his remarks on the Bedouins. Pointing to one man who was staring with an unmeaning countenance, he whispered, "Look, look, now, *is not Bedouin-man just like donkey?*"[2] In the evening we invited the Governor to visit our tent, and seated him on our best carpet in the corner, the Bedouins being all gathered round the tent-door. Dr Black was so far well as to be able to address this interesting congregation. He went over several Scripture narratives, and ended by reading part of John III. He spoke in Italian, and Ibraim interpreted, but evidently not so willingly as in the forenoon. The constant re-

[1] Jer. XVII. 6. [2] Vide p. 101.

mark of the auditors, often, it is to be feared, out of mere courtesy, was "*Taib Taib*," "good, good," or "*Saheia, Saheia*," "very just." Ibraim and Ahmet spoke to us when the rest were gone. One of their great stumbling-blocks seems to be the profligate and irreligious conduct of professing Christians. Ibraim related the shameful manner in which a gentleman at Cairo had treated him. Ahmet started some speculative questions regarding Providence, and mentioned some Frenchmen who believed in no God. We explained the difference between nominal and real Christians; and Ibraim remarked that he had met with good Christians, mentioning with great affection and respect Professor Robinson from America, with whom he had travelled about two years ago. Both of them had met with Joseph Wolff in Mr Gliddon's house at Alexandria, and remembered him with much interest.

When left alone we were led to meditate on that happy time when Israel shall "arise and shine," and the sons of Ishmael, the untamed wanderers of the desert, shall share in the blessing. "The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Epaph; all they from Sheba shall come:" "all the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee."[1]

(May 27.) We were up with the sun, and soon on our way. Ibraim told us that we were not many days' journey from Mount Sinai; and remarked, that the desert of Sinai (which he traversed with Dr Robinson) is very different from that which we were now travelling, for it has trees every now and then. He described a tree very common there, of which the Bedouins make

[1] Isa. LX. 6, 7.

charcoal, and which grows in clusters, called Santah. May this not be the Shitta-tree, or Shittim-wood of the Scriptures?[1]

This is the extreme part of the desert of Shur, wherein Hagar wandered.[2] It is still overspread with stunted bushes and shrubs; and it was no doubt under one of these that she cast her child.[3] The most common bush is called "*atel*," or "*athle*," "the tamarisk."

Not far from this point of the road stood in ancient days Tahpanhes, or *Daphne*, and Migdol, whither the rebellious remnant of Judah carried Jeremiah after the destruction of Jerusalem by the King of Babylon.[4] At a distance on the left, we saw ancient remains, which the men said were the ruins of a city. The infallible word of God has been fulfilled, "At Tehaphnehes (Tahpanhes) also the day shall be darkened;" "a cloud shall cover her, and her daughters shall go into captivity."[5] We met the Pasha's dromedary-post, travelling at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. We were told, that if he be a few hours beyond his time, he is in danger of losing his head. A little after we met some Bedouins travelling on foot. Our guides recognised them, and they kissed each other several times with great affection, reminding us of the meeting of Ja-

1 Exod. xxv. 5, 10. Isa. xli. 19. The Dagesh of שִׁתָּה (shittah) evidently points to a letter which has been dropped, which may be the *nun* of *Santah*. By the way we asked Ibraim many questions about the names of objects round us. He pointed to onions and said the name was "*basel*," which resembles very closely the Hebrew בָּצָל (batsel); garlick he called *toum*, which is the same as the Hebrew שׁוּמִים (shoumeem), with only a change of the sibilant. The melon is in Arabic *bottach*, an abbreviation of אַבַּטִּיחַ (abatiahh). All these are mentioned together in Numb. xi. 5. "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick."

2 Gen. xvi. 7.

3 Gen. xxi. 15.

4 Jer. xliii. 7; xlvi. 14.

5 Ezek. xxx. 18.

cob and Esau.[1] Before midday we came to a resting-place called Duadahr, which means "the Warrior," and our camels kneeled down beside a fine well, out of which the water is drawn by a large wheel. This resting at wells called vividly to mind many Scripture events. Jacob found Rachel, and Moses found Zipporah at the well.[2] It was by a well of water that Eliezer, Abraham's servant, "made his camels to kneel down at the time of the evening,"[3] and many a time did we realize that scene.

On resuming our journey, the character of the desert was altered. Instead of a level plain, our route lay over sand-hills, with considerable valleys between. The setting sun, casting his rays on these, had a peculiarly pleasing effect; and especially when the palm-trees adorned the heights, a mild desolate beauty was added to the landscape. We understood that we were approaching the range of desert mountains, anciently called Mount Casius. The moon rose in clear, unclouded splendour, and under its light we often seemed to be journeying over drifted snow. Late at night we reached Catieh, very weary, having spent about twelve hours on the camel's back.

Catieh is the ancient Casium, and not far from the sea. Like Elim it has many wells of water, and many palm-trees; though very sandy, we thought it the most engaging spot we had yet seen in the wilderness. Some have supposed that several of the stations of the wandering Israelites were along this track. For example, they say, that Rissa was probably El Arish, and if so Kehelathah must have been near this place.[4]

(May 28.) In the morning, while we were seated at

[1] Gen. xxxiii. 4.
[2] Gen. xxix. 2; Exod. ii. 15.
[3] Gen. xxiv. 11.
[4] Numb. xxxiii. 22.

breakfast, the postmaster, Osman Effendi, visited our tent. He willingly drank tea, and asked for a little to present to his wife, who, he said, had learned how to make tea. Seeing that our bread was very old, he sent for some new bread from his own house, and presented it to us. He gave us also a quantity of salted milk, which, however, we could not drink. We afterwards visited him in return at his house, and found him seated on the ground among some of his younger servants, teaching them to read. His whole manner and appearance recalled to mind the patriarch of the desert. He inquired very kindly into Dr Black's fall from the camel, and asked if he should order the Bedouin to be bastinadoed. When we told him that we had no such desire, and that our friend had recovered from the accident, he said that when we arrived at the first town, our friend should give something to the poor out of gratitude to God, without letting any one know. While we were thus seated with him, he had ordered his wife to bake some very nice sweet cakes, which he presented to us with coffee in truly patriarchal style. It reminded us of Sarah making cakes upon the hearth for her three heavenly visitors.[1] He told us that he received from the Pasha twelve dollars a-month, sufficiency of provisions, and perquisites. His house was wretched, the floor being loose sand, but the cool shade of the stone walls was pleasant. We remembered with fresh interest the words of Isaiah, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."[2]

Near this spot are two monuments raised over the graves of two Marabout Sheikhs. The bodies of dead saints are entombed within, and a shell of a building with a white cupola is erected over them: within this

[1] Gen. xviii. 6. [2] Isa. xxxii. 2.

the friends of the departed frequently meet for prayer. These are the "whited sepulchres, which appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness."[1] The only remnants of antiquity here, are a marble pillar lying in fragments among the palm-trees, and several heaps of brick. The extensive ruins of Tel Faramah lie about three hours' journey from this station, and near to the Salt Lake. We noticed here that most of the green patches in the sand are the production of the beetle's industry. The beetle with amazing labour drags the camels' dung into its hole in the sand, and thus a fruitful soil is formed ready to receive the seeds of plants. To this small insect probably we owe the greater part of the verdure of the wilderness.

We had rested the first part of this day in order fully to recruit our strength. Towards evening we were again mounted, and bade farewell to Catieh. Our last view of our kind friend Osman Effendi was when he was kneeling upon the sand near the tombs, and praying with his face towards Mecca.

The desert was now of a more verdant character; and as we proceeded, many flocks of goats were feeding by the way, some of which had sheep mingled with them; forcibly reminding us of our Lord's parabolic account of the great day.[2] At present, the thoughtless and the hypocrites feed side by side with the children of God in the pastures of this world's wilderness, but the day is coming when He shall separate the righteous from the wicked, "as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." The long curling hair of these goats was of a beautiful glossy black, shewing us at once the beauty and propriety of the description in the Song,

[1] Matt. xxiii. 27. [2] Matt. xxv. 32.

"Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead."[1]

Sometimes our way was through "a salt land and not inhabited."[2] The face of the desert in these places was white with the incrustations of salt. This made us understand the expression, "He turneth a fruitful land into barrenness," literally "into saltness."[3] After six hours' journey we encamped at Beer-el-abd, "the well of the slave," a desolate spot.

Next morning (May 29) we saw at a distance a range of hills running north and south, called by the Arabs Djebel Khalil. They form part of "the hills of Seir." After wandering so many days in the wilderness, with its vast monotonous plains of level sand, the sight of these distant mountains was a pleasant relief to the eye; and we thought we could understand a little of the feeling with which Moses, after being forty years in the desert, would pray, "I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."[4]

Before noon, the sudden sight of the sea, or rather of the famous Sirbonian lake, and the sea beyond it, made us cry to one another (in language we had learned from our guides), "*El Bahr, El Bahr*," "the sea, the sea," like the joyful shouts of the ten thousand Greeks, "Θαλλασσα, Θαλλασσα." The lake is referred to by Milton,

> "A lake profound, as that Serbonian bog
> Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
> Where armies whole have sunk."[5]

The lake is connected with the sea, but the drifting sands keep it in the state of a morass, a sandy morass. It was very shallow at this place; and at the time we

[1] Song IV. 1. [2] Jer. XVII. 6. [3] Psa. CVII. 34.
[4] Deut. III. 25. [5] Paradise Lost, B. II.

bathed in it the water was tepid. When we came out, the salt of the water appeared on our bodies in the form of a thick crust.

Returning to our tent, we gathered specimens of the few flowers of the desert, and in our search found the ground overrun with lizards and beetles. While seated at our midday meal, a company mounted on camels came past us from another quarter of the desert. One of them rode up to us, his face scorched with the sun and his mouth parched, his only cry being, "*Moie, moie*," "Water, water."

Towards evening we journeyed forward through a more verdant part of the desert, cheered by the view of the distant hills, and by the chirping (for there was little song) of the little birds which, for the first time, we observed among the bushes. The moon rose upon us in glorious brightness, and late at night we pitched our tents in a place called Abugilbany.

(May 30.) In the morning, the desert was really enlivened by the chirping of birds. As a single note of a sweet song will often revive a sad heart, so it seems as if the lively note of these birds in a place so desolate, and far from the dwellings of men, were a kind arrangement of Providence in order to refresh the weary traveller.

We found the heat more oppressive this day than we had yet experienced it. The hillocks of sand, between which we were slowly moving at the usual camel's pace, reflected the sun's rays upon us, till we felt our faces glowing as if we had been by the side of a furnace. The hills of Seir occasionally reappeared, and on the left the lake stretched out in full view. At one time a fox started from the bush and fled before us. It was to such an animal the prophet Ezekiel referred, "O Is-

rael, thy prophets are like *the foxes in the desert*,"[1] hungry and anxious to find a prey.

Our track now lay amidst unusual plenty of herbage and tufts of verdant plants, a change which became the occasion of considerable annoyance; for the camels were continually bending down their long necks to crop the shrubs, especially some species which seemed peculiarly succulent. We saw in this an illustration of the description given of the wild ass, "He searcheth after every green thing."[2] Here, too, the sand was occasionally covered with a crust of salt, as if a salt-lake had once been there. This also is mentioned in the same passage as a feature of the scenery, "Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land (in Hebrew "the salt place") his dwelling."[3]

Our guide now directed us by a road a little nearer than that by the sea-side; though much more irregular, and over endless hills of sand. We found the way to be a gradual ascent, and saw the minute correctness of the Scripture narrative, "a chariot *came up* and went out of Egypt."[4] And again, "Who is this that *cometh up* from the wilderness?"[5] In like manner, when we met any travellers going the other way, they were, like Joseph's brethren, "*going down* to Egypt."[6] Perhaps it was through this part of the desert of Shur that Hagar wandered, intending to go back to her native country;[7] and it may have been by this way that Joseph and Mary carried the young child Jesus when they fled into the land of Egypt.[8] Even in tender infancy the sufferings of the Redeemer began, and he complains, "I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up."[9] Per-

1 Ezek. XIII. 4. 2 Job XXXIX. 8. 3 Job XXXIX. 6.
4 1 Kings X. 29. 5 Song VIII. 5. 6 Gen. XLII. 3; XLVI. 4.
7 Gen. XVI. 7. 8 Matt. II. 14. 9 Psa. LXXXVIII. 15.

haps these scorching beams beat upon his infant brow, and this sand-laden breeze dried up his infant lips, while the heat of the curse of God began to melt his heart within. Even in the desert we see the suretyship of Jesus.

All this day our guides would not suffer us to pitch our tents. They were anxious to reach the first town on the Syrian frontier before nightfall, and our store of provisions being now exhausted, Ibraim urged us forward, in spite of heat, fatigue, and faintness. One half hour alone we rested, and sought shelter under some of the low bushes of the desert, while we satisfied our hunger with a few raisins and a morsel of Arab cheese. The heat was very oppressive. Even the Bedouins begged us to lend them handkerchiefs to shield their faces from the rays of the sun: and often ran before and threw themselves beneath a bush to find shelter for a few minutes. How full of meaning did the word of the prophet appear, "There shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat."[1] And again, "A man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."[2]

In the afternoon, we came in sight of three wells, situated in a lonely valley. On getting near the spot, there was a general rush down the slope to reach the water. The camel-drivers ran forward to be first there, and we all followed, and even the patient camels came round the wells eager to drink. But to us, the water was *Marah;* we could not drink it, for it was muddy, and bitter too. We tried to get a draught by straining it through a handkerchief, but all would not avail. Thus sadly were the Israelites disappointed when "they came to Marah, and they could not drink of the wa-

[1] Isa. iv. 6. [2] Isa. xxxii. 2.

ters of Marah for they were bitter."[1] The Bedouins seemed to care nothing for the impurity of the water, for they drank largely and greedily. We imagined that thus eagerly Israel rushed forward to the clear, cool waters of the Smitten Rock.[2]

We now passed over a sandy soil, in which small shells abounded, and occasionally heaps of stones that appeared to be ruins of ancient buildings. In these stones also small shells were imbedded. It was near this that *Ostracine* once stood, an ancient town, so called[3] from the circumstance of the shells found in the soil. The setting sun was pouring its last rays upon the bare and desolate sand-hills, as if in vain attempting to clothe them with beauty, when we came in sight of El Arish, the frontier town between Syria and Egypt, the spot we had so anxiously desired to reach before any quarantine should be established to delay our progress. We passed the remains of an old city, the foundations of which we could distinctly trace, though half-buried in the sand. This we supposed to be the ancient *Rhinocolura*. In a little while after, our camels kneeled down outside the gate of the small town of El Arish. We encamped under a tree, with a cluster of palms near, and not far from the burying-ground on the N.W. of the town, and on the road to Gaza. The town is situated on the gentle slope of a sand-hill about two miles from the sea. The castle, a square building, not very formidable to an enemy, stands on the highest part, and the houses, dingy, monotonous-looking buildings, with flat roofs and scarcely any windows, slope down from it. The population of the town cannot be more than 600 inhabitants, many of whom were enjoying the cool breeze of evening on the roofs of their houses. The

[1] Exod. xv. 23. [2] Exod. xvii. 6. [3] From *ὄστρακον*, a shell.

quarantine established here for all who come from Syria going down into Egypt, prevents the increase of traffic, people being unwilling to come to it from Syria, since they must tarry so long in the Lazaretto near its walls. We were told that, at one time, El Arish was surrounded with beautiful gardens, but these have been completely covered by the desolating sand, and now the only remains of fertility is a grove of young palms which shelter the eastern side of the town. We were rejoiced to find that the quarantine was not yet established for those going to Syria, so that we had attained the object of our journey through the desert. This was a new and special call upon us to give thanks and praise, especially now when we were in sight of the Promised Land, and our eyes rested on some of the hills given to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

We were outside the wall, but we heard the call to prayer from the Mosque, whose minaret rises conspicuous above the common dwellings. The cry of the Muezzin was louder that evening, and more prolonged, because it was Thursday, the commencement of the Mahometan Sabbath. The Mahometans begin their Sabbath, like the Jews, at six o'clock in the evening, and Friday is the day which they keep sacred. The call to prayer is certainly one of the most solemn and affecting parts of their worship; but the Mahometans themselves seem not at all affected by it. Indeed, their whole religious services appear to be empty forms, all voice and gesture, and no feeling.

(May 31.) In the morning, the place was enlivened by the multitude of little birds that chirped and sung among the trees near our tents. So small is the traffic existing at present between Egypt and Syria, and so little plenty is poured over the borders of the Promised

Land, that no articles of food were to be had in the town, except milk and Arab bread. However, in the midst of our difficulties, Ibraim came to tell us that a man had brought a sheep to the tent-door, wishing to sell it to us. We gladly bought it for twenty-five piastres, about five shillings of our money. Our servants appropriated the skin and wool; and what became of the head and feet we know not, only they were not served up to us as they would have been in Scotland.

A more serious difficulty presented itself in the want of camels to carry us farther on our way. Our Bedouins had bargained to carry us to El Arish, and this they had faithfully performed. But nothing would persuade them to carry us farther. In this dilemma the Governor of the town sent us word that he would come and visit our tent. There is a degree of real authority suggested by the dress and air and attendants of such a man. He came riding upon a cream-coloured Arab horse, small but fleet, with silvery mane, flowing tail, and rich caparisons. His attendants rode by his side, and even they assumed an air of importance with their ornamented girdles, crooked scimitars, and elegant eastern attire. Their favourite feat of horsemanship was to gallop at full speed along the sand or among the palms, and then suddenly to draw the rein and stop, making the sand fly in all directions. When the Governor was fairly seated in the corner of our carpet, he evidently wished to shew his authority and importance, and to get money from us by pretending causes of delay; but after much arguing and annoyance, he at last agreed to arrange with the camel-driver who had brought us thus far, to take us to Gaza for 600 piastres (about £6 Sterling) —a price double what ought to have been charged, but demanded at present as necessary to remunerate the

men who would be kept in quarantine on their return. Part of the price was accordingly paid into the Governer's hand, and the interview ended. He afterwards sent us a jar of fine cold water as a present; for "a cup of cold water only"[1] is a real gift in this country. In the afternoon, however, he visited us again to announce that the Bedouins refused to observe the contract, but that he himself would provide us with camels to-morrow. We suspected some fraud in this, but had no remedy. One of the Bedouins, on taking leave of us, shewed a good deal of feeling, and while all of them kissed our hands, Ibraim was treated in the true oriental style, being kissed on the cheek half a dozen of times ere they parted. The sight of these poor ignorant Arabs, often deeply impressed us with wonder at God's kindness to ourselves. Here is election;—sovereign grace alone makes us to differ from them!

Although our desert wanderings had delayed us longer than we could have wished, yet we could see a kind Providence leading us this way to the land of Israel. We were made to sympathize far more than we had ever done with the trials of Israel in the wilderness, and to understand better how they were so much discouraged because of the way, and how they were so often tempted to murmur against God.

How great a blessing "the pillar of the cloud" must have been! Towering over the camp, it cast a delightful shadow upon the sand over which we moved. But still more, what a gracious pledge it was that their heavenly Guide would lead them in the right way to the place of rest. Now, too, we were taught the meaning of "dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob."[2] Such a life is one of constant dependence and faith. In the morn-

[1] Matt. x. 42. [2] Heb. xi. 9.

ing when the tent is struck, the traveller never knows where he is to pitch it at noon or evening; whether it is to be beside the palm and springs of water, or in solitude and sand. The description of the joyful state of the redeemed given in the Apocalypse,[1] seems to be formed in reference to such a life as this. There shall be no more hunger, thirst, nor burning sun, but green shady pastures and living fountains of water, and the Lamb shall dwell as in a tent[2] among them. And all this because they have reached the promised inheritance,—their desert life has ended and the Promised Land begun.

We noticed that when camels are sent out to feed they often stray over a wide surface. At the place where we now were the reason alleged for keeping us till next day was, that the camels had been sent out to feed and could not be found. A man had been sent upon a dromedary to look for them, but could not discover what direction they had taken. This circumstance reminded us of Saul being sent to seek his father's asses, in days when the pastures of Irsael may have been equally free.[3]

The evening was beautiful. Indeed, morning and evening here day after day have a brilliance such as we never see more than once or twice in a year at home. The flood of light that pours out of the clear, unclouded skies, reminds us of the last words of David, where he compares the reigning of the coming Saviour "to a morning without clouds,"[4] and also of the language of the Psalmist, "Day unto day *pours out* speech."[5]

1 Rev. VII. 16, 17. 2 σκηνωσει. 3 1 Sam. IX. 3.

4 II Sam. XXIII. 4. 5 יַבִּיעַ Psa. XIX. 2. Keble expresses the idea when he says, that day after day is a "*gushing fount* of praise."

The heat having abated, we wandered towards the town. We observed two very deep wells, arched over to keep out the sun and the sand. Two marble columns were built into one of them, and broken pieces of marble pillars of the Doric order were lying scattered in various places near the town. To the east a kind of garden, surrounded with a hedge of prickly pear, and planted with palms, aloes, and melons, seemed to struggle with the sand for existence. In the town several women in the streets wore the anklet, "the tinkling ornament about their feet."[1] We heard its sound as we passed along. Most of their children had their heads adorned with pieces of money. The Effendi's child was carried at the side, having six or eight gold coins, called *harieh*, strung together round the front of its cap. Most of the houses are built completely of mud. At present they are as hard and dry as stone, but we could readily imagine how easily the overflowing shower would destroy them, and the stormy wind rend the wall.[2] The roofs of the houses are all flat, and communicate with one another. Often they are made of the branches of the palm and other trees, with the leaves remaining on them, and coated over with mud. If the house mentioned by Mark[3] had a roof of this description, how easy it would be to break it up. In the court of one of the houses (for every house, however humble, has its court[4]), we examined the Arab oven, a rude and simple contrivance. It is made of clay like their houses, quite dry and hard. The lower aperture is to admit the fire, a few cinders of charcoal, or some heated stones. Over the fire there is a floor of clay, where the dough is fired. The upper aperture

[1] Isa. III. 18.
[2] Ezek. XIII. 10.
[3] Mark II. 4.
[4] II Sam. XVII. 18.

is for putting in the dough when it has been kneaded and divided into cakes. The roof of the whole, surrounded by a parapet, affords a convenient place for the bread gradually to cool. The kneading trough is a large wooden bowl, not unlike that used in our own country.

In the middle of the town there is a very fine well, the water of which is drawn up by a wheel. We drank freely for the first time since entering the desert. No one who has not wandered in arid regions, can imagine the delight which cold water gives to a thirsty soul.[1] Toward sunset, two of our number crossed the hills of sand which enclose El Arish, till we came to the ancient bed of a broad river, about half a mile east of the town. The channel is about 200 yards in breadth, distinctly marked by banks on either side. The bed was perfectly flat and dry; but in other days, when Judah's rivers flowed with water, it must have been a majestic stream, not unworthy to form the boundary of the land, if indeed (which is doubtful) this was "*the river of Egypt*," so often referred to as the limit of Israel on the south.[2] A little way farther inward, the channel seemed to be filled up by sand drifted from the hills: but from the spot where we were down to the sea, a distance of two miles, we could distinctly trace its ancient course. We stretched ourselves under one of the bushes that still overhang its banks, and remembering with gratitude that we were now within the border of the Promised Land, united in prayer for Israel, our Church, our dis-

[1] Prov. xxv. 25. [2] Gen. xv. 18.

tant flocks, and our own souls. We then wandered homewards, that is, to our tents—our only home in this strange land. The hills of El Khalil were full in sight, and toward the sea the Lazaretto attracted our notice by the patches of verdure round it. A few palms, fig-trees, aloes, and bushes of prickly pear, also relieved the eye. Darkness came on before we reached our encampment.

Next morning (June 1), we found that our patience must be still further tried, no camels having arrived. We visited an Arab school, and found it very clean, being all white-washed within, though built of mud. Nineteen boys were present, dirty and ill clad, several of them affected in the eyes and one blind. Two or three had Arabic books in MS.; the rest sat in groups, cross-legged, upon the ground, rocking to and fro as they bawled out in one shrill voice words and syllables, which they were reading from a board held in their hand. No master was present, and all went on repeating without any one superintending. One boy brought in a jar of water, from which all in turn drank greedily. On the wall were slates of tin, with Arabic traced upon them.

This being Saturday, we remembered, in looking across the bed of the ancient river, that on the other side in former days, Israel would have been keeping their Sabbath, and Egypt would hear the praises of Jehovah floating across the stream.

Entering the Fort, we examined an old trough of very hard granite, quite covered with Arabic writing, well engraved. At midday, we went to the gate to enjoy the coolness. The arched roof affords a complete shade at all times, and often a pleasant breeze passes through. Under such a gateway probably Lot was seated, for

coolness' sake, when the angels came to Sodom;[1] and for the same reason, the people of old used to resort to it, and it became the market-place.[2] We saw how the gate became the seat of judgment,[3] when a little after the Governor and his Effendi appeared. His attendants having spread a mat and a carpet over it, and a cushion at each corner, he took his seat, inviting us to recline near him. We took off our shoes and sat down. Our conversation was very limited, as Ibraim was not with us to interpret, but we partook of coffee together, served up in little cups, which are every where in use. The Governor was interrogating a native Christian who stood by. This man was a Christian Copt. He told us in broken Italian that he was rejoiced to meet us, because, being almost the only Christian in the place, he is much despised. He wore "a writer's inkhorn by his side."[4] This intimates that the person is so far superior to the generality that he can at least read and write. The inkhorn has a long shaft which holds

the reeds, and is stuck into the girdle, while the place for the ink forms a head at the one end. At our request the Copt took out his reeds and wrote very elegantly. On one of his arms, he shewed us the figure of Christ on the cross and the Virgin Mary, punctured apparently either with *henna* or gunpowder. This is a remnant of an ancient custom (common even among hea-

1 Gen. XIX. 1. 2 Ruth IV. 1, 11. Psa. LXIX. 12. Jer. XVII. 19.
3 Job V. 4. Jer. XXXVIII. 7; XXXIX. 8. Amos V. 15. Matt. XVI. 18.
4 Ezek. IX. 2.

thens), by which men would shew their anxiety to keep a beloved object ever in mind. There is no doubt a reference to this custom in the beautiful words, "Behold I have graven thee on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me;"[1] and also when it is said, "Another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord," or more literally, "Another shall write upon his hand, *To the Lord*,"[2]—words intended to express the complete surrender which a believer makes of soul and body to the Lord that bought him.

This day we experienced the effect of the wind raising the sand. The wind was not remarkably strong, but the sand was so fine that it penetrated every where. No tent nor portmanteau could shut it out. Our clothes, our food, the water we drank, all were filled with sand. At length eight camels arrived. We joyfully struck our tents, and were conveyed to the Lazaretto close by the shore.

In our way down we passed the rude booths of palm-branches which we had elsewhere seen, and heard the sound of the millstone coming from one of them, it being now near sunset, the time for the evening meal. In the dry channel of the River many fine palm-trees were growing, and several luxuriant plants, cultivated in holes dug for the purpose. Several gardens also were laid out with small canals intersecting them, so that streams of water might be conducted to the different beds when needful. These are the "rivers of water" mentioned by the Psalmist.[3] Nearer the shore we saw rushes, a proof that the bed of the ancient river is still occa-

[1] Isa. xlix. 16.

[2] Isa. xliv. 5. יִכְתֹּב יָדוֹ לַיהוָה

[3] פַּלְגֵי מָיִם Psa. i. 3. Also Prov xxi. 1.

sionally moistened with water. The Governor of the Lazaretto, a pleasant Arab, wearing the hyke or wide mantle, came and conversed with us.

We now exchanged the camels which had brought us from the town for seven camels and a dromedary belonging to the quarantine. The camel and dromedary resemble each other in appearance, and the difference between them is not, as commonly stated, that the one has two hunches on its back and the other only one, but it is like the difference between a heavy cart-horse and a swift riding-horse. The dromedary is much lighter, swifter, and quicker in its motions; but the Arabian camel and dromedary have both only one hump, though the camel of Bactria and other regions is said to have two. One of our camels had a young one running by its side. Under the conduct of Mustapha, another Bedouin with fine Eastern features, Mohammed, and a boy, we proceeded across the bed of the River, and ascended the opposite bank, entering with joy the Land of Israel.

The country was now very different from the desert. A range of low sand-hills lay between us and the seashore, ready to fulfil God's work of desolation on the land within; but the valley through which we were passing had verdure and pasturage, and opened into others of the same character. The ground was full of holes, which we were told were made by the jerboas. Darkness soon came on, and we rested a short time at the command of our Bedouin, who wished to feed his camels. We kindled a blazing fire in the manner of the Bedouins, whose fires we saw in several places round about us. The moon rose most splendidly as we proceeded, and the birds in the bushes round about began to twitter and sing, as if mistaking the bright moon for the rising sun.

Though much oppressed with sleepiness, and often in danger of falling from the camel's back, yet the pleasantness of the air, the change of scenery, and the knowledge that we were now traversing the portion of the tribe of Simeon, made our journey comparatively easy. We arrived at Sheikh Juide, once a village, now only a station and a burying-place, marked by the white tomb of a Mahometan saint. It has a good well, some fields of tobacco, and several palm-trees. We pitched our tent under a *nabbok*-tree, resembling a plane-tree, and felt how naturally it is recorded, "Deborah dwelt under the palm-tree,"[1] "Saul tarried under a pomegranate-tree;"[2] and of Abraham, who had received the three angels into his tent, that "he stood by them under the tree."[3] We spread our mats and fell asleep, thinking over the Promised Land, and how in some part of this very country, God had said to Jacob, as he was stretched out for rest with a stone for his pillow, "The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it."[4]

(June 2, Sabbath.) Awaking, we felt the solemnity and privilege of spending a Sabbath-day in the land of Israel. We had worship together in the tent, and sang with joyful hearts,

> "In Judah's land God is well known,
> His name's in Israel great," &c.[5]

With what appropriateness we could look round on every plain and hill within our view, and say,

> "*There* arrows of the bow He brake!
> The sword, the shield, the war—
> More glorious thou than hills of prey,
> More excellent art far."

We had leisure to meditate on those portions of Scrip-

[1] Judg. IV. 5. [2] 1 Sam. XIV. 2. [3] Gen. XVIII. 8.
[4] Gen. XXVIII. 13. [5] Psa. LXXVI. 1.

ture peculiarly referring to God's wonders done here. Between us and the range of hills to the east, we had reason to believe, lay the valley of Gerar, the valley where Abraham dwelt,[1] the land where Isaac sowed and received in the same year an hundred-fold, and where he digged so many wells.[2] In this region, too, the Avims dwelt till they were destroyed by "the Caphtorims out of Caphtor,"[3] the ancestors of the Philistines, who in turn yielded to Judah and Simeon. This is the highway down into Egypt; so that by it the Ishmaelites would carry youthful Joseph into Egypt, with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh;[4] and by this way Jacob would come down with the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him.[5] This tract was in the portion of Simeon. Seventeen cities with their villages are recorded as belonging to it.[6] But, where are they now? The answer is to be found in the words of Jeremiah, "Oh, thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon, *and against the sea-shore?* there hath he appointed it."[7]

The day was very warm, but far pleasanter than in the desert; the breeze not having that dry, scorching feeling which is so overpowering amid the sands of the desert. We observed fields where barley had been cut down, and found ten or twenty stalks which appeared to grow out of the same root. We learned that this is the way in which they frequently sow the barley, making a hole and putting in many seeds together.

1 Gen. xx. 1. 2 Gen. xxvi. 12, 18. 3 Deut. ii. 23.
4 Gen. xxxvii. 25, 28. 5 Gen. xlvi. 1. 6 Josh. xix. 1—9.
7 Jer. xlvii. 6, 7.

When the heat of noon abated, we walked to a grassy eminence to the eastward, and found that the country rose into a series of gentle elevations, bounded by a range of hills running parallel to the sea. Herds and flocks of goats and asses were feeding in several places. We felt it pleasant to think of Isaac and his herdmen having wandered here. We came upon an immense colony of ants, all busily employed. They had made a highway from their dwelling of about forty yards in length, and this was literally covered with a black dotted line of these moving insects. Those going out carried nothing, but hurried along with great speed. Those returning carried a seed or piece of straw. Another band were employed in carrying out a grain of the soil from the camp, making room for the new supply. The Arabs call them by the Hebrew term *nimla*. We read over Proverbs VI. 6–11; and thus got a Sabbath lesson applied with power even in the wilderness—a lesson of constant untiring diligence in the work of the Lord. We prayed together, feeling that the land was fitted to make us ask much, for from these heavens the Holy Spirit had descended on many a prophet and many a saint. May such men be raised in our day, and Israel be so blessed again, and the same Spirit who visited them visit our land! The evening closed calmly round us in our tents.

(June 3.) We left Sheikh Juide before 6 A.M., pleasant clouds veiling the sun. Our course lay northward on the road to Gaza. The same low sand-hills were still between us and the sea, but there was considerable verdure on the undulating plains through which we passed. The road is not like a king's highway with us, made before it is travelled, but is made by the feet of the animals that travel it; and as camels generally fol-

low one another, it consists of many narrow paths in one broad way. We counted fifteen or twenty of these narrow paths mingling with each other, in a breadth of

thirty or forty yards. Verdure and wild genista often occurred between the paths, so that the camels were frequently bending their long necks to feed as we journeyed. We notice this, because it seems to illustrate the description of wisdom in Proverbs, "She standeth by the way *in the places of the paths*.[1] Hence also the expression, "Hold up my goings in *thy paths*;"[2] and the 23d Psalm, "He leadeth me in *the paths* of righteousness;"[3] and the declaration, "*Broad* is the way which leadeth to destruction,"[4] hints at its many paths. The country we went through this day was a light pasture land, with plains and straths of vast extent. We observed all the animals mentioned in Scripture,[5] as belonging to the original inhabitants,—sheep, oxen, asses, and camels. In some places the divisions of the fields were marked out; and a bunch of broom tied and set up formed the landmark. Some fields had been ploughed in a very slight manner. These signs of approaching cultivation were pleasant as we came up from the wilderness.

Our guides pointed out the site of Rapha, the ancient

[1] Prov. viii. 2. [2] Psa. xvii. 5. [3] Psa. xxiii. 3.
[4] Matt. vii. 13. [5] 1 Sam. xxvii. 9.

Raphia, on our left near the sea, hid from our view by mounds of sand.

At midday we arrived at Khanounes, the ancient Jenysus;—its Scripture name is unknown. We had expected to find rest and refreshment here, but a complete hurricane of wind blew the small dry sand full in our faces for about an hour. It was vain to attempt putting up the tent, so that we were forced to shelter ourselves from the combined heat and storm of the sirocco, by wrapping ourselves in our carpets, and lying on our faces at the roots of some large sycamore-trees, till it abated. We thought of Isaiah, "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;"[1] and "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."[2] Khanounes is beautifully situated amidst many trees, chiefly of the species called "Djumaiz" or sycamore, which bears a fruit very like a fig, while its leaves are like those of the mulberry-tree. The village is surrounded by fields of tobacco planted by their Mahometan possessors, and this is one of the commonest productions of the Holy Land, shewing that it has become the heritage of the heathen, who sow Israel's fields. An old Arab took special charge of us, asking our names, and leading us through the town in a most friendly manner. The houses were as substantial as mud-brick walls can be supposed to be. The old fort seemed to be a place of distinction, having a long inscription in Arabic round the interior of the porch. The bazaar consisted of a small row of wretched shops; whose owners were squatted each before his door, smoking his pipe, and selling barley, beans, apricots, cucumbers, raisins, charcoal, pipes, and a few trinkets. We

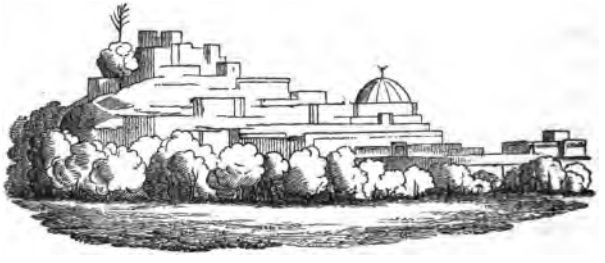
[1] Isa. xxxii. 2. [2] Isa. xxv. 4.

sat down in the shade, and all the inhabitants, young and old, gathered round; but unable to speak their language, we could only minister kindness to them, allowing them to examine our veils, straw-hats, and watches, which were subjects of endless wonder. One man wore two or three beads pendant from his forehead. He said it was a charm to keep his eyes from blindness. Another came with a diseased neck, to which he pointed in silence with his finger, intimating that he desired to be healed. This brought Jesus and his wonders of mercy to mind in a most affecting manner. We assured him that we had no gift of healing. Meanwhile Ibraim had searched the town to find substantial provisions, but in vain; he could not even procure a cake of bread. We were offered unground barley, which a native could have used without much trouble by means of the hand-mill; for we learned by experience that it is the custom in the East to grind morning and evening just as much as serves for daily use. Hence the necessity for the law, "No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge, for he taketh a man's life to pledge."[1] We learned also that this country is not now what it once was, "a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, and not lack any thing in it."[2] In the market the people were using *stones* instead of regular weights, according to the ancient mode.[3] The writer's inkhorn was here worn by two or three at the bazaar. At the entrance of the town stands the chief object of interest, the public well, at which we drank large and refreshing draughts of delightful water. A camel turned the wheel, and the water was brought up in small earthen jars, which emptied themselves into a trough. This is called the Persian

[1] Deut. xxiv. 6. [2] Deut. viii. 9.
[3] Deut. xxv. 13. Prov. xvi. 11. See margin.

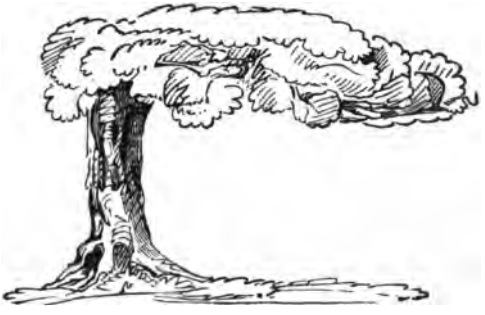
wheel. The well is evidently the rendezvous for idlers, gazers, and talkers, and as much a place of public resort as the market. Old and young, cattle and camels, were gathered thither. The coolness of the spot, and the prospect of meeting others, no doubt induces many to take their seat by the well's side. A little way out of the town was the burying-ground. Some men were digging a grave. One man dug with a pick-axe, then took a basket and with his hands scraped into it the earth he had loosened, and handed up the basket to those above. One of our attendants was met by an old acquaintance, a Bedouin. They saluted each other kindly, kissing three times.

After partaking of some rice and ripe apricots, we resumed our journey about six o'clock in the evening. The camels moved on through a very level and broad plain, which retained more of its grassy verdure than any we had yet passed through. The descending sun shone mildly, the stormy wind had fallen, many flocks were browsing on each side of the road, and there was reviving freshness in the evening breeze. About half an hour N.E. from Khanounes, is a small village called Bennishail, built apparently of mud-bricks, but embosomed in trees,



among which a solitary palm raised its head. Its name is taken from the Arabic name of one of the constella-

tions. It stands upon the summit of a rising ground, and the channel of a stream, which at one time had watered its gardens, but is now dry, can be plainly traced. It may occupy the place of some of Simeon's cities, "Hazar-Susah," or "Baalath-beer, Ramath of the south."[1] Some, indeed, have supposed Khanounes to be "*Ramath of the south*," but the noun "*Ramath*" means "high ground," a name which could not apply to Khanounes, but would suit well the situation of this pleasant village, for the towers *(Ramoth)* on that slope would glance beautifully in the setting sun, even as do now its figs and solitary palm. The birds were singing very sweetly. Many old and verdant sycamores, with gnarled trunks and branches spreading out toward the



east, adorned the plain. If the sycamore of Zaccheus was like these, we see how easily he could climb it, and how safely he could lie upon its branches, and see Jesus passing beneath.[2] The height of it, also, (for it is among the highest trees in Palestine,) may have afforded another reason for his choice. It is said of Solomon, that "he made cedars to be as the sycamore-trees that are in the vale for abundance,"[3] which shews that in his day the sycamore grew in great plenty, probably in this

[1] Josh. xix. 8. [2] Luke xix. 1, 4. [3] 1 Kings x. 27.

very plain along the Mediterranean. At present they are far from being abundant. Indeed, trees of any kind are few in the Holy Land. The palm especially occurs only here and there, for it requires cultivation, and has therefore gradually decreased in a country where it was no more attended to. The emblem of triumph has withered away from the land of Judah! The terebinth also (generally rendered the *oak* in our version) is very rare.[1] "All the trees of the field are withered, because joy is withered away from the sons of men."[2]

We met several of the Bedouin Shepherds riding on asses, driving home their cows, sheep, and goats. Our guides told us that in all this region they drive their flocks home at evening, because of the many wolves, which would render it hazardous to leave them in the open fields during night. In this way the prophecy is fulfilled, "and the sea-coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks."[3] A little after we heard for the first time the loud painful cry of the wolf not far off. Passing up a gentle ascent, there was a village on our left, called Dair or Adair, conjectured by some to be the Adar of Scripture,[4] but as darkness had come down upon us we could only hear the barking of its dogs.

We had already crossed the dry beds of two torrents, and now came to a third, broader than any of the rest, but quite as dry, called Wady Salga. Perhaps this may be the brook Besor, memorable in the history of David,[5] as the place where 200 of his valiant men remained behind when he pursued the Amalekites. In comparing the

1 Rosenmuller supposes that the rareness of this tree may be accounted for. It produces *turpentine*; and if incisions are not made during summer in its bark, the resinous matter accumulates, swells the bark, cracks the stem, and then exudes in such quantity that the tree is often destroyed. 2 Joel i. 12.

3 Zeph. ii. 6. 4 Josh. xv. 3. 5 1 Sam. xxx. 10.

narrative of that pursuit with the features of the country, there are minute coincidencies worthy to be observed. The young Egyptian said to David, "I will *bring thee down* to this company."[1] The reference here is evidently to those gentle ascents up which we were travelling. David and his men were coming from the north, hence it is truly said that they were "brought down." Again, it is said of the Amalekites, "Behold they were spread abroad upon all the earth."[2] They were scattered over those open fields and plains, carelessly enjoying themselves. Some hours after we crossed another bed of a river, which the Arabs called Wady Gaza. The banks were steep and the channel broad at the point where we crossed. When we met with so many dry channels of streams in the south of the Holy Land, we remembered with interest the prayer of Israel, "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, *as the streams in the south.*"[3] These have no water within their banks, except when the rain descends; they wait for rain, like the souls of the men of Israel!

We encamped at midnight upon the sand-hills, within half an hour of Gaza.

In the morning (June 4) we were told that the plague was raging within the walls of Gaza, and that fifteen persons had died that week. Our camel-drivers now refused to carry us any farther, having completed their contract; and as there had been neither camels nor mules to be had in Gaza for thirty days, the plague having suspended all intercourse with other places, we had to make up our minds to remain here all day. Our servant Ibraim was despatched to lay our case before the Governor, and try to get an arrangement made. The Governor behaved with great politeness, only re-

[1] 1 Sam. xxx. 15. [2] Ib. verse 16. [3] Psa. cxxvi. 4.

gretting that we had not a Firman from the Pasha of Egypt, in which case he could have compelled the man to carry us forward. This was almost the only instance where we had any reason to regret the want of a Firman. As it was, the Governor, finding that we had no other hope of getting away, took it upon him to command the camel-driver to arrange with us and go forward the next morning. Meanwhile, we wandered over the sand-hills on which we had pitched our tents, that we might view the town and adjoining country. Beneath us on the north-west lay the high road to Gaza, the same as in ancient days; but lonely and still, except when the shepherds and their flocks passed by. "The land mourneth and fadeth away, few men are left."[1] Whether the Ethiopian eunuch had come thus far or not, it was this tract of road he was traversing; and it may have been, while his chariot moved heavily and noiselessly over these sands, that Philip had the opportunity of running up to him, and speaking the words of eternal life.[2] We sat down on the northern extremity of the mounds of sand, a spot which beautifully overlooks the modern town of Gaza. The evening sun shone sweetly through the beautiful gardens, fine old figs and sycamores, and curious hedges of prickly pear. The minarets and other buildings rose above the trees, and we listened with delight to the soft voice of the turtle heard in the land, and the voices of the little children at play. We were told that there are about 3000 inhabitants, though others say above 10,000.

Whilst we gazed upon this peaceful scene, we felt it hard to think that this was a land on which God was "laying his vengeance."[3] It appeared at first as if there had been no fulfilment of those distinct predictions,

[1] Isa. xxiv. 4, 6. [2] Acts viii. 26. [3] Ezek. xxv. 17.

"Gaza shall be forsaken,"[1] and "baldness is come upon Gaza."[2] But when we had completed our investigation, we found that not one word had fallen to the ground.

We separated in order to obtain different views of this interesting spot. Dr Black remained to examine more fully the hills of sand. Dr Keith took the direction of the sea, which is about three miles distant from the modern town, starting the idea that in all probability these heaps of sand were covering the ruins of ancient Gaza. The ancient town occupied a site much nearer the sea. The rest of us took the direction of the most prominent hill in the landscape lying N.E., and overhanging the modern town. Crossing a wady quite dry, we climbed the hill, which is less than 400 feet high. Wild thyme is the chief plant upon it, loading the air with fragrance, and a torrent forces its way down a ravine in winter. The top is ornamented with the white tomb of a Mahometan saint. The evening was uncommonly sweet, and the birds were singing among the olive and fig-trees in the gardens that stretch from the town to the base of the mount. From this point, the town appeared much poorer and more wretched than we had supposed. The flat-roofed huts without windows seemed to be all of mud. The four mosques, the ruins of an ancient church, and other edifices among the beautiful trees, were the chief ornaments. Looking to the east, we enjoyed a pleasant view of the undulating pasture-land, not unlike some parts of Dumfriesshire; while to the north, gardens and olive groves were stretched out as far as what we thought might be the valley of Eshcol. As we stood among the tombs on the top of the mount, we concluded that this was the hill

[1] Zeph. II. 4. [2] Jer. XLVII. 5.

to the top of which Samson carried the gates of Gaza, the two posts, the bar and all,[1] a monument of triumph in view of the whole city, whom, as leader of Israel, he had baffled even at the time when his own sins hung heavy upon him. Although it is not high, yet from its top you may see the heights that overhang Hebron, so that it is called "the hill that is before Hebron." The ridge of hills lying to the east, are probably Ramath-lehi, "the heights of Lehi."[2]

Returning to our tents, we were now prepared to verify Dr Keith's conclusion, of the truth of which he had been fully satisfied, namely, that these hills of sand, where we had pitched our tents, really cover the ruins of ancient Gaza. Each of us had found fragments of polished marble in the flat hollows between the sand-hills, the remains no doubt of "the palaces of Gaza;" and also masses of fused stones, proving that God had "sent a fire on the wall of Gaza."[3] We now saw in a manner we had never done before, that God had fulfilled his own word, "*Baldness is come upon Gaza.*"[4] We saw that not merely *mourning*, such as "baldness" indicated in ancient times, but literally and most remarkably the appearance of *baldness* has come upon Gaza. No sort of verdure, not a single blade of grass, did we see upon these sand-hills. One solitary tree there was, which only served to make the bareness more remarkable. This barren, bare hill of sand is *the bald head* of Gaza.[5] How awfully true and faithful are the words of God!

All along the coast of Philistia, we had seen how accurately these words are fulfilled, "I will stretch out

1 Judg. xvi. 3. 2 Judg. xv. 17.

3 Amos i. 7. 4 Jer. xlvii. 5.

5 See Dr Keith's remarks made on the spot, at p. 253 of his Evidence of Prophecy, 23d edition.

mine hand upon the Philistines, and I will cut off the Cherethims, and destroy the remnant of the sea-coast,"[1] there being now none of all those ancient warriors that used to issue from these coasts and penetrate into the heart of Judah. We saw also the fulfilment of this word, "The king shall perish from Gaza,"[2] a paltry governor being now its ruler, not engaged in affairs of state, but in helping travellers to find camels for their journey. We were much struck likewise by observing how truly "the sea-coast had become dwellings and cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks,"[3] for few of the fields are cultivated, and the hills and vales are so completely pastoral, that from one rising ground we counted ten large flocks and herds. One prophecy, however, regarding this region remains yet to be fulfilled, "The coast shall be for the remnant of the house of Judah; they shall feed thereupon: in the houses of Ashkelon they shall lie down in the evening; for the Lord their God shall visit them, and turn away their captivity."[4] Precious ray amidst the gloom! Speedily may the promise come to pass!

During our ramble, we had met with some interesting customs of the East. A kind Arab came forward from his tent as we passed, offering us the refreshment of a drink of water, saying, "*Tesherbetu moie*," "Will you drink water?" The promise of our Lord,[5] seems to refer to cases like this, where the individual, unasked, seeks out objects on whom to shew kindness. The least desire to bless one who is a disciple shall not lose its reward. At another place we came upon "the tents of Kedar."[6] The tents of the Bedouins are of a dark-

1 Ezek. xxv. 16. 2 Zech. ix, 5. 3 Zeph. ii. 6.
4 Zeph. ii. 7. 5 Matt. x. 42. 6 Song i. 5.

brown colour, made of goat's hair, and rudely stretched on four poles. How striking the contrast between these and "the curtains of Solomon!"—the splendid hangings of his pavilion, which were no doubt like those of Ahasuerus, "white, green, and blue, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple, to silver rings and pillars of marble."[1] In one of the Arab huts they were grinding at the mill, and we helped them to move round the upper millstone. Again, we came upon an Arab cottage made of branches of trees, and found the whole family seated on the sand before the door. After the usual salaam, they gave us bread warm from their oven, with a look of great kindness, and refused to take any money in return. In one field the men were ploughing with oxen. In another under the hill, they were winnowing barley, casting it up to the wind with a sort of wooden shovel or fan. The corn lay in heaps, not bound in sheaves.

Returning in the evening through fields of melons, we disturbed "the keepers of a field," the same as those mentioned by the prophet.[2] A rude shed made of four upright poles, that supported a covering of twined branches, protected from the weather an old decrepid Arab, who sat watching against any intrusion that might be made by man or beast upon his field. In passing through a large flock of sheep, we remarked how familiar they appeared to be with the shepherd, shewing no signs of timidity at his closest approach. Their large heavy tails also are very remarkable. These are chiefly composed of fat, and are particularly referred to in the Mosaic Law[3] as the pieces that were to feed the flame of the sacrifice.

[1] Esth. i. 6. [2] Jer. iv. 17. [3] Exod. xxix. 22. Lev. iii. 9.

(June 5.) Early this morning seven camels arrived from Gaza, and Mustapha again took his place at the head of our caravan; but we had to make the condition that our journey should be direct to Jerusalem, instead of by Hebron, as we had previously intended—the camel-drivers pretending that if they went that way, we would be stopped by the people, because coming from a town where the plague was raging. The policy of Moslems is hard to be understood. "The sun had risen on the earth" ere we left our sandy eminence. Our morning meal was a spare one, a barley-cake and a glass of pure water. We soon passed the foot of Samson's hill, and then the entrance to Gaza, near the public well, where the women were already assembling with veiled faces to draw water. Our road lay between lofty hedges of prickly pear, enclosing luxuriant gardens. In these no care seemed to be bestowed upon flowers, but promegranate, fig, and olive trees flourished abundantly. Occasionally we noticed a fig-tree up which a vine had climbed, so that the combined shade "of their vine and fig tree"[1] might here be enjoyed together. Several of the houses in the town had tents erected on their flat roofs; which we supposed might be especially intended at present to avoid the infection of the plague. A burying-ground a little way from the gate had lamps suspended over several of its tombs.

We then entered upon the grove of olives which is laid down in maps. The public road passes through it for about three miles. The trees appear to have been planted at regular distances, handsome trees with pleasant shade, reminding the traveller of the days of Philistia's glory. We met many peasants, some riding on their asses, some on foot, carrying into town vegetables

1 Mic. IV. 4.

and fruits. Several women carried baskets of mulberries on their heads. The Bedouins brought us some of these, and we found them much better than those we got in Egypt. On either side of the road, the ground is covered with verdure, so that the grove is not unlike some nobleman's domain. The constant chirping of the grasshoppers, though monotonous, was not unpleasant. There is something strongly indicative of health and vigour in the fresh look of a flourishing olive-tree, but especially when a grove of them is seen together, and the sun shining on their glossy leaves. The trunk is of a moderate height, and gnarled in a picturesque manner; the foliage is of a deep and peculiar green, and under a passing breeze, the uppermost leaves turn round, and shew a fine silvery hue. Hence the full meaning of the words of the prophet, "His beauty shall be as the olive-tree."[1] And again, "the Lord called thy name a green olive-tree, fair, and of goodly fruit."[2] And the joyful song of the Psalmist, "I am like a green olive-tree in the house of God."[3] It is not merely the evergreen verdure of the tree that is referred to, but its health and vigour. Where could we find a better emblem of the Church in a flourishing condition, than just such a grove of olives as this, with the peaceful notes of the turtle poured forth from the midst, and the sun's living light over all, like the Sun of righteousness shining over his peaceful Church!

On emerging from this pleasant grove, the country opens out into a fine plain. In the fields all the operations of harvest seemed to be going on at the same time. Some were cutting down the barley, for it was the time of barley harvest, with a reaping-hook not unlike our own, but all of iron, and longer in the handle

1 Hosea xiv. 6. 2 Jer. xi. 16. 3 Psa. lii. 8.

and smaller in the hook. Others were gathering what was cut down into sheaves. Many were gleaning; and some were employed in carrying home what had been cut down and gathered. We met four camels heavily laden with ripe sheaves, each camel having bells of a different note suspended from its neck, which sounded cheerfully as they moved slowly on. Perhaps these bells may be a remnant of the "joy in harvest,"[1] though this is not the only time when they are used. The practice appears to have been very common in the days of Zechariah, for he makes use of the expression, "On the bells of the horses shall be, Holiness to the Lord,"[2] to indicate the holiness that shall pervade the land, descending to the minutest and most ordinary movements of life. The barley on the plain seemed good, but the crop amazingly thin, and the rank weeds so abundant, that asses and other cattle were feeding on the part of the field that had been newly cut.

Bet-hanoon, a small village on the right hand, is the first object of interest in this plain. It is composed of brown square huts standing on a rising ground, and surrounded with trees. In 1 Kings iv. 9, there is mention made of "Elon-beth-hanan," or "the plain of Beth-hanan," in the tribe of Dan, a name which resembles this. A wady runs past in a northerly direction, and joins what we believe might be the brook Sorek several miles farther on. This we conjectured to be the channel of the brook Eshcol. Some have supposed that Sorek is the stream, and Eshcol the tributary, and this agrees exactly with our observation, for in all this plain we crossed only one channel of a river that communicated with the sea. The tributary stream answering to Eshcol must have been Wady Safia, which we crossed

[1] Isa. ix. 3. [2] Zech. xiv. 20.

soon after. The channel was quite dry, and the road lay through the middle of it for some part of the way. Often the banks were much broken as by a winter torrent, and very deep. Ten or twelve feet of beautiful soil was sometimes laid bare, so that we could not help exclaiming, How fertile this land might yet become, if there were bestowed on it the industry of man and the blessing of God! About a mile farther on we crossed by a bridge another deep and narrow channel, called by the Arabs Wady Djezed, which runs to the sea, and which we conjectured to be the brook Sorek. Although some fix the position of Eshcol nearer Hebron, yet there seems good reason to think that this open vale through which we passed is the true valley of Eshcol, where the spies cut down a cluster of grapes so large that they bare it between them upon a staff.[1] It is easy to imagine that this spacious valley, stretching nearly north and south for many miles, and bordered on either side by gently sloping hills, would form in other days one splendid vineyard, fertile in its soil, and watered by pleasant brooks. Where are its vines now? Vast fields of barley meet the eye; but we saw not a single vine. God seems to have chosen this spot the more strikingly to draw attention to fulfilment of another of his predictions, "I will destroy her vines and her fig-trees, whereof she said, These are my rewards which my lovers have given me."[2] "I will take away my wine in the season thereof."[3] We afterwards found a few fig-trees, but still not a single vine, in all this valley that once obtained its name from its ripe clusters of grapes. This is only one instance out of a thousand of the manner in which God has bereaved Israel of their plentiful fruits in token of his wrath. Every traveller can bear

1 Numb. xiii. 23. 2 Hos. ii. 12. 3 Ib. verse 9.

witness, that over the whole land the words of Joel are fulfilled, "The vine is dried up and the fig-tree languisheth, the pomegranate-tree, the palm-tree also, and the apple-tree; even all the trees of the field are withered."[1] The fact of the Turks and Saracens being by their religion opposed to wine, was no doubt one of the chief means in the hands of God to prevent the cultivation of the vine in the land. With what certainty may we anticipate the reversing of the judgment, which the same word has promised, "I will give her her vineyards from thence."[2] "And the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."[3] About noon we encamped at the village of Deir-esnait. Our guides remarked that "*deir*" means a convent, or some such building. We could, however, find no trace of any ancient building; the houses are all plastered with mud; and the village is surrounded by trees. As we approached, one of the camel-drivers, pointing to a cluster of six large fig-trees, cried out, "*Tacht et-teen*," "under the fig-tree?" And soon we felt the pleasantness of this shade. There is something peculiarly delightful in the shade of the fig-tree. It is far superior to the shelter of a tent, and perhaps even to the shadow of a rock; for not only does the mass of heavy foliage completely exclude the rays of the sun, but the traveller finds under it a peculiar coolness, arising from the air gently creeping through the branches. Hence the force of the Scripture expression, "When thou wast under the fig-tree;"[4] and the prophecy, "In that day shall ye call every man his neighbour under the vine and the fig-tree,"[5]—Restored and happy Israel shall invite one another to sit down beneath their embowering shade to recount the glorious acts of the Lord.

[1] Joel i. 12. [2] Hos. ii. 15. [3] Amos ix. 13.
[4] John i. 48. [5] Zech. iii. 10.

Reclining under these six fig-trees we enjoyed a short repose, the servants and camels being all gathered round us under the same grateful shade. These immense trees shew plainly that the substantial fertility of the soil is still remaining, but they are almost the only remnants of Eshcol's luxuriance. A small village was in sight to the right, called Dimreh, its mud-plastered houses half-concealed by verdant trees. None of the villages we had seen would contain above fifty souls, some not so many, and yet these are spots where Judah and Israel used to be "many as the sand which is by the sea in multitude."[1] But now Isaiah's words are verified, "The cities are wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land is utterly desolate with desolation (margin), and the Lord has removed men far away, and there is a great forsaking in the midst of the land."[2] And the fulfilment is all the more striking, when the traveller remembers that in these ruined cities and villages not one of even these few inhabitants is a Jew.

While the servants were preparing our simple meal, each of us took a solitary ramble, in order to see more of the features of the land. From the top of one of the neighbouring eminences, we stretched the eye to the north-west, to discover Ashkelon's uninhabited ruins; but in vain, the sea was distinctly visible, but the low range of sand-hills which still line the coast intercepted our view of the shore. Looking to the east, flocks and herds were seen spreading through the undulating valleys. In one place we saw many of them gathered together under a shady tree, waiting till the excessive heat of noon should be abated. At other times, they gather the flocks beside a well, as we afterwards saw at

[1] 1 Kings iv. 20. [2] Isa. vi. 11, 12.

Lebonah, where many hundreds were lying down around the well's mouth. We remembered the words of the Song, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon."[1] The sight of these flocks reclining beneath the shady trees suggested the true meaning of another passage, "I will raise up for them *a plant of renown*."[2] This plant is some noble shady tree where the flock may find rest and shelter,—a wide-spreading covert, renowned for its coolness, under whose protecting branches they shall feed, and be "no more consumed with hunger." The great Redeemer is thus represented as giving to his own flock first shelter from burning wrath, and then peace to feed in plenty when they are delivered. When shall Israel come to this Plant of renown?

After gathering some of the wild flowers and seeds of shrubs, as memorials of the hills of Philistia—among others, seeds of the *Poterium spinosum*,—we returned to the encampment through fields where some were cutting down the barley, and others gleaning behind them, like Ruth in the fields of Boaz, not far off; while the feet of oxen were treading out what had been cut. In the village "the sound of the millstone" met our ears, proceeding from several of the huts. It is a clear ringing sound, conveying an idea of peace and cheerfulness, and is more than once spoken of in Scripture.[3] In the court-yard of one house, the grinders accompanied their occupation with a song.[4] Before leaving the poor villagers, we partook of the first fruits of the land in the shape of fine ripe apricots, and drank a little of their

[1] Song i. 7.

[2] Ezek. xxxiv. 29. Compare the whole context, where Israel is compared to a flock of sheep.

[3] Jer. xxv. 10. Rev. xviii. 22.

[4] Perhaps this may be alluded to in Eccles. xii. 4, "The sound of the grinding is low."

"*Hemat*," or "*Leban-hemat*," a kind of sour milk, which is very cooling and pleasant when well prepared. It was this which Jael gave to Sisera,[1]—"She brought forth *butter* in a lordly dish;" the word in the original being the same as that now applied by the Arabs to this simple beverage. It is made by putting milk into an earthen jar, and letting it stand for a day. The taste is not unlike that of butter-milk, cool and most refreshing to a weary man oppressed with heat. The Arabs say "it makes a sick man well."

Leaving this pleasant spot about half-past four, we proceeded northward through the plain, crossing the dry channel of a former brook named Wady-el-Abd. There were many fields of tobacco, barley and dhura, and clusters of silvery olives, to relieve the eye. The dhura is a species of millet or Indian corn: it grows very rank and strong, bears a heavy crop, and is often roasted and eaten unground. One stalk sometimes furnishes a meal to a native. Perhaps this may have been "the parched corn" which Boaz gave to Ruth,[2] and David carried to his brethren.[3] An incidental occurrence here shewed us the meaning of Elisha's command to his servant Gehazi, to salute no man by the way.[4] A Bedouin acquaintance of one of our camel-drivers, meeting him on the road, the two friends occupied no small time in salutation. They kissed each other five times on the cheek, holding the hand at the same time; then asked three or four questions at each other, and not till this was done, resumed their journey. If Gehazi, a man so well known, had done this to every one he met, he would not have reached Carmel before his master.

In less than an hour we came to Bet-Car, a small

1 Judg. v. 25. חֶמְאָה See also Job xxix. 6.

2 Ruth ii. 14. 3 1 Sam. xvii. 17. 4 II Kings iv. 29. Also Luke x. 4.

place, composed of one square of houses for villagers and their flocks, a white tower, and Sheikh's tomb, surrounded with some fine trees and hedges of prickly pear. A little after, a village called Barbara appeared at some distance on our left, and then nearer us, beside the dry channel of Wady-um-Gersh, another village called Dia, with a large tamarisk-tree. It has about twenty families, and large flocks and herds were gathering round.

From this point to the ruins of Ashkelon, there was only a single hour's journey. We would have rejoiced to have seen with our own eyes the fulfilment of the prophecy, "Ashkelon shall not be inhabited."[1] And also the place where the remnant of Judah is yet to "lie down in the evening;"[2] but the day was too far gone to admit of our visiting it. The hill country of Judah came in sight this evening. The view was distant, but very pleasing, over the vast plain covered with barley. On the right appeared a village, Bet-ima, or "house of eggs;" and in half an hour after, having crossed the dry bed of Wady Rousad, we came to Doulis, a considerable village, placed upon a rock, and overlooking the open vale through which we had travelled. It stands on the left of the road, and is four hours distant from our last station. Here we encamped for the night. While the servants were pitching the tents, we wandered through the place, and sitting down by the well, observed the women come to draw water. The well is very deep, and the plan of hauling up the water curious. The rope is attached by one end to a large bucket, made of skin, and let down over a pulley; while the other end is attached to a bullock, which is driven down the slope of the hill; the skin of water is thus hauled up to

[1] Zech. ix. 5. [2] Zeph. ii. 7.

the top, where a man stands ready to empty it into the

trough, from which the women receive the water in earthen-ware jugs. To us this was a novel and amusing sight. In some parts of the village fragments of marble pillars were lying on the ground; and on the side of the hill there are many deep pits, which may have been used in other days as places of concealment for "hid treasures of wheat and barley."[1] Many large flocks of sheep and goats were coming into the village, and we followed "the footsteps of the flocks," in order to see where they were lodged all night. We found the dwellings to be merely cottages of mud, with a door, and sometimes also a window, into a court-yard. In this yard the flocks were lying down, while the villagers were spreading their mats to rest within. Small mud walls formed frail partitions, to keep separate the larger and smaller cattle; for oxen, horses, and camels were in some of these enclosures. We could not look upon these "folds for flocks," so closely adjoining the "dwellings and cottages for shepherds," and this in the very region anciently called "the sea-coast," without expressing to one another our admiration at the manner in which God had brought about the fulfilment of the prophecy already more than once alluded to, "The sea-coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks."[2]

[1] Jer. xli. 8. [2] Zeph. ii. 6.

One man kindly invited us to enter his cottage, and sit down on his carpet. He shewed us the key commonly used for the door, which is nothing more than a piece of wood with pegs fastened in it, corresponding to small holes in a wooden bolt within. It is put through a hole in the door, and draws the bolt in a very simple manner. It is generally carried in the girdle; though sometimes we were told it is tied to something else, and worn over the shoulder in the way spoken of by the prophet, "The key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder."[1] The large opening through which the key is introduced, illustrates these words in the Song, "My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door."[2] It is possible that Doulis may be the remains of Eshtaol, one of the cities of Dan, mentioned in the life of Samson.[3] Its situation upon a rock, the deep well, and the pits, all shew that it is an ancient place; and the ancient name may be concealed under the modern form.

On the way to our encampment, we passed some of the tents of Kedar pitched under a tree outside the village, exactly like those mentioned before—low dark-brown coverings. The wanderers were couching beneath, and not far off, a fire of wood was sending up its curling smoke.

[1] Isa. xxii. 22. [2] Song v. 4. [3] Josh. xix. 41. Judg. xiii. 25.

The women in all this region wear long veils, which in part cover the lower part of the face, but are not drawn close over it as in Egypt. Long veils seem to have been common, and were used for various purposes, often like aprons.[1]

The incessant sound of the grasshopper both day and night, made us observe how natural was the image used by the spies, "we were in our own sight as grasshoppers,"[2] for, like us, they must have listened to their perpetual chirping in this very region. Before falling asleep, we heard the wild howling of the jackal and the wolf as if hungry for a prey.

(June 6.) We were awakened before break of day by the voice of Mustapha crying to Ibraim and Ahmet, "*Koom, Koom*," "Rise, rise." The sleepers answered now and then by a groan, till, wearied out by their refusal, Mustapha resolved on forsaking us, and actually gave orders to his Bedouins to depart. We all started up, and our tents were down in a few minutes. Mustapha's great anxiety was to get past a certain part of the road, which is infested with flies, before the sun was hot. We were on our camels before five, and the moon was shining sweetly on Doulis as we departed. Instead of going northward, our route now lay directly eastward. We ascended a hilly pass, adorned with wild flowers and perfumed with fragrant thyme. The birds, too, were filling the morning air with their sweet voices. Looking behind us, we could see, under the rising sun, the pleasant village we had left, till we arrived at the top of the rocky eminence. The slopes on each side were bare and stony, but evidently well fitted for training the vine in the days of Eshtaol's glory. We supposed that, in the region northward to us, lay Zorah, where

[1] Ruth III. 15. [2] Numb. XIII. 33.

Samson was born; and still nearer us "the camp of Dan," where "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him;" and not far off, the vineyards of Timnath, where he slew the lion.[1] Looking nearly due north, we saw a town upon a conical rising ground, surrounded with trees. This the Arabs called Shdood, the remains of Ashdod, where Dagon fell before the Ark of God.[2] It is about two hours and a half distant. When we were comparing this fragrant pass of Dan to some of the mountain scenery in our own Scotland, suddenly we reached the summit, and a splendid prospect broke upon us. An immense undulating plain was stretched before us, lying north and south, and of vast breadth east and west. There were few trees, but the plain was covered with fields of yellow grain, and studded with a goodly number of little towns, the remains of other days. Vast tracts appeared to lie uncultivated, and some parts were covered with sesamine, whose white flowers formed an agreeable variety. There were no traces of that arid sandy aspect so characteristic of the country from which we had just emerged. In the background the beautiful hill country of Judah rose tier above tier, and the sun, which was just rising over them, poured a flood of golden rays into the plain. This is the great plain of Sephela, called "The Plain."[3]

As we descended into the vale, we inquired of the Arabs the names of the different villages in sight, making them repeat the name carefully and frequently that we might not be mistaken. Three villages immediately before us, and not far off, they called Erd Safeen. On the extreme right, under the hill, we were pointed to Aragesh Sueidan, then more to the east to Bet-affa, and farther still, to Karatieh, with a tower, perhaps the

[1] Judg. xiii. 2, 25; xiv. 5. [2] 1 Sam. v. 3. [3] Obad. 19.

ancient Bethcar;[1] the next we were shewn was Hatta, the next Oudsir, and still farther across the plain Thitcrin. They pointed also to the situation of Bet Jibrin, believed to be the ancient Eleutheropolis. Ibraim, our guide, had visited it with Professor Robinson, and described to us the curious remains of buildings which they found there. On the extreme left, and nearly north from us, was a considerable village, Bet-daras. A distant hill of a conical form to the north-east, they called El-Betune. We now came down upon the three villages of Safeen, situated as it were at the points of a triangle, and about a quarter of a mile distant from each other. We halted for a few minutes to break our fast with a little barley bread and fine warm milk. But now we began to experience the annoyance of which we had been forewarned by Mustapha. The air was filled with swarms of small flies, whose bite was very troublesome, so that we were glad to use every means to cover our faces. The camels also, stung by these insects, became very restive, and for the first time almost ungovernable. A wolf here started across our path, and fled before us.

The last of the three villages has marks of antiquity. There is a large well, a little out of the town, from which the water is drawn up in the same way as at Doulis. The women were all busy drawing the morning supply; some were washing their hands and faces, and their feet, by rubbing one foot upon another. There are also many pits for grain here, large stones and mounds of earth, and a pool of water. A wady winds past, called Wady Safeen, at present dry, but it may have been a considerable stream in winter. The situation and the name of these villages at once suggested to us that this

[1] 1 Sam. vii. 11.

is the valley of Zephathah, where Asa defeated Zerah, the Ethiopian, with his host of "a thousand thousand."[1] In this vast plain there would be room enough for all that multitude, and ample scope in these level fields for the three hundred chariots. We remembered with fresh interest also, how the ark of God was carried by the two milch kine from the land of the Philistines to Beth-shemesh, across this very plain, probably a little to the north of us.[2] Nor could we lift our eyes to the hill country of Judah without remembering the visit of the mother of our Lord to her cousin Elizabeth.[3] Mareshah, Lachish, and Libnah once also stood in this vast plain.

At nine o'clock we arrived at Kasteen, where was a well and plenty of water, pits for grain, and mounds of earth. Upon the roof of the houses the inhabitants were spreading out sheaves of corn to dry. We immediately thought of Rahab hiding the spies of Jericho.[4] A solitary palm rises in the midst of the village. On the left side of the road is Hasur, a small village with many trees, perhaps one of the "Hazors" of Judah.[5] Half an hour after we rested at Mesmieh, a village surrounded by prickly pear, and interspersed with olive-trees. The houses were of a wretched description; but there were deep pits for grain—a large well also at the farther side of the village, and a pool near it, where the oxen were bathing themselves up to the neck to get rid of the flies. We found a scanty shelter under an old decaying olive-tree. At one o'clock we mounted again,—the great heat, the flies, and the bad water making us most willing to depart. An interesting and lively scene of rural life now presented itself. Close to the village lay the

1 II Chron. xiv. 9. 2 1 Sam. vi. 12. 3 Luke i. 39.
4 Josh. ii. 6. 5 Josh. xv. 25.

thrashing-floor, where twenty or thirty pair of oxen were employed in treading out the corn. One peasant attended to each pair, and another tossed up the straw with a wooden fork, and spread it out again for them to tread. Few of the oxen were muzzled. We remembered the commandment, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn;"[1] and how Paul says to ministers, "For our sakes no doubt this is written, that he that plougheth should plough in hope, and that he that thrasheth in hope, should be partaker of his hope."[2] The camels, too, were carrying home loads of ripe sheaves, to the sound of the tinkling bell around their neck.

On a rising ground far to the south, stands a village with a kind of fort, which our guide called Asenibba.[3] Our route now lay by a ruined arch, El-mohrazin. A village stood here a few years ago, but a virulent epidemic cut off all the inhabitants. Under another archway not far off, the people were winnowing their barley, casting it up to the wind with a wooden fan. A woman passed carrying her child on her shoulder in a cradle.

Here we came upon a narrow stream of water, called by our guide Wady Maruba, an hour and a half from Mesmieh. The water was very muddy, yet the Arabs drank and bathed in it with the greatest satisfaction. This was the first sight we obtained of running water since entering this land, which was once called "a land of brooks of water."[4] We again remembered the prayer

1 Deut. xxv. 4. 2 1 Cor. ix. 10.

3 Probably Beit Nuzib, described by Professor Robinson, having a ruined tower; vol. iii. p. 12. The Nezib of Josh. xv. 43.

4 Deut. viii. 7.

of Israel, so applicable at this moment, "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south."[1] And we recalled with a thrill of interest the clear promise by the mouth of the prophet Joel, "All the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters."[2]

For hours together this day we travelled through fields of weeds, briers, and thorns, such as we never saw any where else. Sometimes the weeds were as plentiful and stronger than the barley amongst which they grew. Often there was nothing but weeds. In ploughing, they plough round about them, and in reaping they take care not to cut down the giant thistles. The variety of thistles was very great. We counted ten or eleven different species in the course of the afternoon. There were also large fields covered with the "hellah" or sesamine, like "hemlock in the furrows of the field."[3] Through the whole of the plain the ground is chapped and cracked as if by an earthquake, and to the foot feels hard as iron. All these things appear without contradiction to be a literal fulfilment of the word of God. "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers," "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high."[4] "The rivers of waters are dried up, and the fire hath devoured the pastures of the wilderness."[5] "Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."[6]

We passed along the banks of a brook for a little way, fenced by tall reeds, among which the cattle were enjoying the cooling shade and drinking the waters. A flock of large birds, having a red bill and legs, white body and black tail, in form like our heron, were stalking along the marshy places. The natives called them

[1] Psa. cxxvi. 4. [2] Joel iii. 18. [3] Hos. x. 4.
[4] Isa. xxxii. 13, 15. [5] Joel i. 20. [6] Deut. xxviii. 23.

the Abusat. Straight before us, though not on our road, upon a point of the hills, stood Jimso,[1] a village that seemed to have some buildings of limestone from its peculiarly white appearance. Towards evening we entered among the lower tract of hills, behind which rose the mountains of Judah, which appeared very beautiful in the evening sun, the limestone of which they are composed giving a white appearance to all the mountain tracks. We now began to notice the remains of terraces. At five o'clock, we passed on our left hand Hulda, a ruined village on the top of a height, evidently a place of strength and antiquity. An old bridge spans the stream at the foot of the hill, and the remains of a massive causeway lead up to the town.

We now turned northward, getting deeper into the hills of Judah. Hitherto appearances had indicated fertility in the soil, but now the hills became bare and rocky on each side for about an hour's ride, though even these shewed many marks of former cultivation. We passed on our left a small village, Deir-maheysen, where many of the villagers were assembled under the shade of a large nabbok-tree, the only tree of considerable size within view. We were at some distance, and did not see distinctly how they were employed, but they seemed to be enjoying an evening's relaxation in the cool of the day.

Wearied with the constant motion of the camel, we sometimes dismounted and beguiled the way by culling a few of the choice pinks and wild mountain flowers that grew among the rocks. Here we overtook an African playing with all his might upon a shepherd's pipe made of two reeds. This was the first time we had seen any marks of joy in the land, for certainly "All

[1] The same as Gimzo, II Chron. XXVIII. 18.

joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone."[1] We afterwards found that the Jews have no harp, nor tabret, nor instrument of music in the Holy Land. In all parts of it, they have an aspect of timidity and rooted sorrow. So fully are the words fulfilled, "All the merry-hearted do sigh, the mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth."[2] All the men we met with were strangers; ancient Israel are left "few in number, whereas they were as the stars of heaven for multitude."[3] We have not as yet met a single child of Abraham in their own land. The threatening of Isaiah has come to pass, "Your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers."[4]

The hills now opened wider, and our path turned north-east to the village of Latroon, strongly situated on a rocky eminence. There can be little doubt that this must have been the site of some of the ancient fortresses of Judah. A winding path leads to it from the valley below; and here the traveller may stand and catch a wide view of the surrounding hills, all bearing the remains of ancient terraces, though not a vine is trained upon them. There are patches of cultivation round the village, but only to the extent necessary to supply the wants of the villagers and their cattle. The whole scene reminded us of one of the glens in our own Highlands. We kept ascending higher and higher by a mountain path till a little after sunset, when we prevailed on our guides to encamp in a stubble field near Deir-Eyub, a small hamlet of two or three houses. The hills around seemed to form a verdant amphitheatre, the terraces of the ancient vineyards having the ap-

1 Isa. xxiv. 11.
2 Isa. xxiv. 7, 8.
3 Deut. xxviii. 62.
4 Isa. i. 7.

pearance of seats. There were many patches of cultivation, and a good deal of brushwood. There were also two fine wells of water. We were now many hundred feet above the level of the plain, so that the air was delightfully cool and soft. Dr Keith, observing one of the adjoining hills to be very verdant, and not very steep, set out with the purpose of climbing it. After a short absence, however, he returned to tell us that he had failed in his attempt. He found the surface overgrown with strong briers and thorns, through which he tried to make his way, but without success: "Every place where there were a thousand vines at a thousand silverlings, it shall even be for briers and thorns. With arrows and bows shall men come thither, because all the land shall become briers and thorns."[1] Many times this day did the words of Isaiah come into our mind: "They shall lament for the teats (*i. e.* a soil rich as breasts full of milk, the *uber agri*), for the pleasant fields, for the fruitful vine. Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers;"[2] "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high."[3] We felt a secret joy in beholding the deserted terraces and fields overrun with thorns; for when we saw the word of threatening so clearly and literally fulfilled, our unbelief was reproved, and we were taught to expect with-

1 Isa. VII. 23, 24.

2 We felt the same in traversing the vast plain of Esdraelon, the greater part of which is covered over with almost impenetrable thickets of weeds, thorns, briers, and thistles. Some time after, when sailing up the Bosphorus, conversing with a gentleman whom we had met in Palestine, who appeared to be a man of the world, we asked him if he had climbed Mount Tabor, to obtain the delightful view from its summit. His answer was,—"No. Why should I climb Mount Tabor, to see a country of thorns." He was thus an unintentional witness to the truth of God's word. "Briers and thorns" include all kinds of *thorny growth*, whether the common brier, or the thorn, or the thistle; perhaps it might take in even the prickly pear, now so common as a hedge throughout the country. "*Thorns and thistles*" are specially appropriate in a land under the curse. See Gen. III. 18.

3 Isa. XXXII. 12—15.

out a shadow of doubt, that the promised blessing would be as full and sure. We felt too, that it was pleasant to anticipate the time when, as certainly as these thorns and thistles overspread Judea, the Holy Spirit shall be poured out as a flood upon Israel, and both the people and the land shall become a garden of the Lord. As darkness came on, the fire-fly was to be seen moving through the air in all directions. Weary and yet thankful, we committed ourselves to the care of the Shepherd of Israel, and lay down in our tents to enjoy a short night's repose.

(June 7.) This day was to be among the most eventful of our lives, as on it we hoped to reach Jerusalem. We therefore rose very early, and were mounted by four o'clock. The morning had not yet dawned, but the moon poured its silvery light up the valley, and enabled our guides to find the track. Even at this early hour, the birds had begun their song from the brushwood on the hill-side, and increased in number and in fulness of song as the sun arose. Perhaps the Psalmist had reference to such a scene when he sang, "He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches."[1] At least, it was peculiarly pleasant to remember these words in such a spot, so near the place where David learned to sing. We came upon many small mountain streams, on the banks of which grew luxuriant bushes, and from the branches of which the blackbird, lark, and others were pouring forth their lays. About five o'clock we reached the head of the valley in which Latroon is situated, and began to enter a singular mountain defile, called the Pass of Latroon. It is sup-

[1] Psa. civ. 10, 12.

posed that the "descent of Beth-horon" and the "ascent" is this defile. Other travellers have found the name Betur in a village not far off, and the entrance is called Bab-el-Wady, or "Gate of the Valley." The sun rose upon the tops of the mountains soon after we entered this defile, revealing a scene truly wild and romantic. The path is steep and rocky, and especially difficult for camels, whose feet are better fitted for the soft sands of the desert, yet they pressed on with wonderful perseverance. Around and above us were rocks of the wildest description, yet adorned with the richest vegetation. Trees of considerable size occasionally lined the Pass: the largest were called by the Arabs the *balut* and *balur*. Pleasant shrubs and flowers also attracted our eye, among which were the oleander, the cistus, the lavatera, and wild pink. The fragrance diffused by them was truly delightful, and the voice of the turtle saluted our ear again and again. The eastern attire of Mustapha and the rest of our band as they urged on their camels, corresponded well with the character of the scene. A more suitable fastness for banditti could hardly be found, and it was actually so employed in former times. Indeed, the name Latroon is given to the Pass in virtue of a monkish tradition, that it was the resort of the banditti of which the penitent thief (*latro*) was one.

As the hills opened we began to trace more distinctly the terraces upon their sides, where in former days they used to train the vine. But we were especially struck with the fact, that on many of the hills these terraces were natural formations;[1] the industry of man in other

[1] Richardson has noticed these. He first remarks (not quite accurately) that there are no traces of *artificial terraces*, and then describes "the *horizontal strata*, which have exactly the appearance of the stone-courses in a building."

places had only followed the suggestions of nature. God himself seems to have so formed these hills, that the natural strata of limestone wind round them in concentric circles, and at regular intervals. On these natural terraces they planted the vine and olive. The God of Israel thus taught them thriftily to use every spot of their fruitful land, and to cover the very rocks with the shadow of their vines.

Frequently when we halted and looked calmly round, we could not discover a single spot, either in the channel of the ravine or on the mountain side, that was not terraced in some way. Often the natural rock was sufficient of itself to preserve the soil from being washed down. Rough stone-dykes were built with amazing pains along the ledge of rock, but frequently there was no rock, and the terrace was entirely the work of men's hands. In many of the mountains the terraces appeared to be perfectly entire, and the soil fully preserved to this day, enriched no doubt by having lain fallow for ages. The vines and the inhabitants alone are wanting, and the blessing from above. In the hollows of the ravine we sometimes came upon a small field of barley, often a fine olive-yard, and sometimes an orchard of fig-trees, but not the vestige of a vine did we see during the whole ascent.

At a step or turn of the Pass, near the ruins of a small building, we looked back and obtained a delightful view of the valley through which we had come. The sight of the terraced hills, with their bright verdure, lighted up by the brilliant beams of the morning sun, made us think how lovely this spot must have been in the days of David and Solomon, when its luxuriance was yet unblighted by the curse of Israel's God.

At length, we reached the plantation of olive-trees,

and the ruins of a small fort, perhaps the Modin of many travellers, which mark the summit of this interesting Pass. We had been ascending for four hours and a half from Latroon. From this point we obtained a beautiful glance of Ramla, lying to the north-west, in the plain of Sharon. Its tower, houses, and minarets were quite conspicuous. It has long been regarded as Arimathea, the city of the wealthy Joseph, whose noble character is referred to by each of the Evangelists. We felt that, perhaps, the rich man came by this very route to Jerusalem on the awful day of the crucifixion. Possibly we were in his footsteps, for this is still the Jaffa road. By this route also would Peter[1] go down to the saints who dwelt at Lydda, which is within an hour of Ramla, when he healed Eneas, and drew the eyes of all in that beautiful plain to the Rose of Sharon.

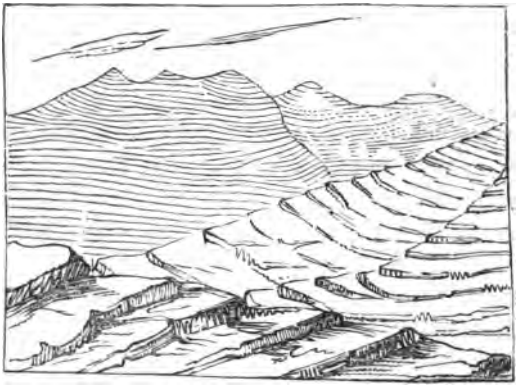
We now began to descend, and came down upon a beautiful village, which the Arabs called Karieh or Kurieh.[2] It was the residence of a famous native chieftain named Abugush, and still belongs to his family. The houses are solidly built of stone, and there are ruins of ancient buildings, especially a large church or abbey in the Gothic style, which Ibraim told us was now turned into a mosque. The village is literally embosomed among olives, pomegranates, and very large fig-trees, and a solitary palm rises above the cluster. The pomegranates were in full bloom, the scarlet flowers shining brilliantly from among their deep green leaves. A flock of goats was browsing beneath the

1 Acts IX. 35.

2 Professor Robinson shews that this may be the site of Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of God remained for twenty years. 1 Sam. VII. 1, 2. Perhaps Kuryet-el-Enab may be a corruption of Kirjath-Abinadab, city of Abinadab, as Bethany is now called by the name of Lazarus. Richardson calls the place Karialoonah, but the proper name is Kuryet-el-Enab, city of grapes,—the woods of the ancient Kirjath-jearim having given place to the vine.

trees. Many of the terraces around were finely cultivated, shewing what these mountains might soon become.

Descending to the bottom of this delightful valley, the hills on either hand were terraced in still greater perfection than any thing we had yet seen or imagined. These hills are not peaked, but are placed side by side, "like round balls placed in juxta-position." We often counted forty, fifty, sixty, and even seventy terraces



from the bottom of the wady up to the summit of the mountain. What a garden of delights this must have been, when, instead of grass making green the surface, verdant and luxuriant vines were their clothing! Solomon's vineyard at Baal-hamon[1] could not have been more noble; and nowhere could we have better understood the invitation, "Let us lodge in the villages; let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth."[2] We could understand how the words of Joel shall yet be literally true, "The

[1] Song VIII. 11.

[2] Song VII. 11, 12.

mountains shall drop down new wine."[1] when every vine on these hills shall be hanging its ripe clusters over the terraces. In observing, too, the singular manner in which the most rocky mountains have at one time been made, through vast labour and industry, to yield an abundant return to the husbandman, we saw clearly the meaning of the promise in Ezekiel, "But ye, O mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people of Israel; for they are at hand to come."[2] There seems to be little doubt that the Psalmist refers to the mode of training the vine over these terraces, when he says, "The hills were covered with the shadow of it."[3]

We ascended another rocky path, and when arrived at the summit began to descend again into a pleasant valley, overhanging which is the tower El Kustul, a name derived from the Latin *castellum*, but its history is unknown. The pathway was very steep, so that it was sometimes safer to leave the camel's back and walk; still the faithful animals never made a stumble. Half-way down this ravine there is a well of fine cold water, from which we drank in a broken sherd. At this point, to our great surprise, a young gentleman in European dress met and passed us riding upon a mule. He saluted us with "Good morning;" the first English words we had heard from a stranger for many a day. He proved to be Mr Bergheim, the assistant medical attendant of the Jewish mission at Jerusalem, on his way to Joppa. Figs and vines were cultivated on many of the terraces here, but when we reached the bottom of the valley, it was one complete garden or rather or-

1 Joel III. 18.

2 Ezek. XXXVI. 8. See Dr Keith's remarks, made on the spot, and given in pp. 110, 120, 121, of the 23d edition of his Evidence of Prophecy.

3 Psa. LXXX. 10.

chard of fruit-trees. The vines, the figs, pomegranates, peaches, citrons, quinces, and lemons, were all budding or ripening in a most luxuriant manner. The scene afforded a perfect picture of outward peace and prosperity. The vines were twining round the fig-trees for support; and many of the fig-trees were "planted in a vineyard," recalling to our mind the language used in the parable of our Lord.[1] A clear brook flowing down the valley, gave freshness and beauty to every green thing. The Arabs washed themselves in it.

We now entered into what is generally believed to be the Valley of Elah. It is called by the Arabs Wady Bet Hanina, but there is a Waddy Aly not far off that seems to retain the ancient name. This is believed by many to be the place where David slew Goliath of Gath, the champion of the Philistines.[2] Whether it be so or not, the sight of these deep valleys gave us a clear and vivid impression of the memorable conflict. Here were hills on each side, the ravine between being deep and narrow. On the front of these opposing hills the armies were encamped. "The Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them." They could not meet each other hand to hand without descending into the ravine; yet they could speak to each other, and hurl their words of defiance across the intervening space. This explained to us how the giant could stand and cry to the host of Israel, defying the armies of the living God, and yet not come within reach of their weapons. But when David accepted the challenge, he descended into this narrow valley, crossed the small running brook, picked up five of its smooth pebbles for his sling, and

[1] Luke xiii. 6. [2] 1 Sam. xvii. 2.

began to climb the opposite ascent. Goliath sees him, looks down with contempt, and advances to overwhelm him; but David takes his aim at him, and slings the stone into his forehead. The giant falls forward down the slope, and David with his own sword severs his head from his body, and invites the armies of Israel to cross the brook and assail their blaspheming foes.

A small village lay below us in the bottom of the hollow. Its name is Caglione or Kalonie, supposed to be derived from the Latin *colonia*, but its history is unknown. The voice of the turtle saluted us from its olive-trees. We now ascended a much barer mountain, and by a path the steepest we had yet climbed, yet the camels went up wonderfully. Arrived at the summit, it appeared as if we had left all cultivation behind. A bare desert of sun-burnt rocks stretches to the right as far as the eye can reach. We remembered the description given by travellers of these mountains, and knew that we were near the Holy City. Every moment we expected to see Jerusalem. Though wearied by our long ride, which had now lasted seven hours, we eagerly pressed on. Mr M'Cheyne, dismounting from his camel, hurried forward on foot over the rocky footpath, till he gained the point where the city of the Lord comes first in sight. Soon all of us were on the spot, silent, buried in thought, and wistfully gazing on the wondrous scene where the Redeemer died. The distant mountains beyond the city seemed so near, that at first sight we mistook them for the mountains that enclose "the valley of vision," though they proved to be the mountains of Moab, on the east side of the Dead Sea. As yet we were not sufficiently accustomed to the pure, clear atmosphere, so that distances were often very deceptive. As our camels slowly approached the city,

its sombre walls rose before us, but in these there is nothing to attract or excite the feelings. At that moment we were impressed chiefly by the fact, that we were now among "the mountains that are round about Jerusalem,"[1] and half unconscious that it was true, we repeated inwardly the words, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." We got a slight view of the Mount of Olives, as we rode toward the Jaffa Gate. The nearer we came to the city, the more we felt it a solemn thing to be where "God manifest in flesh" had walked.

The feelings of that hour could not even be spoken. We all moved forward in silence, or interchanging feelings only by a word. While passing along the pathway immediately under the western wall, from which no object of any interest can be seen, and entering the Jaffa Gate, we could understand the exclamation, and were almost ready to use it as our own, "Is this the city which men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?"[2] Its dark walls, and the glance we got of slippery narrow streets, with low ill-built houses and a poor ill-clad population, suggested no idea of the magnificence of former days. But, we were soon to learn, that all the elements of Jerusalem's glory and beauty are still remaining in its wonderful situation, fitting it to be once again in the latter day, "The city of the Great King."

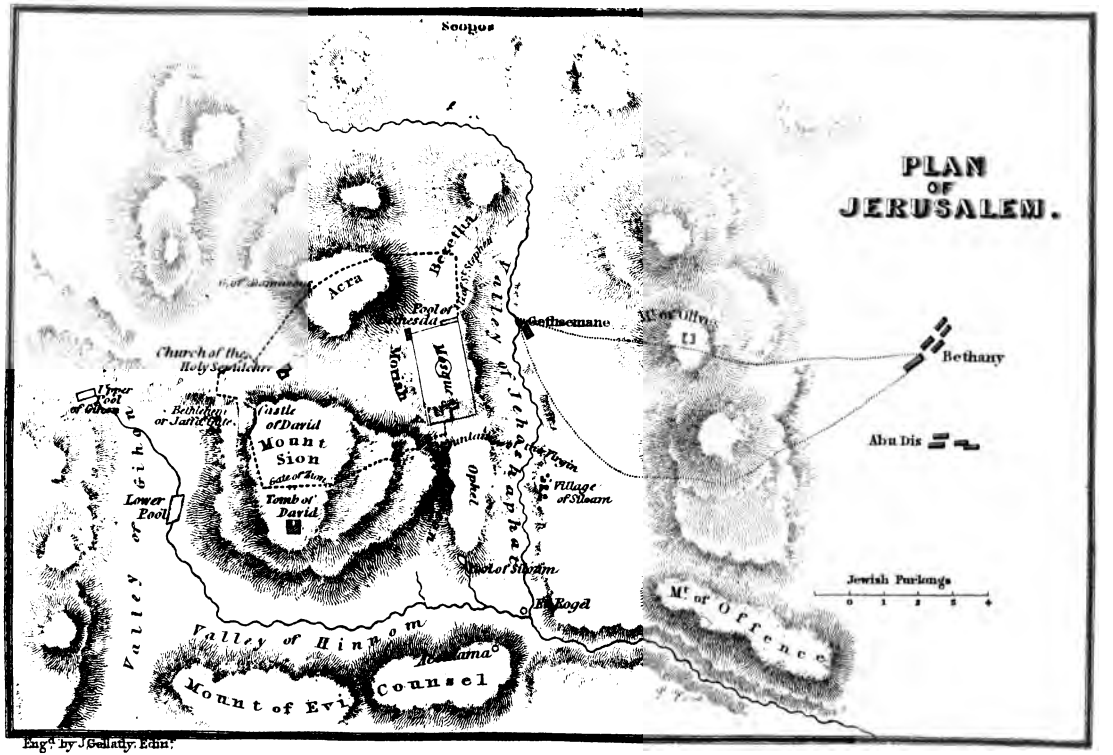
1 Psa. cxxv. 2. 2 Lam. ii. 16.

CHAPTER III.

JERUSALEM—HEBRON.

"Then said I, Whither goest thou? and he said unto me, To measure Jerusalem, to see what is the breadth thereof, and what is the length thereof."—ZECH. II. 2.

OUR camels kneeled down in the open space within the gate of Jerusalem, and we rested for a short time while Ibraim sought out the residence of Mr Young, the British Consul, to whom we had letters of introduction. He soon returned to say that the Consul was waiting for us, and would procure a lodging in part of an unoccupied house near the Latin Convent. Our camels and servants moved slowly away to their place of destination, and we followed Ibraim down the steep and slippery street opposite the Jaffa Gate. In a few minutes we were at the house of Mr Young, who received us with the greatest kindness. He told us the general state of matters in Jerusalem. The plague had not yet left the town, but the number of cases was decreasing; and there was no cordon drawn round the walls as had lately been the case. He strongly recommended us not to encamp on the Mount of Olives as we had proposed, but to live in the town, and use the ordinary precautions of touching nobody in the streets, and receiving all articles of food through water. He then introduced us to two travellers just returned from Petra by the way



Engd by J Gellatly Edin.

of Hebron, Lord Claud Hamilton and Mr Lyttleton. The former was not a little surprised to meet in Jerusalem with Dr Black, whom he had known in former days as a laborious student and theologian, and unassuming Minister in the parish of Tarvis in Aberdeenshire.

Two large apartments were assigned to us on Mount Acra, floored with stone, with a pleasant open space on the roof between them.

Worn out with incessant travelling, we were thankful to retire, that we might refresh our weary frames and compose our minds, which were not a little bewildered by the multitude of feelings that had passed through them this day. We had not rested long when Mr Nicolayson, Missionary of the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews, called to welcome us to the Holy City, as brethren and friends of Israel. He stayed a considerable time with us; talking over our journey, the object of our visit, his own sphere of labour and hopes of success, and many matters regarding the spot where we now were. It was a desultory but pleasant conversation, a conversation about the people and land of Israel while really sitting in their ancient capital. Lord Hamilton called in the evening, and told us much of what he had seen in Petra and the land of Egypt. When the darkness came down we heard the wailings of mourners over some dead friend, a peculiarly melancholy sound at all times, but doubly so while the plague is raging. Yet we never heard any more joyful sounds in the streets of Jerusalem, so true is the prophetic word, "I will cause all her mirth to cease."[1]

It was with feelings that can be better imagined than described, that for the first time in our lives within the

[1] Hosea II. 11.

gates of Jerusalem, we committed ourselves and those dear to us, our Church, and the blessed cause in which she had sent us forth, to the care of Him who sits as a King upon the holy hill of Zion. We are not aware that any clergyman of the Church of Scotland was ever privileged to visit the Holy City before, and now that four of us had been brought thus far by the good hand of our God upon us, we trusted that it might be a token for good, and perhaps the dawn of a brighter day on our beloved Church, a day of generous self-denied exertion in behalf of scattered Israel and a perishing world.

(Saturday, June 8.) We had spread our mats on the cool stone-floor, hoping for a night of calm repose, but our rest was broken and uncomfortable in the extreme, our rooms being infested with vermin, a kind of trial which travellers in the East must make up their mind frequently to undergo. All our annoyance, however, was forgot by sunrise. We rose early, and finding the road to the Jaffa Gate, went a little way out of the city and sat down under an olive-tree. We turned to Psalm XLVIII, "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King. God is known in her palaces for a refuge."[1] Reading this with the eye upon Jerusalem, the scenes of former days seemed to rise up as a flood. We could imagine holy prophets and men of God in these fields and within these walls. The vivid associations of the place, with all our Bible readings and hours of holy study, made it appear like a spot where we had once met with beloved and honoured friends, whose absence

[1] Psa. XLVIII. 1, 2, 3.

spreads a sadness over all. We read part of Lamentations, and could feel sympathy with the prophet when he cried, "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel." "He hath swallowed up Israel; he hath swallowed up all her palaces!"[1]

In the forenoon, Mr Nicolayson kindly insisted on our removing from our house on Mount Acra, to one of the Mission-houses upon the northern brow of Mount Zion. Mr Pieritz and Dr Gerstmann, the medical missionary, being from home, we were put in possession of their comfortable rooms, with an outer one for our two Arab servants. In this house, one of our windows opened toward the east, having a fine view of the dome of the Mosque of Omar, which rises over the site of Solomon's Temple, and beyond it was the Mount of Olives. That ever-memorable hill with its three summits, its white limestone rocks appearing here and there, and its wide bosom still sprinkled over with the olive-tree, was the object on which our eye rested every morning as we rose, an object well fitted to call to mind the words of Jesus spoken there, "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."[2] Toward the west, the object that first met our eye used to be a solitary palm-tree, growing amidst a heap of ruins, and waving its branches over them, as if pointing to the fulfilment of the prophecy, "Jerusalem shall become heaps."[3]

The site of the proposed Hebrew church was not far off. It is close to Mr Nicolayson's own house. At that time the foundations were only digging, and builders

[1] Lam. II. 1, 5. [2] Mark XIII. 35. [3] Mic. III. 12.

were preparing the stones, which we saw camels carrying into town, and were told that they were brought from a quarry a few miles north of Jerusalem, near a village called Anata, the ancient Anathoth, where Jeremiah was born. In seeking a solid foundation they had already dug down about forty feet, and had not yet come to the rock. They laid bare heap after heap of rubbish and ancient stones.[1] It is a remarkable fact, which cannot but strike the traveller, that not only on Mount Zion, but in many parts of the city, the modern town is really built on the rubbish of the old. The heaps of ancient Jerusalem are still remaining; indurated masses of stones and rubbish forty and fifty feet deep in many places. Truly the prophets spoke with a divine accuracy when they said, "Jerusalem shall become heaps."[2] "I will make Jerusalem heaps."[3] And if so, shall not the future restoration foretold by the same lips be equally literal and full? "The city shall be builded upon her own heap."[4] The fact that these heaps of ruins are of so great depth, suggested to us a literal interpretation of the words of Jeremiah, "Her gates are sunk into the ground."[5] The ancient gates mentioned by Nehemiah[6] are no longer to be found, and it is quite possible that several of them may be literally buried below the feet of the inquiring traveller.

During the day we began inquiries after the Jews in

1 They have since reached the *old foundations* (Isa. LVIII. 12), after digging fifty feet. See Mr Nicolayson's letter in the Jewish Intelligence for April 1840. It is a striking fact, that the foundations of Jerusalem should be thus hid in the ground, when we contrast it with the case of Samaria, of which it was foretold, "I will discover the foundations thereof." (Micah I. 6.) Here is the accurate minuteness and distinguishing definiteness of the God of truth, who can point his finger to one spot and say, "It shall be *thus* with thee;" and turn to another spot and say in equal sovereignty, "It shall be *otherwise* with thee!"

2 Mic. III. 12. 3 Jer. IX. 11. 4 Jer. XXX. 18.

5 Lam. II. 9. 6 Nehem. III.

their own land. We were told that the plague prevailed most of all in their quarter, and that we must be very cautious in visiting their houses. Meanwhile Mr Nicolayson afforded us every information. The difficulties in the way of the conversion of the Jews are certainly greater in Palestine than elsewhere. The chief of these difficulties are, 1. That Jerusalem is the stronghold of Rabbinism; the Jews here being all strict Rabbinists, and, as might be expected, superstitious in the extreme. 2. A Missionary has fewer points of contact with the Jews here than in other countries. He cannot reach them through the press, nor address them in large assemblies; his work must be carried on entirely by personal intercourse, so that it is like wrenching out the stones of a building one by one. 3. The opposition to an inquiring or converted Jew is here much greater than in any other country, for it is regarded as a very awful calamity that any one should become an apostate in the Holy City. 4. All the Jews in the Holy Land are more or less dependent on pecuniary supplies annually sent from Europe. But the moment any one is known to be inquiring after Christ, he is cut off from all share in this fund, and is thrown utterly destitute.

Schools for Jewish children have never been established in Jerusalem; and, in the present state of things, it seems impossible that they could succeed: for there are not here, as in Poland and Germany, any worldly inducements to prevail with Jews to send their children to be educated; there being no situations of wealth or distinction open to their young men, which might tempt them to accept of a liberal education for their youth. The London Society have entertained the plan of instituting a school for converts, in which many branches of general knowledge would be taught,

and this might perhaps allure some of their brethren to attend.

In regard to Missionaries, a converted Jew is in some respects a better missionary than a Gentile. It is true he meets with greater opposition in the first instance, but in process of time, the fact of his change never fails to make an impression on his brethren, provided they see in him consistency of temper, character, and life. A Jew will indeed listen more readily to a Gentile Christian, and shew him more respect; but then he listens more carelessly and thinks less of what is said, because he thinks it natural for a Gentile so to speak. A Gentile missionary again, has the advantage of more ready access to the Jews, being regarded with far less prejudice; but a Jewish convert is more efficient where confidence is once established. Perhaps the true principle in missions to the Jews, is to unite both Jewish and Gentile labourers in the same field.

The importance of erecting a church on Mount Zion, where Protestant worship might be maintained in its purity, is that it may open the eyes of the Jews to see what true Christianity is. At present, they justly regard the Greek and Romish churches as idolatrous and licentious in the extreme, and believe the English to be Neologians or Infidels, without any religion.

The hope of Messiah's coming is strong in the hearts of many Jews here. Many believed that it would be in the year 1840, as that was the end of a period fixed in the book of Zohar; and some said that if they were disappointed in that year, they would turn Christians; but this is a mere saying, for they have often declared the same before, and when the time came have found out excuses for Messiah's delay.

The fact that Palestine is the stronghold of Rabbi-

nism appears to be a sufficient reason why Christians should direct their most vigorous efforts to send the light of the gospel among the Jews of this land. There have been many tokens for good and encouraging appearances of late years among the Jews of Jerusalem. Their wretched condition in the city where their fathers ruled loudly calls for sympathy. They are poor and despised, and sadly divided amongst themselves. The Consul told us of a Jew who last week was beaten till he died, by order of the Governor. He was not proved to be guilty of the offence laid to his charge, and was not in reality guilty, yet there was none to plead his cause, or avenge his murder.

In the cool of the evening, we enjoyed our first walk about Jerusalem, Mrs Nicolayson accompanying us upon her donkey. Passing by the Armenian Convent, which appeared to be the largest and most substantial in the city, surrounded with a pleasant garden, we went out at the Zion Gate, the only gate now open on the southern wall of the town, and came out upon the open summit of Mount Zion, for one-half of that hill is now outside of the walls. A gloomy ill-shaped building near the gate is an Armenian convent, enclosing what is called by the monks the House of Caiaphas; and nearer the southern brow is a small mosque covering the tomb of David. The minarets of this mosque, and of that on the Mount of Olives, were both destroyed by an earthquake a few years ago. There is a prevailing and much credited tradition, that within that building is the very tomb of which Peter said in his sermon, "His sepulchre is with us unto this day."[1]

These are the only prominent buildings upon the unwalled part of Zion. Leaving them on the left, we

[1] Acts II. 29.

wandered among the flat tombstones of the Greeks and Latins. The graves of some of the American missionaries were pointed out to us, and also a small spot of ground which they have purchased and enclosed as a burying-place, though we were told that they were still uncertain whether they would be permitted to bury in it, as the Moslems had found out that the shadow of David's mosque fell upon it at certain hours of the day.

Zion is truly desolate. The only fortified building upon it is the Castle of David, erected on the site of the tower of Hippicus, within the walls, and close by the Jaffa Gate. This alone of all the bulwarks of former days still remains, so that when we obeyed the command, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof,"[1] we saw in the very absence of all her towers and fortresses the force of the words, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."[2] Full trust in the Lord Our Righteousness, apart from all human helps and additions, establishes the soul firm as the hill of Zion, firmer far than all its bulwarks and palaces, which are now swept away as if they had never been.

Approaching nearer to the brow of the hill, we found ourselves in the midst of a large field of barley. The crop was very thin, and the stalks very small, but no sight could be more interesting to us. We plucked some of the ears to carry home with us, as proofs addressed to the eye that God had fulfilled his true and faithful word, "Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field."[3] The palaces, the towers, the

1 Psa. XLVIII. 12.

2 Psa. CXXV. 1. The force of this verse is evidently misunderstood when applied to the fortress, as done by Buchanan,—

"*Sionis arcem* non aquilo impotens
Saxo sedentem perpetuo quatit."

3 Mic. III. 12.

whole mass of warlike defences, have given way before the word of the Lord, and a crop of barley waves to the passing breeze instead of the banner of war. On the steep sides of the hill, we afterwards found flourishing cauliflowers arranged in furrows, which had evidently been made by the plough; so that this important prophecy, twice recorded,[1] is most fully accomplished.

From the southern verge of Zion, we looked down into the valley of Hinnom, still called Wady Jehennam, which lies nearly due east and west. It appeared very deep, the opposite side rocky and precipitous, and the bosom of it filled with shady olive-trees. Here Manasseh caused his children to pass through the fire to Moloch;[2] and here Jeremiah uttered that dreadful prophecy, "This place shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of Slaughter."[3] From the awful wickedness committed in this valley, perhaps as much as from the Satanic fires kindled in it, the name came to signify the place of eternal sin and woe. To us it appeared a pleasant shady valley, but in other days, when the precipitous sides were planted with thick trees, it may have been gloomy enough. Instead of descending into it, we turned and went down the steep western side of Zion into the valley of Gihon, which lies nearly north and south on the west side of Jerusalem, to examine the upper and lower Pools of Gihon. We came first to the lower pool,[4] and, standing on the edge, were surprised at the vast size of the basin, which is by far the largest reservoir of the Holy City, though it is much dilapidated and perfectly dry. It is formed in a very simple manner, by throwing a massy wall across the lower end of the valley,

1 Jer. xxvi. 18. Mic. iii. 12.
2 II Chron. xxxiii. 6.
3 Jer. xix. 6.
4 Isa. xxii. 9.

This wall answers also the purpose of a bridge, which is crossed in going to Bethlehem. There is a neat fountain at the middle of it, to refresh the traveller, with an Arabic inscription; but we found no water in it. The stones of this wall are closely cemented, and the work is evidently ancient. There are also the remains of a wall at the upper end, and on both sides. The bottom of the pool is merely the natural bed of the valley, and is bare and rocky. On one of the ledges of the rock beneath us, sat two men beating out corn with a staff; which is used instead of our flail, and is referred to by Isaiah, "The fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod."[1] The measurements of the pool are as follows:—

Length on west side, . .	616 feet.
... on east side, . . .	584 ...
Breadth at north end, . .	245 ...
... at south end, . . .	264 ...
Depth about	40 ...

We proceeded up the valley as far as under the Jaffa Gate, and then to the north-west, till we came upon the conduit or rude aqueduct of the upper pool, out of which a flock were satisfying their thirst, and shortly after to the upper pool of Gihon itself. The walls of this pool are in a much more perfect condition than those of the lower pool, the strong walls being unbroken, the cement still remaining, and the steps into it from the corners nearly entire. It was about half full of pure water. We spent some time here, and plucked leaves from a large Botin or Terebinth tree,[2] which grows close by. It was here that Solomon was anointed king; and these valleys were once made to resound with the cry, God save King Solomon.[3] This is the spot also

1 Isa. xxviii. 27.

2 The אֵלָה of Scripture.

3 1 Kings i. 38, 39.

where the prophet Isaiah stood with his son Shear-jashub, the type of returning Israel. "Go forth now to meet Ahaz, thou and Shear-jashub thy son, at the end of the conduit of the upper pool, in the highway of the fuller's field."[1] The conduit here spoken of is no doubt the same as that mentioned above, which now conducts the water from the pool into the city; and we were told that it carries the water into Hezekiah's pool, a large tank upon Mount Acra, at the back of the consul's house, which we afterwards saw. "The end of the conduit" must be the place where it first appears above ground, so that the highway to the fuller's field probably passed that spot. Beside the same pool where Solomon had been anointed king, did the venerable Prophet stand and tell Israel of their coming King and Saviour, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bare a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."[2]

It is interesting also to remark, that it was here Rab-shakeh, the Assyrian captain, stood at the head of a great army, and reproached the living God.[3] And it was from this point, that he cried in the Jews language to the men that sat upon the wall, a fact which goes to prove, that the wall of Jerusalem must have extended much farther to the north-west than it does at present.

As we took the dimensions of this pool, the scenery of Zechariah[4] was recalled, the measuring of the ancient places of Jerusalem being now to us a matter of deepest interest. The measurements were these:—

Length on north side,	318 feet.
... on south side,	315 ...
Breadth on west side,	150 ...
... on east side,	218 ...
Depth,	18 or 20 ...

1 Isa. VII. 3. 2 Isa. VII. 14.
3 Isa. XXXVI. 2, 13. 4 Zech. II. 2.

Around the pool is a burying-place for the Mahometan dead; where tombs were lying broken and scattered about in a most desolate manner. From the rising ground near, we got a view of the plain or valley of Rephaim, lying south-west of the city, and which is still so fertile, that we were assured it is capable of yielding three crops in the year. To this fertility the prophet Isaiah refers. He says, "The glory of Jacob shall be made thin," and shall be no more like the rich waving fields of Rephaim, but only like its gleanings; "it shall be as he that gathereth ears in the valley of Rephaim."[1]

In this plain, too, David twice defeated the Philistines, who had penetrated as near as this to the royal city;[2] and somewhere not far off was Baal-perazim, where the heat of the conflict was greatest,—the type of a yet more terrible conflict in the latter days, when "the Lord shall rise up as in Mount Perazim."[3]

By the help of Mr Nicolayson, we now attempted to trace the probable extent of ancient Jerusalem upon the north. There is room for a great city on the elevated ground to the north of the present wall, and there can be little doubt that the Bezetha of Josephus, which Agrippa enclosed with a third wall of great strength, occupied a vast range of that district. It now consists of cultivated fields and olive plantations: but remains of ruins are visible in many parts of it. When the wall of the city was thus stretched out to the north and included the whole of Mount Zion on the south, it is not very difficult to understand how Jerusalem could contain the millions who are said to have been sometimes gathered into it. In the distant north we could see the hill Scopus which encloses Jerusalem on the north, where Titus first encamped when he came to besiege

1 Isa. xvii. 5. 2 II Sam. v. 17—21. 3 Isa. xxviii. 21.

Jerusalem, "from whence the city began already to be seen, and a splendid view was obtained of the great temple," (το τοῦ ναοῦ μεγεθος ἐκλαμπρον.)[1] We returned by the Cave of Jeremiah, a grotto cut in the rock almost due north of the Damascus Gate, lying in the road from Anathoth, his native village, and where tradition says he wrote the Book of Lamentations. We reached our dwelling a little before the city gates were closed for the night.

We thought with joy of the Sabbath that was now drawing on—a Sabbath in Jerusalem. It seemed to us a wonderful privilege to be allowed to worship in the very city where Immanuel died, and where his living voice was so often heard, calling upon Jerusalem sinners, in accents of more than human tenderness, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."[2]

(Sabbath, June 9.) The morning seemed the dawn of some peculiar season, from the thought that we were in Jerusalem. We sung together in our morning worship, Psalm LXXXIV. 1–4, "How lovely is thy dwelling-place." At ten o'clock, according to agreement, we met in Mr Young's house, where divine service was at that time conducted. It was an upper room; that being generally the situation of the largest and most airy apartments in the east, and also farthest removed from the noise and bustle of the street.[3] Here was gathered together a little assembly of fourteen or fifteen souls to worship God according to the Scriptures. How different from the time when in the same city "the number of the men that believed was about five thousand?" After Mr Nicolayson had gone through the service of

[1] Josephus, v. 2, 3. [2] Matt. XXIII. 37. [3] Mark XIV. 15.

the liturgy, Dr Black preached on Isaiah II. 1–5. It was very pleasant thus to mingle our services, and to forget the differences between our churches in the place where Jesus died, and the Holy Spirit was given. On our way back to our lodging, we had to pass through a small part of the Bazaar. Here all was going on as on other days, and we were forcibly reminded that "Jerusalem is trodden down of the Gentiles."[1]

Having rested till the noon-day heat was past, we went at four o'clock to the house of one Simeon, a converted Jew, where Mr Nicolayson went through the evening service of the liturgy in German, and preached on Hebrews XII. 5–6. At five in the evening, we assembled again in the upper room, when Dr Keith conducted the service in our own Presbyterian form, and preached from 1 Kings XVIII. 21. All these exercises were very solemn and reviving; yet still we frequently felt throughout the day that it is not in the power of the place itself, however sacred, to enlighten and refresh a sinner's soul. Compassed about as we were on every side with the memorials of the Saviour's work, our eyes gazing on the Mount of Olives, our feet standing on the holy hill of Zion, we felt that there was still as much need as ever that "the Spirit should take of the things of Christ and shew them unto us," as he himself declared when sitting with his disciples in such an upper room as this in Jerusalem. "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,"[2] is not an object within the compass of the natural eye. Associations of place and time cannot open the eye to see it; though such associations as those with which we were now surrounded soften the mind and suggest the wish to comprehend what "God manifest in flesh" revealed. Even were Christ already

[1] Luke XXI. 24. [2] II Cor. IV. 6.

"reigning in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously," nothing less than heavenly eye-salve would enable us to say, "We beheld his glory!"

The temperature this day was remarkably mild. We could almost compare it to one of the hottest summer days at home. From its elevated situation, Jerusalem is visited by pleasant breezes, which must add greatly to the salubrity of the climate.[1]

(June 10.) We met with Lord Claud Hamilton this morning, and obtained from him some information regarding Petra and Sinai. He believes that the place shewn as that where Moses prayed while Joshua fought with Amalek in the valley, may be the precise spot. It commands a complete view of the valley, and of every object in it. The rock said to be that out of which the water gushed, is a very remarkable one. In Upper Egypt he saw a mustard-tree higher than he could reach, and its stem as thick as his arm; illustrating the parable of the mustard-seed.[2]

In the forenoon, we went to the Consul's house, and met with a Bedouin chief who had come to accompany Lord Hamilton to Ammon and Jerash on the other side of the Jordan. He was a genuine son of Ishmael, possessing a commanding figure, with dark and striking features. He wore the yellow shawl of the Bedouins over his head, fastened on by two circles of a rope made of camel's hair. His arm was bare up to the elbow, and the motions of his hands and features were graceful and expressive. Dr Keith tried to ascertain from him the fact of porcupines being found in Petra; he asked him what the *kangfud* was, when the Bedouin

1 "On a line drawn from the north end of the Dead Sea towards the due west, the ridge has an elevation of 2500 Paris feet; and here, close upon the water-shed, lies the city of Jerusalem."—*Robinson*, vol. i. p. 381.

2 Matt. XIII. 31.

immediately imitated the cry it uttered, and, on being shewn a porcupine quill, at once recognised it as belonging to the *kangfud*.[1] He exacted the sum of £10 from the travellers, simply for the favour of giving them a safe conduct through the country of the Bedouins.

In the Consul's house, we saw a tame gazelle, gentle and timid, with bright black eyes. Mr Nicolayson's two little girls had another. So that they are still known "to the daughters of Jerusalem" as in Solomon's days, "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles, and by the hinds of the field."[2] We saw also a very tall and beautiful lily, perhaps such a one as our Lord pointed to when he said, "Consider the lilies how they grow."[3]

We this day visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, believed by so many to cover the very spot of Calvary where our Lord was crucified and buried,—a visit which awakened in our minds only feelings painful and revolting. The descriptions of this place commonly given in books of travels are perfectly accurate, and indeed the wonder is that the writers should have been so careful in describing what no serious mind can regard but as "lying wonders." The church is not remarkable for elegance or beauty, and the pictures, with a few exceptions, are far from being of the first order. In the centre stands the marble-house enclosing the sepulchre. We entered and examined the sarcophagus, which is of white marble. Even the monks seemed to be a great deal more taken up with the silver lamps hung over it than with the tomb itself. We were then led to a flat stone of reddish marble, on which, say the

1 See p. 72.
2 Song II. 7. צְבָאוֹת
3 Luke XII. 27.

monks, the Saviour's body was anointed. With lighted tapers we descended to a damp dark place, where Helena is said to have found the three crosses. The rock of Calvary so called by the monks, is only a few paces from the sepulchre. Ascending some twenty steps into a small chapel, the guide lifted up a gilded star in the floor, and shewed what is called the hole in the rock where the cross was fixed. In a dark chapel underneath, lighted by a single lamp, he pointed to the well-known fissure in the rock, pretended to be the rent that was made when Jesus died. We had little patience to go round all the spots accounted sacred under the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and each of us felt the blush of honest indignation rising in our face at the mingled folly and profanity of the whole scene. To do the monks justice, they seemed to have as little feeling of reverence toward the holy places as we could possibly have, and Ibraim, our Arab servant, who accompanied us, was fully as deeply impressed as any of the party. The fissure in the rock, and the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus (so called), situated in a dark chapel behind the marble sepulchre, were the only objects which peculiarly drew our attention, both being in the natural rock. As for the rest, if Calvary was really within these walls, then truly Popery has contrived to hide the *place* where the Redeemer died, as completely as she has done the *person* of the Redeemer himself. The simple work of Immanuel, in its essential, native glory, is an idea far beyond the reach of Popery—or perhaps it is perceived, but on account of its innate power, is studiously hid. "The god of this world hath blinded their minds, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

On the supposition that this spot is Calvary, the only probable reason that can be given for its being so near the city itself is, that "the place of a skull" was a sort of trench, by the walls, where criminals were executed. But the longer we remained in the Holy City, the more we were convinced that this is not the true site of Calvary. We are told expressly in Scripture, that "Jesus suffered without the gate."[1] And also, that "the place where he was crucified was nigh to the city."[2] But the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a long way *within* the walls of Jerusalem. We cannot believe that the ancient city was narrower or smaller in any way than the present Jerusalem. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that it was much more extensive. From the church, along the Via Dolorosa, to the western enclosure of the Mosque of Omar, is but a five minutes' walk, and yet this must have been the whole breadth of the city if the present Calvary was without the gate. How contrary is this to the description given by the Psalmist, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is *compact* together."[3]

On the whole, we found it a relief to our minds to rest in the conclusion that the cleft rock and the holy sepulchre of the monks, have as little to do with the place where Jesus died, and the rocky tomb in the garden where they laid him, as the polished marbles and gaudy lamps by which the place is disfigured.[4]

There is no tradition which may lead the mind to any other spot as the site of Calvary. It struck us for-

1 Heb. XIII. 12. 2 John XIX. 20. 3 Psa. CXXII. 3.

4 It gave us unfeigned pleasure to hear from Professor Robinson, whom we afterwards met in Berlin, that he had deliberately arrived at the same conclusion. The clear and able statement of the arguments against the present site of Calvary, deduced from the topography and history of the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Professor Robinson's work (vol. ii. p. 64), may justly be regarded as a final settlement of this long-agitated question.

cibly that some place among the tombs on the high ground above Gihon, was far more likely to have been the real situation. We could then understand how "Jesus bearing his cross *went forth* into a place called the place of a skull," and "suffered without the gate." There would be room for "the garden," and the new sepulchre of Joseph might well be hewn out of its rocks. —But it is wisely ordered that a cloud of oblivion should rest over the spot where Immanuel died, and there is something pleasing to the mind in reflecting, that the turf that was stained with his blood, and the rocky tomb where he lay, are left unprofaned by the followers of a blind and wicked superstition.

This afternoon we heard again the wailing of Mourners; some Arab had died, and his friends were lamenting him. How graphic is the description of this scene given by Solomon, "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."[1] The cry, "Allah, allah," and many similar exclamations, were mingled with the loud wailing, and the sound of instruments of music filled up the measure of confusion. We remembered the faithful description of this given in the gospel narrative, "when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise."[2]

In the cool of the day we enjoyed a delightful ride to the Mount of Olives. Mounted on hardy Syrian horses of very small stature, we rode out at the Jaffa Gate. Here we saw the reapers busy cutting down barley in the valley of Gihon. Turning to the right we went round the northern wall of the city. The road is rough, and in some parts difficult. Often the bare rock appears, and the way was covered with loose stones. It

[1] Eccl. xii. 5. [2] Matt. ix. 23.

is made entirely by the feet of the animals that pass along it; and there is not so much as one road about Jerusalem upon which a wheeled carriage could run. Coming to the north-east corner of the walls, the valley of Jehoshaphat opened to our view, and the Mount of Olives across the valley appeared very beautiful, having much more variety of rocks, gardens, olive-yards, fig-trees, and patches of grain upon its sides, than we had expected to find. We now turned due south, riding still under the city wall, which is farther from the brow of the hill than we anticipated. In one point only, named the S.E. corner, does the wall stand on the immediate brink of the valley, in other parts it is forty or fifty yards from the edge. Before reaching St Stephen's Gate, we came upon a small reservoir half full of water, in which an Arab was bathing. We could not learn its name or history. Near this stands the monument of St Stephen, where he is said to have been stoned, and the gate called by his name is said to be that out of which they hurried him when "they cast him out of the city."[1] We descended the steep side of Mount Moriah by the footpath leading from St Stephen's Gate, and crossed the dry bed of the Kedron by a small bridge. The path here widens out to a considerable breadth for about fifty yards, and then separates into two, the one leading directly up the face of the Mount of Olives, the other winding gently round the southern brow of the hill. Both of these footpaths lead to Bethany, and between them lies a square plot of ground enclosed with a rough stone wall, and having eight very large old olive-trees.[2] This is be-

[1] Acts VII. 58.

[2] Chateaubriand's argument regarding the age of the olive-trees in Gethsemane is curious. He argues that they must be at least as old as the Eastern Empire, because the Turks, at the conquest, laid a tax of *one medine* on every olive-tree then

lieved to be Gethsemane. We stayed only to glance at it, for it needs to be visited in quiet and stillness; and choosing the path that leads straight up the hill, urged our little palfreys up the steep ascent. Mount Olivet was far from being a solitude this evening. One turbaned figure after another met us, and, to add to the interest of the scene, we recognised them by their features to be Jews. At one point we came upon a small company of Jewesses, not veiled like the Moslem ladies, but all dressed in their best attire. The reason of this unwonted stir among the solitudes of Olivet, was that Sir Moses Montefiore from London, who had come on a visit of love to his brethren in the Holy Land, had arrived at Jerusalem, and his tent was now pitched on one of the eminences of the hill. Multitudes of the Jews went out daily to lay their petitions before him.

We often halted during the ascent, and turned round to view the city lying at our feet, the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, and the surrounding hills. By far the finest and most affecting views of Jerusalem are to be obtained from some of these points. In a little after we came to the eminence where Sir Moses Montefiore had pitched his tents. He had fixed a cord round the the tents at a little distance, that he might keep himself in quarantine. On the outside of this a crowd of about twenty or thirty Jews were collected, spreading out their petitions before him. Some were getting money for themselves, some for their friends, some for the purposes of religion. It was an interesting scene, and called up to our minds the events of other days, when Israel were not strangers in their own land. Sir Moses and his lady received us with great kindness, and we were

growing, while every olive-tree planted since that time is taxed at half its produce. Now, he states, that the eight olive-trees of Gethsemane were charged only the *one medine* each.

served with cake and wine. He conversed freely on the state of the land, the miseries of the Jews, and the fulfilment of prophecy. He said that the Bible was the best guide-book in the Holy Land, and with much feeling remarked, that sitting on this very place, within sight of Mount Moriah, he had read Solomon's prayer[1] over and over again. He told us that he had been at Saphet and Tiberias, and that there were 1500 Jews in the latter town, and more in the former; but they were in a very wretched condition, for first they had been robbed by the Arabs, then they suffered from the earthquake, and now they were plundered by the Druses. When Dr Keith suggested that they might be employed in making roads through the land, as the materials were abundant, and that it might be the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecy, "Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up the highway, gather out the stones,"[2] Sir Moses acknowledged the benefit that would attend the making of roads, but feared that they would not be permitted. He seemed truly interested in the temporal good of his brethren, and set upon employing their young people in the cultivation of the vine, the olive, and the mulberry. We explained to him the object of our visit to this land, and assured him that the Church of Scotland would rejoice in any amelioration he might effect in the temporal condition of Israel.

Taking leave, we proceeded to the summit[3] through a plantation of fig-trees. From this the view on all sides is splendid and interesting in the extreme, but it was too near sunset to allow us to exhaust it. Looking to

1 1 Kings viii. 2 Isa. lxii. 10.

3 The elevation of the central peak of the Mount of Olives above the sea, is given by Schubert at 2556 Paris feet, or 416 Paris feet above the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Hence it appears to be 175 Paris feet higher than the highest point of Zion.—*Robinson*, vol. i. p. 406.

the north-west the eye falls upon Naby-Samuel, believed by most travellers to be Ramah where Samuel was born, but by others Mizpeh, the rallying place of Israel.[1] It seems to be five or six miles distant, and forms one of the highest points of the landscape, crowned with a mosque, which always catches the eye in the northern view. To the east and south-east, over the summits of a range of bare and rugged mountains, we looked down upon the Dead Sea, of a deep blue colour. The air was so clear, and every thing seen so distinctly, that our first momentary impression was, that we could ride down to it before nightfall; though in reality a long and difficult day's journey lay between. Beyond it the range of Abarim, the brown barren mountains of Moab, rise steep and high, and bound the prospect. Over a dark rugged chain of hills between us and Jericho we could distinctly trace the valley of the Jordan and the verdure on its banks, but the river itself was hid. The summits of Abarim present to the eye an almost even line, so that we could fix on no particular peaks, and yet some one of the mountain tops we were gazing on, must be Bethpeor, and another Pisgah, the top of Nebo; the former ever memorable as the spot where Balaam stood when he wished to die the death of the righteous,[2] and the latter as the spot where Moses did indeed die that blessed death.[3] The sight of this mountain scene, reminded us of a passage in Jeremiah, the force of which is lost in our version, but which had peculiar meaning when uttered in Jerusalem. It is in reference to the death of Jehoiakim, the son of pious Josiah, and the desolation that followed, "Go up to Lebanon and cry; and lift up thy voice in Bashan, and cry from Abarim; for all thy lovers are destroyed."[4] The cry of woe

[1] 1 Sam. VII. 5. [2] Num. XXIII. 10.
[3] Deut. XXXIV. 1. [4] Jer. XXII. 20. See the original.

is first uttered from the heights of Lebanon, the northern boundary of the land; it is echoed back from Bashan, the eastern range; and then it resounds from Abarim, the mountains of Moab, seen so distinctly from Jerusalem. In this way the tidings of distress are carried from Lebanon to Bashan, from Bashan to Abarim, and from Abarim to the Capital itself.

Turning to the west, we looked down upon Jerusalem, its mosques and domes, flat roofs and cupolas, being stretched out beneath us. We could now see the accuracy of the description, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."[1] We obtained a complete view of Mount Moriah, the hill nearest us, occupied by the Haram Sherif or "noble sanctuary" with its Mahometan mosques. Here probably is the very hill where Abraham's uplifted hand was arrested when about to slay his son Isaac.[2] Here the cry of David stayed the hand of the destroying angel.[3] Here Solomon built the house of the Lord,[4] where God dwelt between the cherubim. Here the lamb was slain every morning and evening for many generations, shewing forth the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. Here in the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried.[5] And here the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, when Jesus yielded up the ghost,[6] and the way into the holiest was made manifest. But now the word of God is fulfilled, "He hath violently taken away his tabernacle, as if it were of a garden; he hath destroyed his places of assembly."[7] The mountain of the house is become as the high places of the forest."[8] The mountain on

1 Psa. cxxv. 2. 2 Gen. xxii. 2, 9. 3 1 Chron. xxi. 17.
4 2 Chron. iii. 1. 5 John vii. 37. 6 Matt. xxvii. 50, 51.
7 Lam. ii. 6. 8 Mic. iii. 12.

which God's house was built has literally become a place of heathen sanctuaries, like those which in Micah's day were erected in groves and forests.

The present wall of the Haram is nearly identical with the enclosure of Solomon's Temple on three sides. The Mosque of Omar stands in the centre, and probably on the spot where were the holy place and holiest of all. On the south stands the Mosque El Aksa, and there are several other oratories and sacred buildings round the walls. The rest of the area is beautifully laid out with cypress and orange-trees, and here the Moslem ladies enjoy themselves on their holydays. No Christian is ordinarily permitted to enter these enclosures. No foot but those of the heathen, "the worst of the heathen,"[1] is allowed to tread the court of God's holy and beautiful house, so that "their holy places are defiled." Surely the mountain of the house has become literally like "the high places of the forest." How true and faithful is the word of the Lord! In the days of Hezekiah, Micah was sent to a flourishing city, "the perfection of beauty, and the joy of the whole earth." He was to walk about Zion, and when he looked upon its towers and bulwarks, to say, "All these shall be desolate, and the ground on which they stand shall be *ploughed* as a field." He was to pass by their ceiled houses and along their splendid streets, and to cry, "All these shall be *heaps*." Last of all, he was to stand in the court of the temple in which they gloried, where God indeed dwelt on the earth, and to say, "It shall be *as the high places* of the heathen." And now, as we stood on Mount Olivet, our eyes beheld these things brought to pass. This is the doing of the Lord! "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just

[1] Ezek. VII. 24.

and true are thy ways, thou King of saints! Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy; for all nations shall come and worship before thee, for thy judgments are made manifest."[1]

We descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat by a path farther to the south, which led us past the Jewish burying-ground, and onwards to the monuments of Absalom and Zacharias, cut out of the solid rock, which have been often described, and are well known. It occurred to us that the pillars, pilasters, and other ornaments, may have been added at a recent date, but that the square mass cut out of the rock of the mountain may be very ancient. Again we crossed the Kedron, and by a slanting path ascended to the south-east corner of the Haram, then passing round the southern wall of the city, entered the Zion Gate a little before the gates were shut.

We spent the evening at the house of our kind friend Mr Nicolayson. Here we found a fellow-countryman, who had been invited to meet us. He lives in Jerusalem in complete retirement, joins no church, and has no fellowship wlth Christians of any denomination, but waits for the coming of the Son of Man. He wears the long beard, turban, and flowing dress of the Easterns. He is a very pious, but singular man. On one occasion, imagining that Elijah "the watchman of Ephraim," would soon be on the mountains of Israel, he went to seek him, though he knew nothing of the language of the country. He travelled as far as Sychar, keeping in his hand an Arabic list of vegetables, and other articles of food, so that by pointing to the written word, he was able to make himself understood. On another occasion, passing by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the monks mis-

[1] Rev. xv. 3, 4.

taking him for a Jew, rushed out upon him, and pursued him through the streets, into a house where he took refuge, threatening to kill him, unless he kissed a picture of the Virgin in a New Testament which they held out to him. This he did, and saved his life. His object in residing here is that he may be one of the men "that sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst of Jerusalem."[1] He is waiting also to hear the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," and to see if the Lord will yet employ him in any work for his ancient people. We obtained from him several interesting illustrations of Scripture. He told us that his own house has a staircase from the flat roof down into the street, by which he could descend and escape, without passing through the house, if danger called for it. This explains the command of our Lord, "Let him that is on the house-top not go down into the house, neither enter therein to take any thing out of the house."[2] In reference to that passage, he remarked that he could fully understand it, for he felt himself to be in the position of the disciples in the days before Jerusalem was destroyed. He remarked also, as we had done previously, the manner in which the Arabs sing and clap the hands at the same time, as illustrating several passages of scripture.[3] We spent a pleasant evening thus conversing on the word of God within the gates of Jerusalem.

(June 11.) We had agreed to visit the Consul, Mr Young, this forenoon, to receive information from him regarding the Jews. On going to him, he told us that a remarkable circumstance had occurred that morning. The Turkish Governor of Jerusalem had allowed Sir

1 Ezek. IX. 4. 2 Mark XIII. 15. 3 Psa. XLVII. 1. Isa. LV. 12.

Moses Montefiore and his attendants to enter the tomb of David upon Mount Zion, and to pray over it, a privilege not granted to a Jew for many centuries. The Governor had called on Sir Moses the day before, and shewn him great respect, and that morning had sent him a present of five sheep. The ground of the Governor's respectful treatment of him was the fact of his being a native of Great Britain. Mr Nicolayson was fortunate enough to be with Sir Moses at the time, and so obtained admittance also, and heard the Jews recite a long form of prayer, and read many of the Psalms, such as the XV, CXXII, CXXVI, over the tomb of the sweet singer of Israel. He described it as a solemn and affecting scene.

Mr Young gave the following statistics of the Jews in the Holy Land; and having afterwards taken down Mr Nicolayson's information on the same subject, we insert both together for the sake of comparison.

	Mr Young.		Mr Nicolayson.
Jerusalem, . . .	5000 or 6000	...	6000 or 7000
Nablous, ...	150 ... 200	...	200
Hebron, ...	700 ... 800	...	700 ... 800
Tiberias, . . .	600 ... 700	...	1200
Saphet, ...	1500 ... 2000	...	
Kaipha, ...	150 ... 200	...	150 ... 200
Sidon, ...	250 ... 300	...	300
Tyre, ...	130 ... 150	...	150
Jaffa, ...	60	...	60
Acre, ...	200	...	200
Villages of Galilee,	400 ... 500	...	400 ... 500

On the whole, Mr Young reckoned that there are in round numbers about 10,000 Jews in the whole of Palestine. The difficulties, however, in the way of procuring accurate statistics are very great. The Jews are unwilling to give their true numbers, and they are re-

duced from time to time by the ravages of the plague. Add to this, that few young men come to the land; so that it is not reckoning accurately to take the usual average of individuals in a family. People who come here are generally elderly, and do not leave families behind them to increase the population or supply its vacancies. There is, without doubt, a constant influx of Jews into this country, yet not so great as to do more than supply the annual deaths. Their poverty is great. The contributions from Europe of late have been smaller than usual; and when they arrive, instead of doing good, are the occasion of heart-burnings and strife. There is no such thing as "brethren dwelling together in unity"[1] in Jerusalem; no Jew trusts his brother.[2] They are always quarrelling, and frequently apply to the Consul to settle their disputes. The expectation of support from the annual European contributions leads many to live in idleness. Hence there are in Jerusalem 500 acknowledged paupers, and 500 more who receive charity in a quiet way. Many are so poor that, if not relieved, they could not stand out the winter season. A few are shopkeepers; a few more are hawkers; and a very few are operatives. None of them are agriculturists—not a single Jew cultivates the soil of his fathers. Among other peculiar causes of poverty, they are obliged to pay more rent than other people for their houses; and their rabbies[3] frequently oppress and overreach those under their care. Whilst Mahomet Ali was in possession of this country, the government had been far more tolerant toward them than before; and on two recent occasions, the Consul had got

[1] Psa. cxxxiii. 1. [2] Is this a fulfilment of Micah vii. 2—6?
[3] This is a fulfilment of Ezek. xxxiv. 2, 3, continued down to this day.

sentence pronounced in favour of the Jew against the Turk, a new event in the history of this people! Still the common people hate them, and they are exposed to continual wrongs. The soldiers occasionally break into their houses and compel them to lend articles which are never restored.

The professing Christians here—Greeks, Armenians, and Roman Catholics—are even more bitter enemies to Jews than Mahometans; so that in time of danger, a Jew would betake himself to the house of a Turk for refuge, in preference to that of a Christian. How little have these Christians the mind of Christ! Instead of His peculiarly tender love for Israel, they exhibit rooted hatred, and thus prove that they are *anti-christ*. So far do they carry their enmity, that no Jew dare at this day pass by the door of the Holy Sepulchre. On this account, the kindness of Protestants appears to them very striking; and convinces them that there is a real difference in the religion we profess. And they are now becoming strongly attached to British Christians. The fact of a British Consul being stationed here on their account has greatly contributed to this effect. How wonderful that a British Consul should be sent to the Holy Land, with special instructions to interest himself in behalf of the Jews, and having for his district the very region formerly allotted to the twelve tribes of Israel! And how much more wonderful still, that our first Consul in Jerusalem should be one actuated by a deep and enlightened attachment to the cause of God's ancient people! At present, however, the Jews make less use of his influence than they might do; for they say, "if the Consul were to go away, revenge would be taken on us." This is so much their feeling, that

when it was lately reported, that he was to be removed on account of the war that threatened, many Jews came to him, with tears running down their cheeks, entreating him to remain. There is also another singular fact, namely, that converted Jews have complete access to their brethren. Five converts are here at present, and the Jews treat them with kindness, allow them to visit their houses, and frequently visit them in return. Oh, that the day were come when "the fountain shall be opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness!"[1]

In the afternoon, we mounted our hardy little palfreys, and, with Mr Nicolayson for our guide, set out to visit some of the interesting spots around the city. Going out by the Jaffa Gate, we turned to the south, and crossed by the wall of the lower pool of Gihon, being the usual way to Bethlehem. The name of Hinnom is very generally given to this western valley, as well as to the valley to the south of Zion; but if the two pools be really the pools of Gihon, it seems much more probable, that the valley on the west of the city is the vale of Gihon, while that on the south is the vale of Hinnom. Crossing Solomon's aqueduct, which we could trace far on its way to Bethlehem, we turned to the south-east, and climbed the hill immediately south of Mount Zion, parted from it by the deep vale of Hinnom. This ridge is named the Hill of Evil Counsel, because upon the summit a ruin is pointed out, which is called by the monks the country-house of Caiaphas, where the priests, scribes, and elders met and took counsel how they might kill Jesus. From this, we had another pleasant view of the plain of Rephaim,[2] lying to the south-west. The reapers were gathering the ears

[1] Zech. xiii. 1. [2] Isa. xvii. 5.

of corn at the very time. The most prominent object to the south is a graceful conical hill, called the Frank

Mountain, and supposed by some to be Beth-haccerem, a suitable spot for "setting up a sign of fire."[1]

To the north, we looked across the valley of Hinnom to Mount Zion, descending bold and steep into the ravine. Several parts were ploughed like a field as already mentioned, and on one part sheaves were standing. To the north-east, beyond the high wall of the mosque on Mount Moriah, we obtained the finest view we had yet seen of the Mount of Olives, with its three graceful summits. The depth of the Valley of Jehoshaphat (vale of Kedron) struck us very forcibly, and gave an appearance of great loftiness to Mount Olivet. To the east, we looked down the valley of the Kedron, toward the Dead Sea, with the mountains of Moab beyond.

As we looked over the precipitous brow of the hill into the Valley of Hinnom, which is very deep, and shaded by trees hanging over its sides, we thought how in other days, the cries of the human victims sacrificed to Moloch must have risen from this valley, now so still and peaceful, to the palaces of Mount Zion—or perhaps only the sound of drums and other instruments drowning the cries of agony, that they might not disturb the mirth of the king. What must Manasseh have felt after his conversion, when he walked along the brow of

[1] Jer. vi. 1.

this hill, and looked down into the valley below, or when he saw it from the towers of Zion? Surely the remembrance of his groves and idols with their attendant horrors, and above all, the thought of his own murdered infants, must have led him the more earnestly to that blood that cleanseth from all sin. From Hinnom he would lift his weeping eyes to Moriah's hill, and gazing on its altar, even *he* might, in the strength of a Saviour's atonement, say, "Who is he that condemneth?"

Descending gradually toward the eastern side of the ridge, we came to the spot pointed out as Aceldama, "the field of blood," the field bought with the thirty pieces of silver, and "known to all the dwellers at Jerusalem."[1] It lies opposite the south-east corner of Mount Zion. A charnel-house or square chamber sunk in the earth is still shewn here, and some of the cells have been lately opened; but we found no traces of that peculiar kind of earth said to have been found here, which had the property of causing dead bodies to decay within four and twenty hours.[2] A particular tree is pointed out as the tree on which Judas hanged himself, a mere tradition, or rather a barefaced invention, but interesting, as shewing that to this day the awful doom of the Son of Perdition is not forgotten by the dwellers of Jerusalem. At this point is obtained a remarkable view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is wide and ample, in some parts terraced, and a small portion of it planted with gardens, which are watered from the Pool of Siloam. The village of Siloam hangs

1 Matt. xxvii. 7, 8. Acts i. 19.

2 A recent traveller, W. R. Wilde, a medical gentleman, visited a sepulchre lately opened here, when he found the skulls to belong, not to Jews, but to individuals of different nations. He gives this fact on personal examination, as affording proof that this is "the field to bury strangers in." The only abatement of this interesting evidence, is the posibility of these having been buried in it at a period later than the Jewish kingdom existed.

over it on the right, and Ophel and Mount Zion slope down into it on the left. Its bosom is extensive enough to contain immense multitudes, such as Joel describes, "Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat"—"multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision."[1] The scenery of this spacious valley was no doubt before the prophet's eye as he uttered the prediction. Every height and hollow appeared before him thronged with armed multitudes, till he was made to realize the greatness of that last dread conflict, when, from the neighbouring hill and city, the Lord's voice shall be heard, confounding his people's enemies; —"the Lord shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem."[2]

From this point also is seen the gentle hollow that marks the separation between Zion and Moriah. At other points, it seems as if the one hill overlapped the other; but here it is quite easy to trace the line of separation. This is the Tyropœon of Josephus, or Valley of the Cheesemongers, beginning near the Jaffa Gate, and running east to the wall of the Mosque, and then south till it opens out into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It was no doubt much deeper and more distinct in ancient days. The debris of the ruins of many generations has been long filling it up. Between the Tyropœon and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, outside the walls of the city, stood the tower called in Scripture Ophel. The ridge ends there in a precipice of solid limestone rock, overhanging the Pool of Siloam, to the height of about sixty feet. Due east from the Mount of Evil Counsel, on the other side of the valley, rises the hill called the Mount of Offence, or Mount of Corruption, on which, it is believed, Solomon set up idols to his

[1] Joel III. 12, 14. [2] Joel III. 16.

strange gods. It is just a lower ridge of the Mount of Olives, barren and rocky. We thought we could trace indications of former buildings on the face of the hill, near the top.

Winding down the hill, we reached the lowest part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a retired spot, pleasantly shaded with fruit-trees. Here is Nehemiah's Well, or rather, there is little doubt, the ancient En-Rogel, "the fuller's fountain." There are the remains of ancient buildings over it, and a large tank beside it. It is 125 feet in depth. Formerly, the water seems to have been drawn up by a Persian wheel, such as we saw at El Arish and many other places, but now an old Arab let down a skin vessel and gave us drink. The water was delightful. By this well in ancient times was drawn the border between Judah and Benjamin, for it is said with minute accuracy, that "the border came down (from the Valley of Rephaim) to the end of the mountain, and descended to the Valley of Hinnom, and descended to En-Rogel."[1] In this spot, so near the city, and yet so completely secluded, the two youths Jonathan and Ahimaaz tarried when Absalom took possession of Jerusalem, that they might carry tidings to David.[2] Among these pleasant fruit-trees also was "the stone of Zoheleth, which is by En-Rogel," where Adonijah made a feast, at the time he aspired to the throne, when their mirth was so suddenly arrested by the shouts of joy in the city proclaiming Solomon to be king.[3] Perhaps it may be from the prominent part which Joab acted in that memorable scene that the well is called by the Arabs to this day Beer-Eyub, "the well of Job," or Joab.

Proceeding up the valley, we passed through a small

[1] Josh. xviii. 16. [2] II Sam. xvii. 17. [3] I Kings i. 9, 41.

grove of olives, pomegranates, and figs. A girl came running to us with her lap full of ripe apricots. Her head was ornamented with a circle of silver coins. Here we found people busily employed, some treading out corn by the feet of the ox and the ass, others winnowing what had been trodden out already. This peaceful scene in so retired a valley, near a refreshing well, served to explain the prophet's manner of reproving the indolence of backsliding Israel, "Ephraim is an heifer, that is taught and loveth to tread out the corn.'[1] The winnowing with the shovel recalled to our minds, the "clean provender which hath been winnowed with the shovel and the fan."[2]

We passed the mouth of the Vale of Hinnom, and approaching the rock of Ophel above described, came to an old mulberry-tree, whose roots are now supported by a terrace of rough stones, said to mark the place where Manasseh caused the prophet Isaiah to be sawn asunder.[3] Three Arabs were reclining under its plentiful shade, and seemed to wonder why we gazed.

Passing under the rocky face of Ophel, we came to the Pool of Siloam. We were surprised to find it so entire, exactly resembling the common prints of it. It is in the form of a parallelogram, and the walls all round are of hewn stones. The steps that lead down into it, at the eastern end, are no doubt the same which have been there for ages. The water covered the bottom to the depth of one or two feet. At the western end, climbing a little way into a cave hewn out of a rock, we descended a few steps into the place from which the water flows into the pool. It is connected by a long subterranean passage, running quite through the hill to the Fountain of the Virgin, or more pro-

[1] Hos. x. 11. [2] Isa. xxx. 24. [3] Heb. xi. 37.

perly the Fountain of Siloam, the entrance to which is a considerable way farther up the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Through this passage the water flows softly from the fountain till it finds its way into the pool, not as generally represented in pictures by pouring over the mouth of the cave, but secretly from beneath. Wild flowers, and among other plants the caper-tree, grow luxuriantly around its border.

We are told that "the wall of the Pool of Siloah by the king's garden"[1] was rebuilt in the days of Nehemiah. There can be no doubt that this is the very spot; and possibly the present walls and steps may be as ancient as the days of our Lord. While sitting on the margin, we could imagine the history of the blind man[2] realized before us. We had seen that very day a blind man in the streets of Jerusalem as we passed by. Now it was to such a man that our Lord said, "Go wash in the Pool of Siloam." The man obeys—comes out at the gate—descends the sloping side of Zion, gropes his way down these steps, and feels for the cool water with his hand; then laves his clay-anointed eyes, and they open! Now he sees the glory of Jerusalem, but above all, comes back to see the face of the Son of God, the light of the world, whose word commanded the light to shine on his dark eye-balls and his darker heart. The water of this pool flows out through a small channel cut or worn in the rock, and descends to refresh the gardens which are planted below on terraces, illustrating the expression "a fountain of gardens,"[3] for a fountain in such a situation waters many gardens. These are the remains of "the king's garden,"[4] mentioned by Nehemiah and by Josephus.[5]

[1] Neh. III. 15. [2] John IX. [3] Song IV. 15.
[4] Neh. III. 15. [5] Ant. VII. c. 14, § 4.

Leaving the pool, we turned northward, proceeding up the Valley of Jehoshaphat with the village of Siloam on our right, which literally hangs upon the steep brow of the Mount of Offence. Three or four hundred yards up the valley, we came to the spring or fountain-head of Siloam, beneath the rocky side of Moriah. It is commonly called the Fountain of the Virgin, from a foolish tradition of the monks. We came to a wide cavern partly or entirely hewn out by the hands of man; and descending two flights of steps cut in the rock, worn smooth and white like marble, we came to the water. From this point it flows through the subterranean canal already mentioned, and supplies the Pool of Siloam. But it flows in such perfect stillness, that it seemed to us to be a standing pool, until we put our hands into it, and felt the gentle current pressing them aside. Nothing could be more descriptive of the flow of these waters than the words of Isaiah, "The waters of Siloah that go softly."[1] The calm silent stream of grace and power which flows from under the throne of a reconciled God, is by this simple figure finely contrasted with the loud noisy promises of Rezin and Remaliah's son. The believing soul has a secret and unfailing spring of quiet joy ever flowing from "the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High," which forms a complete contrast to the rude and boisterous mirth of the ungodly. We drank with joy of the cool water, which we found sweet and pleasant, all the sweeter because of the sacred recollections with which it was associated. It seemed to be a much frequented spring: for some came to drink, some to draw water to wash their clothes, and others were conveying it to their camels.

1 Isa. VIII. 6. הַהֹלְכִים לְאַט "that go so as to be unperceived, or escape observation.

It has been suggested with much probability, that this fountain may have an artificial connection with another fountain said to be under the Mosque of Omar in the heart of Moriah; for the flow of water seems too large and too calm to be the commencement of a spring in a limestone rock. But there does not appear to be any solid foundation for the conjecture of Dr Robinson, that this may be the pool of Bethesda. It bears no resemblance to any of the other pools around the city; nor can we see where the five porches could have stood; for it is a cavern five and twenty feet deep in the solid rock. And most certainly the irregular flow sometimes observed in the fountain, cannot have any thing to do with the troubling of the water of Bethesda, for we are expressly told, that "an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water."[1] That was a miraculous event, plainly intended to typify the Lord Jesus, the true "house of mercy;" for it is worthy of remark, that this was the only occasion in which Jesus healed only one out of a multitude of sick folk. He wished to shew that he was the true pool of Bethesda. On all other occasions "he healed them all." Probably this fountain bore the same name as the Pool of Siloam, with which it is so strongly connected, and is to be regarded as

> —— Siloah's brook that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God.

It was with a full remembrance of this day's pleasant visit to the Fountain of Siloam, that the following lines occurred at an after period, when stretched in our tent under the brow of Carmel.

[1] John v. 4.

Beneath Moriah's rocky side,
A gentle fountain springs,
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave;
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name;
It means "one sent from God;"
And thus the holy Saviour's fame,
It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear;
And spend my life—my all—to tell
How full his mercies are.

We now passed farther up the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and observed with interest on the sides of the Mount of Olives, immediately opposite where the temple stood, the Jewish burying-ground. Innumerable white, flat stones overspread the valley, with short Hebrew inscriptions, generally very simple and uninteresting. It is here that the old Jews desire to be buried, that they may reach bliss without needing to make their way underground to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, as others require to do who die elsewhere. They expect to arise from these tombs at the resurrection, and see Messiah among the first. How awful their disappointment when they find that they die only to pass forthwith into consuming terrors, and that they arise only to the resurrection of damnation! Disappointed hope will aggravate the woe of a poor lost man of Israel,—he thought he was at the gate of heaven, and finds himself in the porch of hell! Here we crossed the Kedron, and examined minutely the supposed tombs of Zechariah, James

the Just, Jehoshaphat, and the monument called Absalom's Pillar, mentioned above. This last may possibly occupy the site of "the pillar which Absalom reared up for himself in the king's dale, and called after his own name, Absalom's Place."[1] The Jews believe it to be so, and cast many a stone at it in abhorrence as they pass. The original pillar seems to have been a square mass hewn out of the solid rock, about sixteen feet high. The columns, pilasters, and triglyphs which now adorn it, are evidently not Jewish work, and may be of much later origin.

We now left the valley, and ascended the southern limb of the Mount of Olives by the Jericho road. We wished to view Jerusalem from the spot where the Saviour is supposed to have stood when he "was come near, and beheld the city and wept over it."[2] Mr Nicolayson guided us to the place. The road to Jericho crosses the shoulder of the hill, so that when a traveller is approaching Jerusalem, the city is brought into full view all at once by a turn of the road. The scene is truly magnificent: the air is so clear and the view so comprehensive. The city does not lie under your feet, but almost on a level with you. You look across the valley to the temple rising full before you, and think you could count every tower, every street, and every dwelling. Jesus saw all this before him, and its guilty people were themselves as fully open to his view in that wonderful moment, when his tears testified his unutterable love to Israel, and his words declared their fearful doom. Oh that we could stand and look on Israel now, with our Master's love and bowels of compassion! We stood awhile to realize that mysteriously interesting moment, and then rode on towards Bethany. The road

[1] II Sam. xviii. 18. [2] Luke xix. 41.

slopes gently down the other side of the hill, and you are immediately out of sight of Jerusalem. Climbing another shoulder of the hill, and looking back, we obtained another view of the city, but a distant one; not the one spoken of in the gospel, where it is said "when He *came near*." The road is very rocky, often indeed worn out of the solid limestone.

Descending and leaving the Jericho road, we came quite suddenly upon Bethany, called by the Arabs Azarieh, from the name of Lazarus. We found this ever-memorable village to be very like what we could have imagined it. It lies almost hidden in a small ravine of Mount Olivet, so much so, that from the height it cannot be seen. It is embosomed in fruit-trees, especially figs and almonds, olives, and pomegranates. The ravine in which it lies is terraced, and the terraces are covered either with fruit-trees or waving grain. There are not many houses, perhaps about twenty inhabited, but there are many marks of ancient ruins. The house of Lazarus was pointed out to us, a substantial building, probably a tower in former days, and selected to bear the name of the House of Lazarus by traditionists, who did not know how else than by his worldly eminence such a man could draw the special regard of the Lord Jesus. They did not know that Christ loveth *freely*. The sepulchre called the Tomb of Lazarus attracted more of our attention. We lighted our tapers, and descended twenty-six steps cut in the rock to a chamber deep in the rock, having several niches for the dead. Whether this be the very tomb where Lazarus lay four days, and which yielded up its dead at the command of Jesus, it is impossible to say. The common objection that it is too deep seems entirely groundless, for there is nothing in the narrative to intimate that the tomb was on a level

with the ground, and besides, it seems not unlikely that there was another entrance to the tomb farther down the slope. A stronger objection is, that the tomb is in the immediate vicinity of the village or actually in it, but it is possible that the modern village occupies ground a little different from the ancient one. However this may be, there can be no doubt that this is "Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha, nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off."[1] How pleasing are all the associations that cluster round it! Perhaps there was no scene in the Holy Land which afforded us more unmingled enjoyment: we even fancied that the curse that every where rests so visibly upon the land had fallen more lightly here. In point of situation, nothing could have come up more completely to our previous imagination of the place to which Jesus delighted to retire at evening from the bustle of the city, and the vexations of the unbelieving multitudes—sometimes traversing the road by which we had come, and perhaps oftener still coming up the face of the hill by the footpath that passes on the north of Gethsemane. What a peaceful scene! Amidst these trees, or in that grassy field, he may often have been seen in deep communion with the Father. And in sight of this verdant spot it was that he took his last farewell of the disciples, and went upward to resume the deep, unbroken fellowship of "his God, and our God," uttering blessings even in the moment when he began to be parted from them.[2] And it was here that the two angels stood by them in white apparel, and left us this glorious message, "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."[3]

[1] John xi. 1, 18. [2] Luke xxiv. 51. [3] Acts i. 11.

As we purposed to visit Bethany again, we were contented to leave it the sooner, and following another footpath, ascended to the summit of the Mount of Olives. Near the top is the Tomb of Huldah the prophetess, which we entered and examined. It is a large chamber cut out of the natural rock. On what authority the name of Huldah is attached to it, we do not know. Not far from it we visited the Church of the Ascension, originally built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, A. D. 326, over the spot where it is said that our Lord ascended from the earth, and where they still pretend to shew the print of his last footstep! This tradition, though very ancient, is directly at variance with the words of the Evangelist. It evidently arose from the circumstance of this being the most conspicuous summit of the hill, and perhaps in some measure from the appearance, which does exist, of something like the footmark in the limestone rock. But the simple words of the Evangelist decide the matter, "He led them out as far as to Bethany."[1] He led them beyond the summit, and down the other side of the hill, as far as the retired village of Bethany; and in the spot where he so often parted with them for the night, he now parted with them for "a little while,"[2] till the hour should come, when again "his feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives."[3]

We passed across the face of the Mount of Olives, towards the northern summit of the hill, and there descending into the valley of the Kedron, considerably to the north of the city, crossed over to the Tombs of the Kings. We first clambered down into a large area which has been cut out of the solid rock, and on the west side of which is the wide entrance which slopes down under the

[1] Luke xxiv. 50. [2] John xiv. 19. [3] Zech. xiv. 4.

rock. The band of carved work over the entrance is very beautiful, representing a vine branch with bunches of grapes. With lighted tapers we crept through the low aperture, which leads from the portico into an inner apartment, where are the entrances to the chambers of the mighty dead. We examined with interest the remains of the stone doors described by many who have visited the place. One is pretty entire, but lying on the ground. The pannels are carved in the rock, and also the tenons or hinges, which are suited to sockets cut in the rocky wall. It was to such abodes of the dead that Job referred when he said, "Now should I have lain still and been quiet; I should have slept: then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth, which build desolate places for themselves."[1] Isaiah also refers to them, where he says, "All the kings of the nations, even all of them lie in glory, every one in his own house."[2] And again, "Go, get thee unto this treasurer, even unto Shebna, which is over the house, and say, What hast thou here, and whom hast thou here, that thou hast hewn thee out a sepulchre here, as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high, and that graveth an habitation for himself in a rock?"[3] The sloping ground at the entrance reminded us of what is said of John at the sepulchre of Christ, "He, stooping down and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying."[4]

A great deal of obscurity hangs over the history of these interesting sepulchres. Some have supposed them to be the work of Herod and his family, and others have called them the tomb of Helena, Queen of Adia-

[1] Job III. 13, 14.

[2] Isa. XIV. 18. Compare Ezek. XXXII. 17—end. May not the prophet have derived the scenery of this passage from some such sepulchres as these?

[3] Isa. XXII. 15, 16. [4] John XX. 5.

bene, who being converted to the Jewish faith along with her son, was buried near Jerusalem.

As the sun was nearly down we began to move homewards, and from a rising ground between the tombs and the city we obtained a much more pleasing view of Jerusalem, with its domes and minarets, than is afforded by any of the other approaches on this side. We entered the Damascus Gate before sunset. Spending the evening with Mr Nicolayson, we saw again the custom which had attracted our attention at Damietta, and which illustrates several passages in the gospel. While we sat at meat several persons came in, though uninvited, and, seating themselves by the wall, joined in the conversation.[1]

These are specimens of the days we spent in Jerusalem. Every object that met our view was invested with a sacred interest in our eyes, and that interest increased instead of diminishing the more we examined the place. Early one morning two of us set out to visit Gethsemane. The sun had newly risen; few people were upon the road, and the valley of Jehoshaphat was lonely and still. Descending the steep of Mount Moriah, and crossing the dry bed of the brook Kedron, we soon came to the low rude wall enclosing the plot of ground which for ages has borne the name of Gethsemane. Clambering over we examined the sacred spot and its eight olive-trees. These are very large and very old, but their branches are still strong and vigorous. One of them we measured, and found to be nearly eight yards in girth round the lower part of the trunk. Some of them are hollow with age, but filled up with earth, and most have heaps of stones gathered round their roots. The enclosure seems to have been tilled at some recent period. At

[1] See p. 92.

one corner some pilgrim has erected a stone and carved upon it the Latin words, "*et hic tenuerunt eum*," marking it as the spot where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. The road to Bethany passes by the foot of the garden, and the more private footpath up the brow of the hill passes along its northern wall. Looking across the Kedron, the steep brow of Moriah and sombre wall of the Haram with its battlements, and the top of the Mosque of Omar, shut in the view. At evening, when the gates of Jerusalem are closed, it must be a perfect solitude. Our blessed Master must have distinctly seen the band of men and officers sent to apprehend him, with their lanterns and torches, and glittering weapons, descending the side of Moriah and approaching the garden. By the clear moonlight, he saw his three chosen disciples fast asleep in his hour of agony; and by the gleam of the torches, he observed his cruel enemies coming down to seize him and carry him away to his last sufferings; yet "he was not rebellious, neither turned away back."[1] He viewed the bitter cup that was given him to drink, and said, "Shall I not drink it?"[2]

We read over all the passages of Scripture relating to Gethsemane, while seated together there. It seemed nothing wonderful to read of the weakness of those three disciples, when we remembered that they were sinful men like disciples now; but the compassion, the unwavering love of Jesus, appeared by the contrast to be infinitely amazing. For such souls as ours, he rent this vale with his strong crying and tears, wetted this ground with his bloody sweat, and set his face like a flint to go forward and die. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."[3] Each of us occupied part of the time alone—in private meditation—and then we joined to-

1 Isa. L. 5. 2 John XVIII. 11. 3 Rom. V. 8.

gether in prayer—putting our sins into that cup which our Master drank here, and pleading for our own souls, for our far distant friends, and for the flocks committed to our care.

It is probable that Jesus often resorted to this place, not only because of its retirement, but also because it formed a fit place of meeting, when his disciples, dispersed through the city by day, were to join his company in the evening, and go with him over the hill to Bethany. And this seems the real force of the original words, "Πολλάκις συνήχθη ὁ Ἰησοῦς ἐκεῖ μετὰ τῶν μαθητῶν αὐτοῦ."[1] "Jesus ofttimes rendezvoused at this spot with his disciples."

As the day advanced, we re-passed the brook Kedron, visited the spot where Stephen is said to have been stoned, and entered the city by the gate which bears his name. Here we delayed a little to examine the large dry reservoir which is generally called "the Pool of Bethesda." It is 360 feet long by 130 feet broad, and about 70 feet deep. A low parapet of large stones runs along the margin, over which you look into the vast dry basin below. The bottom is partly covered with rubbish, and partly planted with a few flowers and old trees. At the farther end are two arches, forming entrances into dark vaults, which are generally believed to be remains of the five porches. Dr Robinson has conjectured that this very deep pool was part of the trench of the castle of Antonia, which stood on the north-west corner of the ancient temple; and it seems exceedingly probable that this is the case. But is it not possible that when the trench of Antonia was dug, dividing it from the hill Bezetha, advantage was taken of the Pool of Bethesda previously existing in this place? There

[1] John xviii. 2.

can be little doubt, from the manner in which the sides are cemented, that it was anciently a pool, and it bears the name of a pool among the native population to this day. That the Pool of Bethesda was in the immediate vicinity of the temple, and also near one of the gates of the city, there can be no doubt; and that it was a large and important reservoir, seems also probable from the narrative of the gospel. But there is no other pool at present remaining in Jerusalem which answers this description; so that it may really be the case that this large reservoir, though used as part of the trench of Antonia, is still the remains of the interesting Pool of Bethesda. While we were leaning over the parapet and musing over the past, some Moslem boys began to gather stones and throw them at us, crying "Nazarani." We had approached nearer the gate of the mosque than Christian feet are permitted to do. An Egyptian soldier who was by took our part, and we quietly retired. Being without a guide, we had the pleasure of losing our way, and wandering up and down for about an hour in the streets of Jerusalem, before we found our home on the brow of Mount Zion.

In the afternoon we spent five hours in receiving from Mr Nicolayson full information regarding the numbers and condition of the Jews in Palestine. The Committee of our Church who sent us forth, had furnished us with a list of questions to be investigated and answered. These we shall set down in order, with the information we received in reply to them.

I. *What is the number of Jews in Jerusalem and in the Holy Land?*

We have already set down briefly the answer to this question.[1] A few more particulars may be added.

1 See p. 196.

In Jerusalem 1000 Jews pay taxes, and all of these are males from thirteen years old and upwards. The Jews marry when very young, so that allowing five to a family, there are 5000 Jews, represented by the 1000 who pay taxes, in Jerusalem. Foreign Jews, however, such as Russians, Poles, and Hungarians, and many others, continue under the protection of European powers, and pay no taxes. These may amount to 2000, which would give about 7000 Jews to Jerusalem. This is the largest statement of the number of the Jews in the Holy City that we any where received, and is no doubt above the real amount; for the average of five to a family appears to be far too great.

The destruction of Saphet by an earthquake in 1837[1] occasioned the dispersion of many of the Jews who dwelt there. Of these, some settled at Acre, and some at Jerusalem. In the cities along the coast, the Jews have been increasing of late. In Tyre, formerly a Jew was not allowed to spend a night; but the Pasha's government changed the law, and now a congregation and rabbi have settled there. They are chiefly from the Barbary coast. The recent occupation of Algiers by the French enabled the Jews of that coast to claim protection as French subjects, and this induces them to leave home more freely for purposes of trade. The same class of Jews are found in Sidon and Beyrout. At the utmost, the whole Jewish population of Palestine may be reckoned at about 12,000. This is the largest estimate which we received; yet comparing it with their numbers in the days of Solomon, we may well say, in the words of Isaiah, there are "few men left."[2]

[1] See an interesting account of this event published by Erasmus S. Calman, who was afterwards our faithful and affectionate companion in travel.

[2] Isa. xxiv. 6.

II. *Has the number of Jews in Palestine been increasing of late years?*

Their numbers did increase decidedly during the first five years of the Pasha's government, that is, from 1832 to 1837,—a time which coincides with the occupation of Algiers by the French. Many came from the Barbary coast, who settled chiefly at Saphet and on the coast. During the last two years there has been little or no increase. There is always an influx, but then the mortality is great, and the number that come do not more than supply the places of those cut off. The change of climate at the advanced period of life in which many come, the new habits which the country forces them to form, their being crowded together in damp, unwholesome residences, all combine to shorten their days. This diminution in the numbers of Jews returning to their own land, seems to be caused by the ravages which the plague has been making for two years past; by the rise in the price of provisions; by the embarrassed finances of the Jewish community, their debt amounting to nearly £8000; and by the oppressions which they suffer from their rabbies. Some have actually left, and several have said that they would gladly leave Jerusalem if it were in their power. Their reasons for coming into the land are, 1. The universal belief that every Jew who dies out of the land must perform a subterraneous passage back to it, that he may rise in the valley of Jehoshaphat. 2. They believe that to die in this land is certain salvation, though they are not exempted from 'the beating in the grave, and the eleven months of purgatory.' 3. They believe that those who reside here have immediate communication with Heaven, and that the rabbies are in a manner inspired. 4. They expect the appearing of Messiah. The Jews

in Palestine have always cherished the hope of his coming, and of their own restoration. This opinion has now even more weight with them than formerly, for they partake of the general impression that a crisis is approaching. The Jews here, as a nation, are far from infidel, but there are many whose minds are fully occupied with their miseries.

III. *Are the Jews in Palestine supported by their brethren in other parts of the world?*

Generally speaking, they are all supported by a yearly contribution made by their brethren in other lands. All foreign Jews residing in Palestine are entirely dependent on contributions from Europe, except a few who have property in Europe. These last either bring their little property with them, or make it over to friends in Europe, on condition of their sending them an annual sum to the Holy Land, upon which they live here. But even these may receive their share, as every Jew, rich or poor, who has been one year in the country, has a share allotted to him if he chooses to take it. The sum received by each individual is very small; much is swallowed up by their differences and quarrels, and much is required to pay the interest of their debt. Five ducats, or about £3, 10s. a-head, is thought a good contribution. At present, however, it is even smaller. The way of collecting the European contributions used to be this. Messengers (שלוחים, sheleeheem), were sent from Jerusalem to the different cities in Europe, where collections were made, and these brought the money to Palestine. This was a very expensive method, for nearly one-fourth of the sum collected was spent in paying the expenses of the messengers. Of late years, however, another plan has been adopted. The money is sent to

Amsterdam, where it is received by a rich Jewish merchant, Hirsh Lehren, called on this account "President of the Holy Land," and he transmits it to the Austrian Consul at Beyrout, by whom it is conveyed to the Jews at Jerusalem. The average amount may be 7000 ducats = 14,000 dollars = 280,000 piasters, or £2800. But there is something to be deducted even from this. Often there is a קדמה (kedamah); that is, something to be paid out to individuals before the sum is distributed. A list of these is kept. They are persons who have been specially named by friends in Europe who sent the money. The largest collections come from Amsterdam; not much from Britain. Some Jews, chiefly Spanish, are supported by being readers in the places devoted to study (יְשִׁבְיוֹת, yishvioth). A small sum is appropriated by legacy to each of the persons who are chosen to study there. This yields perhaps 100 or 150 piasters a-year to the individual.

IV. *Is there kept up constant and rapid communication between the Jews in Palestine, and those in other parts of the world?*

The rabbies of Palestine maintain a constant communication with their brethren all over the world. In one respect, indeed, it may be said, that Jerusalem is not the centre of Jewish influence; for there is little outgoing from it; the Jews are stationary there; yet, on the other hand, it is true that Jerusalem is the heart of the nation, and every thing done there or in the Holy Land will tell upon the whole Jewish world. When conversions take place, although they wish to keep them quiet, still the intelligence is soon communicated, and known and spoken of every where. A Jew said lately to Mr Nicolayson, that he believed that

in a short time no young Jews would be allowed to come to the Holy Land, if the missionaries continued to labour as they were doing. They would trust only old confirmed Jews there, who would be able to meet their arguments. The communication, however, is by no means rapid, being carried on by means of messengers. Much mischief has often arisen from this system, for the rabbies sometimes intercept the letters of poor Jews, which they fear may be complaining of their conduct.

V. *From what countries do the Jews principally come?*

The greatest numbers come from Poland, and the Austrian dominions. Many come from Russia, and many more would come if they were not hindered.[1] There are some from Wallachia and Moldavia; a few from Germany; a few from Holland; but scarcely any from Britain. All these being Europeans receive the name of *Ashkenazim*.[2] The native Jews, that is, those Jews who are subjects of the country, are called *Sephardim*, and are almost all of Spanish extraction. They come principally from Turkey in Europe, from Saloniki, Constantinople, and the Dardanelles. Those who come from Asia Minor, are chiefly from Smyrna. Many have come from Africa, especially of late years, from Morocco and the Barbary coast, from Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. These bring French passports, and are therefore under protection. There are a few from Alexandria and Cairo. Mr Nicolayson never saw any Jews from India, though several have gone to India and returned. They have occasional communication by individuals with Yemen

1 There is a day coming when the prophecy shall be fulfilled, "I will say to *the north*, Give up." Isa. XLIII. 6.

2 Gen. X. 3. Ashkenaz, son of Gomer, gives origin to the name, as Sepharsad, mentioned in Obadiah, v. 20, does to Sephardim.

and Sennah. There are many Spanish Jews, and several Polish families, who have been here for generations, whose fathers and grandfathers have died here, and who are really natives of Palestine. But most even of these count themselves foreigners still, and they generally contrive to make a tour to Europe some time in their life.

VI. *Are there many Rabbies in Palestine?*

There is often a great mistake made about the rank of those who get the title of Rabbi. The truth is, all are included in that class who are not in the class עם הארץ (am haretz), that is, the uneducated. Formerly, the Rabbies were a kind of clergy, and were appointed by laying on of hands, but now there is no such distinction. The official rabbi does not even preside in the synagogue, but deputes this to another, the Hazan, who is often chosen because of his fine voice. The only part of the duty which is reserved peculiarly for the priest, is the pronouncing the blessing. None but a Cohen, a priest of Aaron's line, can give this. In the synagogue any one may be called up to read. This custom appears to be as old as the days of our Lord.[1] The only distinction made is, that first a Cohen is called up to read, then a Levite, then a common Israelite. Most of the Jews in the Holy Land spend their time in a sort of study or reading. Crowded in their families, however, they cannot really devote themselves to study; and their disputes also are a great hinderance. They study nothing but Talmudical books, and even in this department there is none of them who can be called learned when compared with Jews in Europe.

The *Yishvioth* are not seats of learning; they are ra-

1 Luke IV. 16.

ther situations of emolument, though originally intended to encourage learning. There are nominally thirty-six of these reading-places in Jerusalem, but often the books belonging to two or three are collected into one. These have been established by individuals for behoof of their souls. They left a little money to furnish them, and to enable a few persons to devote themselves to study there, and to be trained up in the law, for this is a זְכוּת (zechuth), or deed of merit. Five or six readers are elected to each of them, one or two of whom are expected to be always reading the Talmud there, and each of these receives 100 or 150 piasters a-year to maintain him. These appointments are obtained by favour and private influence. In many cases the rooms are much neglected.

VII. *What are the peculiar characteristics of the Jews in Palestine?*

Their principal characteristic is, that they are all strict Rabbinists, though in this they can hardly be said to differ from the Polish Jews. They are also superstitious in the extreme. Their real characteristic may be inferred from the fact, that those who come are the *elite* of the devotional and strictly religious Jews of other countries. They have so little trade that their covetousness and cheating are turned upon one another.

VIII. *What are the feelings of the Jews in Palestine towards Christianity?*

IX. *What success has attended the efforts hitherto made for their conversion?*

These two questions involve each other. The first effort of the London Society in this country was made in the year 1820 by a Swiss clergyman named Tschudi, who was employed chiefly in distributing the Scriptures

to the Jews. Joseph Wolff then made two visits to Jerusalem, and had a good deal of personal intercourse with the Jews. He was always enabled to leave this impression behind him, that Christians were really seeking their conversion, and that without Christ there is no forgiveness. Soon after, Mr Lewis Waye came to the East with the view of forming a mission, accompanied by Mr Lewis, an Irish clergyman, (the same whose kindness and Christian hospitality we afterwards enjoyed,) and by several converted Jews. He rented a convent at Antoura, intending to make it a place where missionaries might prepare themselves; but ill health forced him to return home. In 1824, Dr Dalton, a medical man, was sent out to aid Mr Lewis in forming a settlement in Jerusalem; but the latter returned home that same autumn. Upon this Dr Dalton made an arrangement with two American Missionaries who had arrived, named King and Pliny Fiske, to rent one of the small convents for their establishment. Pliny Fiske, however, died in November 1825, before the arrangement was completed; and Dr Dalton was again left alone. It was to aid him that Mr Nicolayson was sent out to this country in December 1825. But very soon after his arrival, Dr Dalton died, in January 1826, of an illness caught on a tour to Bethlehem. Mr Nicolayson returned to Beyrout, and studied the language more thoroughly during that winter. In the summer of the same year, 1826, a rebellion broke out, and Mr Nicolayson retired to Saphet and lived there till June 1827, having much intercourse with the Jews. Considerable impression was made, and the rabbies grew jealous of him. They threatened to excommunicate the man who let him his house, and the woman who washed his clothes, so that he was forced to return to Beyrout. He now

left the country for four years, and travelled on the Barbary coast. In 1832 he returned, and came to Beyrout with his family at the time when the Pasha had nearly taken Acre. The country was now quite open, so that he spent the summer at Sidon, and had intercourse with Christians and Jews. He was beginning to build a cottage there, when the jealousy of the Greek priests threw obstacles in his way. In 1833, Mr Calman came, and he and Mr Nicolayson made a tour together to the holy cities. Mr Calman's sweetness of temper and kindly manner gained upon the Jews exceedingly. At Jerusalem they consulted with Ysa Petros, a Greek priest, who was very friendly, as to the practicability of renting a house in that city. They visited Tiberias, and had many discussions with the Jews, the results of which were often very encouraging, and last of all spent an interesting fortnight at Saphet. On returning to Beyrout, they found that two American Missionaries had arrived on their way to Jerusalem to labour among the native Christians. They all resolved to attempt the renting of a house in the Holy City. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1833, Mr Nicolayson and family removed to Jerusalem, to the house on Mount Zion where he now lives, and spent a quiet comfortable winter. In the spring of 1834, Mr Thomson, an American Missionary, arrived, and about the same time the rebellion broke out. One Sabbath morning they found themselves environed, the soldiers having left the town to the mercy of the Fellahs. The earthquake happened the same day. They were shut up in their dwelling till the Friday when Ibraim arrived, but remained in a state of siege for five or six weeks. During ten days they had to live upon rice alone. Then sickness followed. Mrs Thomson, of the American Mission, died of brain

fever, produced by the alarm and other circumstances. Mrs Nicolayson was ill for three or four weeks, and Mr Nicolayson fell ill soon after, so that they had to leave for Beyrout, and thus lost that summer. In the spring of 1835, Dr Dodge and Mr Whiting, two more American Missionaries, arrived. Mr Whiting boarded with Mr Nicolayson in Jerusalem, but Dr Dodge died in the middle of the same year he came out. From this time the Jewish Mission may be accounted as established in the Holy City. In 1835, the subject of a Hebrew church on Mount Zion was started in England, and in 1836 Mr Nicolayson was called to England to consult regarding it. He returned in July 1837, and laboured alone in Jerusalem for a year. But in July 1838, Mr Pieritz and Mr Levi, converted Jews, but not in orders, were sent out to strengthen the mission here; and in December, Dr Gertsmann, and his assistant Mr Bergheim, both converted Jews, and both medical men, arrived. They have thus made Jerusalem the centre of the Mission to the Jews in Palestine. Mr Young, the English Consul, had fixed his quarters here about three months before our arrival. The efforts made have been blessed to the conversion of some Jews in Jerusalem, though it is still the day of small things. A Jew named Simeon, was awakened at Bucharest by reading a New Testament and some tracts which he received from a Jew who did not understand them. He was convinced, but had many difficulties which he could not get over. A converted Jew came and preached at Bucharest, and advised him to go to the Missionaries at Contantinople. He went, but could not find them out. He proceeded to Smyrna, where he met with another inquiring Jew named Eliezer. Mr Nicolayson was in Smyrna at the time on his way to Jerusalem. When Simeon heard

that a Missionary from the Holy City was there, he immediately came to him, and opened up his mind. Mr Nicolayson brought him as a servant to Jerusalem. During Mr Nicolayson's absence in 1836–7, he was under the care of Mr Calman. His wife for a long time refused to follow him from Wallachia, and bitterly opposed his change; but being induced to come to Jerusalem, and being regularly instructed by Mr Pieritz, and also affected by an illness, she gave good evidence of having undergone a saving change, and now she speaks like a missionary to her country-women. The whole family, consisting of Simeon, his wife, a boy, and girl, were baptized in Jerusalem after last Easter. This is the family at whose house we heard the German service last Sabbath-day. Another case was that of Chaii or Hyman Paul, an amiable young Jew, an acquaintance of Simeon, who became intelligently convinced of the truth. He was baptized last Pentecost, and at his own desire sent to England.

The first native Jew awakened at Jerusalem was Rabbi Joseph, in September 1838. He was a learned young man, and so bitterly was his change opposed by the Jews, that the Missionaries were obliged to send him away to Constantinople before he was baptized. Three rabbies have very lately become inquirers after the truth, and seem determined to profess Christianity openly. We afterwards received a fuller account of these two last cases from Mr Pieritz. These are all the known fruits of the Mission in the way of conversion.

When Rabbi Joseph was awakened, a *herem* or ban of excommunication was pronounced in the synagogues against the Missionaries, and all who should have dealings with them. But when Dr Gerstmann, the medical man, came in December, the Jews immediately began

to break through it. Another *herem* was pronounced, but in vain. No one regarded it, and Rabbi Israel refused to pronounce it, saying that he would not be the cause of hindering his poor and sick brethren from going to be healed. This interesting fact shews the immense value of the medical missionary.

The more general fruits of the establishment of the Mission have been these: 1. The distinction between true and false Christianity has been clearly opened up before the eyes of the Jews. 2. The study of the Old Testament has been forced upon them; so that they cannot avoid it. 3. The word of God has become more and more the only ground of controversy. The authority of the Talmud is not now appealed to; the only dispute about it being whether it is to be referred to at all, or what is its real value?

The support of inquirers and converts is one of the chief difficulties that meets a Missionary here. The institution of a printing press, to afford them both manual and mental labour, has been proposed. An hospital for the sick has also been set on foot.

X. *What modes of operation have been employed?*

The mode of operation is entirely by personal intercourse. The Missionaries frequently make tours to other towns, and dispose of copies of the Old Testament. Mr Nicolayson has sold about 5000 Hebrew Bibles. They never dispose of the New Testament, except to those in whom they have confidence. They at one time sold a box of fifty New Testaments, bound up with the Old. But they afterwards found the New Testament torn out, and blank leaves inserted in stead, with Jarchi's Commentary written on them. The Jews will not take tracts except privately. Many of

their Old Testaments have been conveyed to Bagdad, and to India.

XI. *How far is the health of the Missionaries affected by the climate?*

The climate of Jerusalem is decidedly healthy. The sicknesses and deaths among the Missionaries above mentioned, can hardly be attributed to the climate. Dr Dalton was very delicate when he came; Mrs Thomson died of brain fever; and Dr Dodge's death was occasioned by a hurried journey, in which he was much exposed.

XII. *What kind of house accommodation is there, and what is the expense of living in Palestine?*

The house accommodation in Jerusalem is tolerably comfortable. One of the Missionaries pays £15, and another £17 a-year, as house-rent. In the winter it is difficult to keep the houses dry, the rain causing much dampness; but the sorest privations are want of Christian society, and public means of grace. A Missionary here meets with many trials which he did not anticipate. He must have great patience, and must make up his mind to suffer delays and disappointments, which are much more trying than merely temporal privations, which are really small. A Missionary coming out must not expect full work at once, he must be willing to stand by and wait. Often we may say, "His strength is to sit still." The Christian Missionary enjoys perfect liberty to carry on his operations under the Egyptian government, more so, indeed, than under the British government at Malta or in India. No one inquires what he is about.

Provisions are easily got; but the expense of living

is rising continually. The price of food is now double what it once was, and some things are four times as high as when Mr Nicolayson first came. This arises from there being more money in the country. If boarding could be obtained in Jerusalem, then an individual might easily live here on less than £100 a-year. But this is not to be had, so that a Missionary must keep a house and servants, and lay up stores for the season. This is the only way of managing here; and this would require at least £100 a-year. In addition to the salaries of the Missionaries, the London Society pay all the travelling expenses of their missionary tours.

The business of the day being over, we enjoyed a walk outside the Zion Gate. As we sat upon the brow of the hill, we were led to rejoice in the thought, that as certainly as "Zion is now ploughed as a field," the day is coming when "the Lord of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before his ancients gloriously."[1]

Two flocks were moving slowly up the slope of the hill, the one of goats, the other of sheep. The shepherd was going before the flock, and they followed, as he led the way toward the Jaffa Gate. We could not but remember the Saviour's words, "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice."[2]

In the evening we visited the Consul, who had invited

1 Isa. xxiv. 23.

2 John x. 4. A traveller once asserted to a Syrian shepherd, that the sheep knew the *dress* of their master, not his *voice*. The shepherd, on the other hand, asserted it was the *voice* they knew. To settle the point, he and the traveller changed dresses, and went among the sheep. The traveller, in the shepherd's dress, called on the sheep, and tried to lead them; but "they knew not his voice," and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner, though thus disguised.

the Governor of Jerusalem to meet us. This Turk occupies the house said to have belonged to Pontius Pilate. He came in attired in full Eastern costume, a handsome young man, attended by three servants, one of whom carried his pipe. The servants remained in the room, near the door, and kept their eye on their master. On occasion of a slight motion of the hand, one of them stepped forward and took the pipe, and then resumed his place as before, watching his master's movements, as if to anticipate his wishes. This is the custom which we observed in Egypt[1] as illustrating Psalm CXXIII, "Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters—so our eyes upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us."[2] He was very affable, and seemed highly entertained with examining our eye-glasses and watches. He drank wine with us also, probably to shew how liberal a high-born Mussulman can be.

In the evening we planned an excursion to Hebron, and next day (June 13) set out by 7 A. M., accompanied by the Consul and his lady, Mr Nicolayson, and Mr George Dalton. Some were mounted on mules, and some on horses; the saddles, as usual, broad and uncomfortable. Crossing the Vale of Gihon, we turned due south, and travelled over the fine plain of Rephaim. About three miles from the city, we came to a well, where tradition has fixed the scene of Matt. II. 10. It is one of the few beautiful traditions associated with sacred places. The tradition is, that the wise men, who for some time had lost the guidance of the star which brought them from their country, sat down beside this well to refresh themselves, when one of their number saw the reflection of the star in the clear water of the

[1] See p. 91. [2] Psa. CXXIII. 2.

well. He cried aloud to his companions, and "when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." This well may perhaps be the fountain of Nephtoah.[1]

We passed the Convent of Elijah, for the monks suppose that the prophet fled this way to Beersheba,[2] and under a neighbouring tree, they pretend to shew the mark left by his body as he lay asleep on the rocky ground, though it is hard stone. From this point, we obtained our first sight of Bethlehem, lying about three miles to the south upon a considerable eminence, and possessing at a distance a peculiarly attractive appearance. We meant to visit it in returning, and therefore at present contented ourselves with a distant view of the place where the memorable words were spoken by the Angel, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy; unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."[3] About a mile and a half farther to the south we came to a tomb, built like the other whited sepulchres of the East, but believed to be Rachel's Sepulchre. The tomb is no doubt modern, erected probably by Mahometans; but the spot may justly be regarded as the place where Rachel died and was buried, "And there was but a little way to come to Ephrath (*i. e.* Bethlehem Ephratah[4]); and Rachel travailed, and she had hard labour—and Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem; and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."[5] The Jews frequently visit it; and many (as Benjamin of Tudela says they used to do in his days), have left their names and places of abode in Hebrew inscribed upon the white plaster of the interior walls.

1 Josh. xv. 9. 2 1 Kings xix. 4. 3 Luke ii. 10.
4 Mic. v. 2. 5 Gen. xxxv. 16, 19, 20.

To the west of the tomb, on the face of a hill, stands a large and pleasant-looking village called Bet-Jalah, inhabited, we were told, entirely by Christians. May this not be the ancient Zelzah "by Rachel's sepulchre in the border of Benjamin,"[1] where Saul was told that his father's asses had been found? In other passages of Scripture[2] the place is called Zelah, from which the modern name might easily be formed by prefixing the common syllable "Bet" (that is, "house"), and softening the sibilant letter. If so, then this is the spot where they buried the bones of Saul and Jonathan, "in Zelah, in the sepulchre of Kish his father."

Leaving Bethlehem about half a mile to the east, and proceeding still in a southerly direction, we came down in a short time to the valley, where lie the three large and singular reservoirs, called Solomon's Pools. They are situated at a short distance from one another, each on a different level, so that the water flows from the upper into the middle pool, and from the middle into the lower pool, from which it is conveyed by a stone aqueduct round the hills to Bethlehem, and from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. The walls of the pool are of solid masonry covered over with cement. Close by is a Saracenic fort, with high walls and a battlement, perhaps originally intended to protect the pools. Under the shade of its walls we left our mules, and proceeded to measure the pools with a line as accurately as the ground would admit. The result was as follows:—

1. *The Upper or Western Pool.*

Length of north side,	389 feet.
... of south side,	380 ...
Breadth of west side,	229 ...
... of east side,	236 ...
Depth at one point,	25 ...

[1] 1 Sam. x. 2. [2] Josh. xviii. 28. II Sam. xxi. 14.

2. The Middle Pool.

Length, ...	425 feet.
Breadth of west side, . . .	158 ...
... of east side, . . .	250 ...

3. The Lowest or Eastern Pool.

Length, ...	583 feet.
Breadth on west side, . . .	148 ...
... on east side, . . .	202 ...

At all the corners there are flights of steps descending into them. The water is pure and delightful, and each of the pools was about half full. Of the great antiquity of these splendid reservoirs there can be no doubt, and there seems every probability that they are the work of Solomon. This pleasant valley being so near the spot where his father David fed his sheep, would be always interesting to the king; but the only reference to the pools in Scripture, appears to be in Ecclesiastes, where he describes the manner in which, forsaking the fountain of living waters,—"the God that had appeared unto him twice,"—he sought every where for cisterns of earthly joy. "I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits. I made me *pools of water*, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."[1] It is highly probable, that, besides other purposes, these cisterns were intended to water rich gardens in their vicinity; and in the lower parts of the valley, at present covered with ripe crops of waving grain, there would be a splendid situation for the gardens, and orchards, and nurseries of fruit-trees, which the preacher describes. In Josephus and in the Talmud, this place is called Etham.[2] The former says concerning it, "There was a certain place about fifty furlongs distant from Jerusalem (more

[1] Eccl. II. 5, 6. [2] See also II Chron. XI. 6.

than six miles) which is called Etham; very pleasant it is in fine gardens, and abounding in rivulets of water. Thither Solomon used to ride out in the morning."[1] Beautiful insects, especially very large dragon-flies, with fine variegated wings, were fluttering round the water. We refreshed ourselves at a fountain close by, on the north-west corner of the upper pool, to which we descended by steps. This is said by tradition to be "the spring shut up, the fountain sealed," to which the church is compared in the Song.[2] It was usual in former times to cover up the well's mouth for the sake of preserving the precious living water. In the fields around the reapers were busy at barley-harvest. It was somewhere near this very spot that Naomi found them reaping as she returned from the captivity of Moab, "they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley-harvest;"[3] and some of these fruitful fields may have been the field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers, in the same manner as the Syrian women were doing when we passed.

After leaving the pools, the road conducted us for some time over very rocky hills. The rude mountain track was generally lined with fragrant shrubs and wild flowers, the pink, the cistus, of a fine lilac colour, the oleander, in great profusion and very tall. Among the trees the *Balut* or evergreen oak was by far the most frequent, and occasionally our well-known honeysuckle hung its flowers over some bush or shrub, reminding us of home. On many of these hills we could distinctly see that the brushwood had usurped the ancient terraces made for the vine. We came to a considerable valley, cultivated to some extent, at the extremity of which, where the ground begins to rise again, is a village called

[1] Antiq. VIII. 7. 3. [2] Song IV. 12. [3] Ruth I. 22.

Sipheer. Can this be a remnant of the name Kirjath-Sepher, the city smitten by Othniel, when he gained Achsah, Caleb's daughter?[1] Perhaps this valley may be the field which she asked from her father; but we had no time to search for the upper and the nether springs that once watered it. Other travellers have found sepulchral caves there. Ruins occasionally met our eye, chiefly on eminences, the remains no doubt of the towns and villages of Judah. On our left one ruin was called "Bet-hagar," that is "house of stone," another "Bet-Immer," with an ancient pool still remaining. About an hour from Hebron, there is a large, and evidently much frequented fountain, named Ain-Derwa. Many camels were drinking out of the troughs, and our horses and mules were glad to join them. This is possibly "*the well of Sirah*," at which Abner was refreshing himself when Joab's messengers found him, and treacherously brought him back to Hebron to be slain.[2]

We had now spent nearly eight hours on the road, riding very leisurely. About two miles from the town we entered the Valley of Hebron, the way running through vineyards, which make the approach very pleasant. Fig-trees and pomegranates in great abundance were every where intermixed with the vines, and the hills above were covered with verdant olive-trees. The vines were in great luxuriance, and the flowers just forming into the grape, so that the delightful fragrance diffused itself far and wide. "The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell."[3] In many of the vineyards we saw the tower, built for protection and for other uses, and frequently referred to in Scripture.[4] We encamped

[1] Josh. xv. 16.
[2] II Sam. iii. 26.
[3] Song ii. 13.
[4] Isa. v. 2. Matt. xxi. 33.

about four o'clock on a verdant plot of ground opposite the northern portion of Hebron, pitching our tents under some fine olive-trees. Beauty lingers around Hebron still. God blesses the spot where he used to meet with Abraham his friend. It lies in a fine fertile valley, enclosed by high hills on the east and west. The houses are disposed in four different quarters, which are separated from each other by a considerable space. The largest portion is to the S. E. around the Mosque, the houses running up the eastern slope. The ruins of ancient houses are still higher up. The fourfold division of the town gives it a singular appearance, while the cupolas on the houses, and the vigorous olive-trees that are interspersed throughout the town, add greatly to its beauty. Some miles north of the town we passed four bare walls, which are called by the Jews the ruins of Abraham's house, and the plain around it is called the plain of Mamre. We felt much inclined, however, to believe that the fine valley on the south-east side of the town is the true plain of Mamre.

The Moslem Governor, hearing of the arrival of the English Consul, sent him the present of a sheep, and soon after waited upon us. Mr Nicolayson acted as interpreter. When the Consul thanked him for his kind present, he replied, "It is all the blessing of Abraham. It is only what should be done in the city of El-Halil. Had Abraham been here he would have sent a sheep or a calf, and we are in Abraham's stead." The Arabic name of the town is El-Halil, "the beloved," so called in memory of Abraham "the friend of God."

An old Jew, Rabbi Haiim, who is now blind with age, hearing of the arrival of Mr Nicolayson, sent him an *oka* of wine in token of respect and kindness. This little incident in the city where Abraham dwelt was

peculiarly affecting, and shewed in a very clear light the friendly feelings which the Jews of Palestine entertain towards Protestant Missionaries, though fully aware of the object which they have in view. A Greek Christian, named Elias, who was acquainted with our fellow-travellers, shewed us great attention.

When the darkness came down, we saw some fine specimens of the glowworm around out tents. Overhead the sky was splendid; the stars being unusually large and brilliant from the clearness of the atmosphere. For the same reason, many more stars are visible to the naked eye than in our northern sky. We recollected that it was here, in the plain of Mamre, under the same sky, that God "brought Abraham forth abroad, and said, Look toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: so shall thy seed be."[1] The same sight recalled with new power the gracious promise, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."[2]

We all met for evening worship in one tent. Mr Nicolayson read Genesis XVIII, and prayed with a full heart for Israel, that they to whom the promises were made might soon enjoy the Redeemer's communion as Abraham enjoyed it here; and that we might receive Abraham's spirit of intercession for a perishing world.

(June 14.) This morning we awoke early and tried to realize the feelings of a true child of Abraham in Hebron, meditating over all the Scriptures that relate to it. The deep terraces of the mountain afford sweet spots for retirement.

We had scarcely breakfasted when the Governor paid us a second visit, offering to conduct us to see the

[1] Gen. XV. 5. [2] Dan. XII. 3.

mosque, which is believed to cover the cave of Machpelah. The appearance of this man in the midst of his attendants was any thing but prepossessing. He was an ill-looking Moslem, an oldish man, with fine grey beard, very marked nose, and dark suspicious eyes. The duty of paying attention to Christian travellers seemed to be a very irksome one to his Mahometan pride. He brought two sheep with him as a present to the Consul, doubling the gift of the previous day.

We now proceeded toward the Mosque, the Consul's janissary going before. Several Jews joined in the train. As we passed through the streets of Hebron, the boys and girls cried *Nazarani*, teaching us that "the Nazarene" is still a term of reproach in this land. The Mosque is a large quadrangular building, with two minarets at the opposite corners. The lower half of the walls is evidently of the highest antiquity; the stones are very large, and each of them is bevelled in the edge, in the same manner as the ancient stones of the temple wall at Jerusalem. One stone which we measured was 24 feet by 4, and another was still larger. On the two principal sides there are sixteen pilasters, on the other two sides ten, composed of these immense stones, with a simple projecting cope at the top. Above this, the building is evidently of Mahometan origin, and is surmounted by a battlement. We were allowed to ascend the wide massy staircase that leads into the interior of the building. The door into the mosque was thrown open, but not a foot was allowed to cross the marble threshold. We were shewn the window of the place which contains the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, beneath which is understood to be the cave of Machpelah. There is none of the sacred places over which the Moslems keep so jealous a watch as the tomb of Abra-

ham. It was esteemed a very peculiar favour that we had been admitted thus far, travellers in general being forbidden to approach even the door of the Mosque. A letter from the Governor of Jerusalem, who had been with us on the evening before we set out, gained us this privilege.

A little farther on, we were permitted to look through a window, where we saw one of the tombs covered with a rich carpet of green silk. This is called the Tomb of Joseph, although we know from Scripture that Joseph was not buried here, but at Shechem.[1] The only persons mentioned in Scripture as buried at Machpelah are Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah.[2] The Jews believe that this remarkable building is one of the works of Solomon; and from the peculiar form of the building, and the great size of the stones, there seems every probability that it is of Hebrew origin. It is by no means improbable, that it was built by the Jews to keep in remembrance the burying-place of the father of their nation and the friend of God. The Jews at present are permitted only to look through a hole near the entrance, and to pray with their face toward the grave of Abraham.

After leaving this, we climbed the highest hill to the south-east of Hebron, to obtain, if possible, that view of the plain of Sodom which Abraham had on that morning when it was destroyed from heaven. In the valley, we passed with some difficulty through the vineyards, regaled by the delightful fragrance. At one part we came upon a company of villagers treading out their corn; five oxen were employed on one floor. Some of the villagers also were winnowing what had been trodden out, and others were passing the grain through

[1] Acts VII. 16. [2] Gen. XLIX. 31; L. 13.

a sieve to separate it from the dust. We remembered Amos IX. 9. This valley is called Wady Nazarah, "the valley of the Nazarenes," for what reason we could not ascertain. The sides of the hill were very rocky and slippery, but the top was covered with vines. We sat down under the shade of some bushes, and calmly contemplated the fine view on every side. The town, divided into four parts, lay immediately beneath us. The pool, the mosque, the flat roofs, the domes were all distinctly marked. The vineyards stretch up the hills beautifully, and groves of deep green olives enclose it on every side. Hebron is embosomed in hills. The more ancient houses are on the east side of the valley, and there are traces of ruins running up the hill behind Machpelah. The ancient town is supposed by some to have been built more upon the hill where the mosque stands, and if so, the tradition of the rabbins is not altogether absurd, that the rays of the rising sun gilding the towers of Hebron used to be seen from the temple at Jerusalem, and gave the sign of the time for killing the morning sacrifice. Hebron was also one of the Refuge cities, and therefore probably conspicuous from afar. Looking to the south, over a high ridge of hills, the eye stretches into a wilderness-land of vast extent. In that direction lay Carmel, where Nabal fed his flocks.[1] But the most interesting view of all was toward the east, not on account of its beauty, but on account of its being in all probability the view which Abraham had when he "looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."[2] A high ridge intercepts the view of the Dead Sea, but the deep valley formed by it, and the hills of

[1] 1 Sam. xxv. 2. [2] Gen. xix. 28.

Moab on the other side, are clearly seen. If Abraham stood on the hill where we were now standing, then he saw not the plain itself, but "the smoke of the country rising up" as from a furnace. If he saw the plain, then he must have stood on that intervening ridge nearer the Dead Sea.

There can be little doubt that it was in this direction that Abraham led the three angelic men on their way toward Sodom, and we felt it a solemn thing to stand where Abraham drew near and pleaded with the Lord, "Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?" What wonders of mercy and judgment these mountains have seen!

Returning to the town, we visited the large Pool of Hebron. It is quite entire, of solid and ancient masonry, and measures 133 feet square. This is no doubt the pool over which David commanded the hands and feet of the murderers of Ishbosheth to be hung up.[1] There is another pool in the town, but not so large. We then visited the Tomb of Othniel, a sepulchre cut out in the rock, with nine niches. We plucked hyssop from the crevices of the outer wall.[2] It grows in small stalks, with thickly-set leaves. We visited several other sepulchres near the town; in the town itself is shewn what is pretended to be the tomb of Abner, and of Jesse, the father of David, and even that of Esau. In the streets, mothers were carrying their children on the shoulder;[3] some of whom had their eyes painted with stibium,[4] and all of them had anklets, answering to Isaiah's "tinkling ornaments about the feet."[5]

In the afternoon, we paid a visit to the Jewish quarter. The Jews have two synagogues; one belonging

[1] II Sam. IV. 12. [2] I Kings IV. 33. [3] Isa. XLIX. 22.
[4] Ezek. XXIII. 40. [5] Isa. III. 18.

to the Spanish, the other to the Polish Jews. We first visited the Spanish synagogue, the larger of the two. It is not more than forty feet in length, and though clean, is but poorly furnished. The seats were half-broken benches, reminding us of some of our neglected country churches. The lamps were of ornamented brass; the reading-desk, nothing more than an elevated part of the floor railed in. There was nothing attractive about the ark; and the only decorations were the usual silver ornaments on the rolls of the law, and a few verses in Hebrew written on the curtain and on the walls. Fourteen children were seated on the floor with bright sparkling eyes, getting a lesson in Hebrew from an old Jew.

The Polish synagogue was even poorer than the Spanish. It had no reading-desk at all, but only a stand for the books. However, it surpassed the other in its lamps, all of which were elegant; and one of them of silver,—the gift of Asher Bensamson, a Jew in London, who sent the money for it to Jerusalem, where the lamp was made. We were told that there are about eighty German and Polish Jews in this place.

Leaving the synagogue, we stepped into one of the *yishvioth* or reading-rooms. The books were not well kept, not even clean—the dust was lying thick on some of them, and only two persons were studying in the room. There are three more of these reading-rooms in Hebron. We next found our way to the house of the old blind Rabbi Haiim, who had sent the present of wine on our arrival. We were very kindly received in the outer court of his house, where we were invited to sit down, and had an interesting interview with this aged Jew. He had come to this land when twenty-four years of age, and had spent fifty years in it. Like Isaac,

his eyes had become dim, so that he could not see. About a dozen Jews and as many children gathered round us, while several Jewesses stood at a little distance listening in silence to the conversation. Mr Nicolayson conversed freely with them, told the errand upon which we had come, and stated the desire and aim of Christians in regard to their salvation. We were glad to be permitted thus to meet with Israel in their own land. They brought us sherbet and water. We remarked that the dress of the Jewish women is peculiarly graceful, and they have fine pleasant countenances. Many of them wear rich ornaments even when engaged in domestic duties.

In the evening, we rode out of the town to see Abraham's Oak, about a mile to the north-west. It is an immense spreading oak, admitted to be one of the largest trees in Palestine, and very old. Possibly it occupies the site of that tree which Jerome saw pointed out in his days as Abraham's Oak. We found the spread of its branches to be 256 feet in circumference, and 81 feet in diameter. Round the narrowest part of the trunk, we measured 22 feet 9 inches, and at the point where the branches separate, 25 feet 9 inches. It was under such a tree that Abraham pitched his tent, when "he came and dwelt under the oaks of Mamre which is in Hebron."[1] And it was under such a tree that he spread refreshment for his heavenly guests.[2] The ride from this tree to the town is through vineyards of the most rich and fertile description, each one having a tower in the midst for the keeper of the vineyard. We were told that bunches of grapes from these vineyards sometimes weigh 6 lb., every grape of which weighs 6 or 7 drams. Sir Moses Montefiore mentioned,

1 Gen. xiii. 18. See the Hebrew. 2 Gen. xviii. 8.

that he got here a bunch of grapes about a yard in length. Such a bunch the spies carried on a staff betwixt two. In Hebron, there are 1330 Mahometans who pay taxes, about 200 who do not pay; add to this 700 Jews. At the usual average of Eastern families, this will give less than 10,000 inhabitants.

(June 15.) We broke up our encampment this morning by the dawn, and enjoyed a splendid sunrise. We left the vale of Hebron and its verdant vines with regret, traversing the same road which we had come. In four hours we came down upon the pools of Solomon. Here we turned off to the right, winding round the hills, and following the course of the old aqueduct that carried water into Jerusalem. At this point, a small but beautiful and verdant valley lay beneath us, called by the Arabs "El Tos," "the cup," from its appearance. This may have been one of the spots where David loved to wander with his sheep, and where he meditated such Psalms as the 23d, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."[1] A gentle brook meanders through the bottom of the valley. There is also an ancient village with well cultivated gardens. Due east of us, the Frank Mountain, with its sloping sides and flat top, formed the most prominent object. If this be Beth-haccerem, a more suitable place for a signal of fire could not be imagined.[2] As we approached Bethlehem, the hills were well terraced, and vines and figs abounded. The towers in the vineyards appeared to us more numerous than usual. Bethlehem stands on the top of a hill, on the south side steep and rocky. The white limestone rocks were like marble, and reflected the sun's rays, so as to be very painful to the eyes. They

[1] Psa. xxiii. 2. [2] Jer. vi. 1.

were also so slippery, that we found it safer to go up on foot.

When near the top we came upon "the well that is by the gate of Bethlehem." It is protected by a piazza of four small arches, under which the water is drawn up through two apertures.[1] Several people were under this porch, and one had descended the well to clean it out, so that we longed in vain for a draught of the water which David desired so earnestly. The situation of this well would suit exactly the description given in Chronicles,[2] and the direction of the supposed geographical position of the cave of Adullam, to the south-east of Bethlehem, over the hill of Tekoah. We felt it interesting to realize the scene. The hosts of the Philistines were encamped in the valley of Rephaim; their garrison was at Bethlehem, and David was in the cave of Adullam. In the burning heat of noon-day, he looked toward the hill that lay between him and his native town, and casually exclaimed, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate!" His three mightiest captains instantly resolve to express their love to their chief, and their devotion to the cause of God, by putting their lives in jeopardy, in drawing some of the water of this deep well, even under the darts of their enemies. "And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David."

The white stone of which the hill is composed, and of which the town is built, makes it very hot, and gives

[1] Professor Robinson thinks that these are only openings over the aqueduct, which here passes through a deep vault or reservoir, and that there is no well of living water in or near the town; vol. ii. p. 163.

[2] 1 Chron. xi. 17.

it a dusty appearance. The fig-trees, olives, and pomegranates, and the ripe barley fields which cover the north side, shew that it is still capable of being made what its name signifies, "The House of Bread." At present, however, the plague was raging in Bethlehem, and we could not find even bread in the bazaar, so that we had to seek for food at the Latin Convent. This convent is a very substantial building, like a castle. Its outer gate is very low, intended, it is said, in former days, to prevent the Arabs riding in to plunder. Some have supposed that there is reference to this custom in the Proverb, "He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction."[1] But this may more probably refer to the proud and wealthy enlarging their gate after the manner of a palace; for we can hardly imagine that the Arab plunderers entered the houses of Israel in the time of Solomon. The church, generally supposed to have been built by Helena, A. D. 326, is a fine spacious building, and the rows of Corinthian columns are substantial masses of granite. It was delightful to repose a while in the cool atmosphere of this venerable pile; but the monks, who seemed to be ignorant and unpolished men, would have us away to see the sacred places of the Nativity. We descended to the grotto, which they call the stable where our Lord was born. Here they shewed a *marble* manger as the place where the heavenly babe was laid; but the monks had the honesty to allow that this was not the original manger, though the spot was the same. They shewed the stone where Mary sat, and pointed to a silver star as marking the spot where the Saviour was born. The star is intended to represent that which "stood over where the young child was." The grotto is illumined by many hand-

[1] Prov. xvii. 19.

some lamps, and there are several paintings by the first artists. Yet all is only a miserable profanation, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; it called up in our bosoms no other feelings than disgust and indignation. If this cave were really the place of the nativity, then Popery has successfully contrived to remove out of sight the humiliation of the stable and the manger. "The mystery of iniquity," which pretends to honour, and yet so effectually conceals both the obedience of Christ which he began at Bethlehem, and the sufferings of Christ which he accomplished at Calvary, has with no less success, disfigured and concealed the places where these wonders were "seen of angels." Though the tradition that Christ was born in this cave is of the highest antiquity, yet there seems no doubt from the simple words of the Gospel narrative, that it cannot be the true place, for it is said, "She wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."[1] There is no evidence that the stable of the eastern khan was ever a grotto cut out of the rock.

We were conducted to another cavern in the rock, farther to the east, where the monks said that the Virgin Mary lived. But we enjoyed far more a visit to the roof of the convent, where we could breathe the pure air, and look up to the deep blue sky, and down upon the fields and valleys around Bethlehem. These are still the same as in the night when the angel of the Lord proclaimed, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."[2] It filled us with unmingled pleasure to gaze upon the undulating hills and valleys stretched out at our feet,

[1] Luke II. 7. [2] Luke II. 10.

for we were assured that among these David had often wandered with his flock, and in some of these the shepherds had heard the voice that brought the tidings of a Saviour born. Nearly due south lay a prominent hill about six miles distant, which we were told was the hill of Tekoah, giving name also to the wilderness around. The withered sides of this hill were once traversed by the prophet Amos, along with the herdmen that fed their cattle there.[1] But we saw neither flock nor herd. One interesting association connected with this convent is, that Jerome lived and died here. His eyes daily looked upon this scene, and here he translated the Word of God into Latin. We did not, however, find in the convent any one who seemed to have inherited the industry or learning of Father Jerome.

Remounting our horses, we bade farewell to our monkish friends, and wound slowly down the northern slope of Bethlehem, amongst vineyards and barley fields, where the reapers were engaged as in the days when Ruth and Naomi returned from the land of Moab. We soon came again to the well of the Magi, where the Holy City comes in view. We could not but linger at the spot. Behind us lay Bethlehem, before us Jerusalem; —on the one hand, the spot where the love of God was first made manifest; on the other, the spot where that love was completed in the death of Immanuel;—on the one hand, the spot where Jesus was born; on the other, the spot where Jesus died! This is the route by which Tasso's pilgrims[2] are represented as approaching and getting their first view of the Holy City. When they see the minarets, the domes, and bulwarks of the city, they burst out into a cry of ecstasy—

1 Amos i. 1. 2 Canto 3. 3.

Ecco apparir Gierusalem si vede,
Ecco additar Gierusalem si scorge,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente,
Gierusalemme salutare si sente.

(Behold *Jerusalem* in prospect lies!
Behold *Jerusalem* salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail *Jerusalem* with loud acclaim.)

The view of Jerusalem from the south is not nearly so desolate as the view from the western approach; still, when seen from afar, it is "like a cottage in a vineyard, like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."[1] Hardly any thing is visible but the bare wall with its battlement, surrounding you see not what. Coming near, we were startled by the depth of Hinnom, with its rocks and caves, and by the bold front of Zion. We had scarcely seated ourselves at Mr Nicolayson's hospitable board, when letters from home were put into our hands, the first that we had received since our departure. It was truly refreshing to hear that all our friends were well, and our flocks not left uncared for. One of our letters brought the news that the Auchterarder case had been decided against our Church in the House of Lords. We all felt it a solemn thing to receive such tidings in Jerusalem. They seemed to intimate a time of coming trial to the Church of Scotland. The time seemed to be come when judgment must begin at the house of God in Scotland; and we called to mind the clear intimations of prophecy, that "there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation," at the very time when Israel shall be delivered. We closed our Saturday evening together, by reading the 2d chapter of Luke.

[1] Isa. i. 8.

(June 16. Sabbath.) We had agreed beforehand to meet together this day, and join in the communion of the Lord's Supper. It was therefore with feelings of sacred interest that we saw the dawn of a Sacrament-Sabbath in Jerusalem. The solemn scenes which we had witnessed during the week—Calvary, Gethsemane, Bethany, and Bethlehem, were well fitted to attune our hearts to partake of the sacred ordinance. In walking through the streets and the crowded bazaar to the Consul's house, which was the place of meeting, we felt a peculiarly vivid reality in the truth, that it was for common sinners such as these now walking in the streets of Jerusalem, and ourselves among the rest, that Jesus died. It was for souls nowise more exalted by nature, or more worthy of his love, than the present inhabitants, that "God was manifest in flesh." How strange! how passing knowledge does the love of Christ appear in such a view! How free the way to the Father for the chief of sinners; and how personal the application of redemption! Had Christ met one of us that day upon the streets of Jerusalem, he would have said, "Wilt *thou* be made whole?"

We met in the same upper room where we had met last Sabbath. There were fourteen gathered together, including two converted Jews, and a Christian from Nazareth, who had been brought to know the truth under the American missionaries. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. After the usual morning prayers of the Church of England, Mr Nicolayson preached on 1 John I. 3, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ," with fervent simplicity. Dr Keith joined with him in administering the broken bread and poured out wine. In the evening, Mr Bonar preached from John XIV. 2,

3, "In my Father's house are many mansions," &c., on the believer's desire to be with Christ, and Christ's desire to be with his people. Feelings of deepest solemnity filled our hearts, while we worshipped in an Upper room, after such a feast, where we had been shewing the Lord's death, "till he come"[1] and "his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives."[2] And it was with more than ordinary fervour that we joined in the prayer that Israel might soon have their solemn feasts restored to them, and the ways of Zion no longer mourn, and that even now the Holy Spirit, who, in this city, came down on the apostles, would again descend on us, and on all the churches. After singing together the last part of the 116th Psalm, we separated. On our way to our home on Mount Zion, we gazed upon the Mount of Olives, on which the last rays of the evening sun were pouring their golden lustre, and remembered how, after the first Lord's Supper, Jesus went out there to his agony in Gethsemane; and how from the other side of that mountain he was "received up into heaven."

(June 17.) This morning at six o'clock, we attended the Hebrew service in the Mission-house. Mr Nicolayson read the Liturgy in Hebrew, in a very beautiful manner, Mr Bergheim, Simeon, and ourselves responding. It was truly interesting to hear the holy tongue made use of in believing prayer in the name of Jesus. The greater part of this day was devoted to making up our journals, and writing letters to Scotland.

In the afternoon, we visited the Castle of David, the only stronghold now remaining upon Mount Zion. It is a little to the south of the Jaffa Gate, and overhangs the vale of Gihon. The lower part of one of the towers is evidently of great antiquity. The stones are very

[1] 1 Cor. xi. 26. [2] Zech. xiv. 4.

large, and bevelled in their edges, and we were told that it is perfectly solid. This is believed to be the tower of Hippicus, said by Josephus to be one mass (οὐδαμοῦ διακενος), and which was spared by Titus when the temple and city were destroyed. May it not be still more ancient, the site at least of "the stronghold of Zion" which David took from the Jebusites?[1] Or "the tower of David," to which the neck of the Church is compared, "Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury?"[2] Descending into the vale of Hinnom, we tried to sketch the steep view of Mount Zion; then returning, gathered several specimens of the *Spina Christi*. This plant, called *Nabka* by the Arabs, grows abundantly on the hills of Jerusalem; the branches are very pliable, so as easily to be platted into a crown, while the thorns are very many, and sharp, and about an inch in length. The tradition seems highly probable, that this was the plant of which the Roman soldiers platted a crown of thorns for the brow of Christ.[3]

Towards evening, we visited that part of the Old Temple wall to which the Jews are allowed to go, that they may pray and weep over the glory that is departed. It is a part of the western enclosure of the Haram, and the access to it is by narrow and lonely streets. The Jew who was our guide, on approaching the massy stones, took off his shoes and kissed the wall.

Every Friday evening, when the Jewish Sabbath begins, some Jews may be found here deeply engaged in prayer; for they believe that prayer still goes up with most acceptance before God, when breathed through the crevices of that building of which Jehovah said, "Mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually."[4]

1 II Sam. v. 7.
2 Song iv. 4.
3 Matt. xxvii. 29.
4 I Kings ix. 3.

This custom they have maintained for centuries, realizing the prophetic words of Jeremiah, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."[1] We counted ten courses of these massy stones one above another. One of them measured fifteen feet long by three broad; another was eight feet square; others farther south were twenty-four feet long. They are bevelled like the immense stones of the mosque at Hebron, and are of a very white limestone resembling marble. Some of them are worn smooth with the tears and kisses of the men of Israel. Above the large stones the wall is built up with others smaller and more irregular, and is evidently of a modern date, affording a complete contrast to the ancient building below. Later in the evening, Mr M'Cheyne went to visit the same spot, guided by Mr George Dalton. On the way, they passed the houses where the lepers live all together, to the east of the Zion Gate within the walls. A little farther on, the heaps of rubbish on Mount Zion, surmounted by prickly pear, were so great, that at one point they stood higher than the city wall. The view of Mount Olivet from this point is very beautiful. The dome of the mosque El Aksa appeared to be torn and decayed in some places, and even that of the Mosque of Omar seemed far from being splendid. Going along by the ancient valley of the Tyropœon, and passing the gate called by the monks the Dung Gate, now shut up, Mr Dalton pointed out in the wall of the Haram, near the south-west corner, the singular traces of an ancient arch, which Professor Robinson had discovered to be the remains of the bridge from the Temple to Mount

[1] Lam. i. 12.

Zion, mentioned frequently by Josephus, and remarkable as a work of the highest antiquity. The stones in the temple wall that form the spring of this ancient bridge are of enormous size. This interesting discovery goes to prove that the large bevelled stones, which form the foundation of the present enclosure of the Haram in so many parts, are really the work of Jewish hands, and the remains of the outer wall of the temple of Solomon. Neither is this conclusion in the least contradictory to the prophecy of our Lord, "There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down," for these dreadful words were spoken in reference to the temple itself, which was "adorned with goodly stones and gifts;" and they have been fearfully fulfilled to the very letter, for the Mosque of Omar, entirely a Moslem building, stands upon the rock of Moriah, probably on the very spot where the temple stood.

The Jewish place of wailing is a little to the north of this ancient bridge. Here they found a young Jew sitting on the ground. His turban, of a greyish colour peculiar to the Jews here, shaded a pale and thoughtful countenance. His prayer-book was open before him, and he seemed deeply engaged. Mr Dalton acting as interpreter, he was asked what it was he was reading. He shewed the book, and it happened to be the 22d Psalm. Struck by this providence, Mr M'Cheyne read aloud till he came to the 16th verse, "They pierced my hands and my feet;" and then asked, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" The Jew answered, "Of David and all his afflictions." "But David's hands and feet were not pierced!" The Jew shook his head. The true interpretation was then pointed out to him, that David was a prophet and wrote these things of Immanuel, who died for the remission of the sins of

many. He made the sign with the lip which Easterns make to shew that they despise what you are saying. "Well, then, do you know the way of forgiveness of which David speaks in the 32d Psalm?" The Jew shook his head again. For here is the grand error of the Jewish mind, "The way of peace they have not known."

The same evening we visited all the synagogues of Jerusalem at the time of evening prayer. They are six in number, all of them small and poorly furnished, and four of them under one roof. The lamps are the only handsome ornaments they contain. The reading-desk is little else than an elevated part of the floor, enclosed with a wooden railing. The ark has none of the rich embroidery that distinguishes it in European synagogues. As it was an ordinary week-day, we found in every synagogue the Jewish children who had been receiving instruction in reading; and in one of the largest, a group by themselves was pointed out to us as being orphan children who are taught free. After examining the synagogues, we paid a visit to a Rabbi, whose house, like that of Justus, "joined hard to the synagogue."[1] We walked with him upon the roof, looking down upon the city. The roof had a railing or battlement, as commanded in the law, "Thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof."[2] There are thirty-six *yishvioth*, or reading-rooms, for the study of the Law in the Holy City. In one of these close by, some old men were busy at evening prayer. The evening prayers in general seemed not to be well attended. Our guide, who was a Jew, on coming to his own synagogue, immediately left us and went up to the front of the ark, praying very devoutly, but with much ostentation. We were much

[1] Acts xviii. 7. [2] Deut. xxii. 8.

impressed with the melancholy aspect of the Jews in Jerusalem. The meanness of their dress, their pale faces, and timid expression, all seem to betoken great wretchedness. They are evidently much poorer than the Jews of Hebron; and "the crown is fallen from their heads; woe unto them that they have sinned."[1]

At night we had another opportunity of obtaining information as to the experience of Missionaries in labouring among the Jews of Palestine. The principal subject of conversation was—*the literary qualifications of missionaries for Palestine.* The Hebrew is the most necessary language for one who labours among the Jews in this country, and it is spoken chiefly in the Spanish way. A Missionary should study the character and elements of Arabic in his own country, and the more thoroughly he is master of these the better, but the true pronunciation can be acquired only on the spot. Yet Arabic is not so absolutely necessary as Hebrew. Spanish, too, is useful, and also German, and he must know Italian, for the purpose of holding intercourse with Europeans in general. Judeo-Spanish is the language of the Sephardim, and Judeo-Polish of Ashkenazim (*i. e.* Jews from Europe). All of them know a little of Italian. All Jews in Palestine also speak Hebrew, but then they often attach a meaning to the words that is not the true meaning or the grammatical sense, so that it is absolutely necessary to know the vernacular tongue, in order to be sure that you and they understand the same thing by the words employed. A Missionary ought to be well-grounded in prophecy, and he should be one who fully and thoroughly adopts the principles of literal interpretation, both in order to give him hope and perseverance, and in order to fit him for reasoning

[1] Lam. v. 16.

with Jews. It is not so much preaching talents as controversial that are required; yet it is to be hoped that both may soon be needed. He ought to have an acquaintance with Hebrew literature to the extent of understanding the Talmud, so as to be able to set aside its opinions. Acquaintance, too, with the Cabbala is necessary, in order to know the sources of Jewish ideas, and how scriptural arguments are likely to affect their minds. Zohar is one of the best Cabbalistic commentaries. A knowledge of Chaldee and Syriac would also be found very useful. In a mission to the Jews there ought to be both Jewish and Gentile labourers; the Gentile to form the nucleus, the other to be the effective labourers. If a converted Jew go through a course of education, and be ordained, he would combine the advantages of both; still a Gentile fellow-labourer would always be desirable. Faith and perseverance are the grand requisites in a missionary to Israel. He should never abandon a station unless in the case of absolute necessity. He may make occasional tours in the country round about, but he must have a centre of influence. It is of the highest importance to retain his converts beside him, and form them into a church; for two reasons:—1. Little is done if a man is only convinced or even converted, unless he is also trained up in the ways of the Gospel. 2. The influence of sincere converts belonging to a mission is very great. It commends the cause of Christ to others. At the same time it ought, if possible, to be made a rule to give no support to converts, except in return for labour, either literary or agricultural.

(June 18.) Early next morning some of our company set out to make a farewell visit to Bethany, and the more notable scenes on the east of the city. We passed through the bazaar and narrow ruined streets, and pur-

chased some articles as memorials of Jerusalem. Issuing forth by St Stephen's Gate, we crossed the Kedron, and once more visited Gethsemane, a spot which called forth fresh interest every time we saw it, and has left a fragrant remembrance on our mind that can never fade away. Passing the northern wall, we went up the face of the Mount of Olives, stopping every now and then and looking round upon "the perfection of beauty." Jeremiah says that "all her beauty is departed."[1] How passing beautiful, then, it must have been in ancient days!

Crossing by the north of the Church of the Ascension, and standing on the summit of the Mount of Olives, we once more enjoyed the commanding prospect of the Dead Sea, stretching to the south, calm and of the deepest blue, and the mountain range of Moab beyond. From this point of view we could see the full meaning of Ezekiel, where he says, "Thine elder sister is Samaria, she and her daughters that dwell *at thy left hand;* and thy younger sister, that dwelleth *at thy right hand*, is Sodom and her daughters."[2] And as we turned from the view of that mysterious lake, under whose heavy waters lie "Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them, set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire;"[3] and looked down upon the place where Jesus "came near and beheld the city, and wept over it," we felt that the recent sight of Sodom's doom may have kindled into a flame the Redeemer's unutterable compassion, when he seemed to manifest in his person the tender words of the prophet, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah?

1 Lam. i. 6.

2 Ezek. xvi. 46. The left hand is the *north*, and the right hand the *south*, in Eastern phraseology. 3 Jude 7.

how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together."[1]

From the same height we took our last view of the course of the Jordan, marked only by the strip of verdure on its banks. Beyond lay the valley of Shittim, in the plains of Moab, a wilderness of pasture-land, said to be fifteen miles long by ten miles broad, affording ample room for the goodly tents of the many thousands of Israel.[2] Not far from that spot Elijah ascended to heaven in his fiery chariot, and his mantle floated down upon his holy successor. And from the same opened sky at another time, the Spirit descended like a dove, and abode upon the Saviour when he was baptized by John in Jordan.

Another prominent object in the scene is the remains of an ancient village on the height nearly south from Bethany, and about half a mile distant; it is called Abu-Dis. May not this be the remains of Bethphage, the village "*over against*" the Jericho road, where the disciples obtained the colt and brought it to Jesus? No other trace of Bethphage has ever been found, neither has any traveller found an ancient name for Abu-Dis that has any probability of being the true one. The only objection is, that Abu-Dis is not upon the Jericho road, but half a mile to the south of it. But the words of the Evangelist, rightly understood, do not imply that Bethphage was on the Jericho road, or that Jesus entered the village. Jesus was travelling from Jericho probably by the present highway; "And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples, and saith unto them, Go your way into the village *over against you*."[3] The simple meaning ap-

[1] Hos. xi. 8. [2] Num. xxii. 1; xxv. 1. [3] Mark xi. 1, 2.

pears to be, that when they came to the confines of these two villages, lying on the back of the Mount of Olives, (and Bethphage may be named first, because the more conspicuous of the two,) Jesus sent two of the disciples to the village on the opposing height. Had he passed through the village, there would have been no need to send messengers to fetch the colt.

Leaving the summit, we descended, over a lower brow of the hill, upon "the town of Mary and her sister Martha," concealed by terraces, and rocks, and fig-trees. We lingered here for a considerable time, occasionally attended by some of the simple country people, and reading over to ourselves the XIth chapter of John. It is a fragrant spot; the name of Christ was here poured forth in his wonderful deeds of love and tenderness, like Mary's pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and the fragrance is as fresh to a true disciple's heart as on the day when it was done.

We left Bethany with regret, and proceeded to Jerusalem by the broad and rocky pathway, which appears to be the ancient road. It was along this way Jesus rode upon the ass's colt; here they spread their garments in the way, and cut down branches of the trees and strewed them in the way, and cried Hosanna! You first obtain a distant view of part of Jerusalem before leaving the ridge on which Bethany stands; again you lose it, descending into a ravine; then ascending, you wind round the Mount of Olives, with the Mount of Offence beneath you, when suddenly the whole city comes into view. We read over the XIth chapter of Mark as we traversed this interesting road. It was by this road Jesus was walking when he said to the fig-tree, "No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever;" and the next morning they saw it dried up from the roots, and Jesus said, "Whoso-

ever shall say unto *this mountain*, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, he shall have whatsoever he saith."[1] Many such fig-trees now line the road, and we pulled some of their leaves for a memorial.

Leaving the track, and descending the steep of the Mount of Offence, we tried to find our way into the valley of Jehosaphat through the hanging village of Siloam. With great difficulty we succeeded, for the houses, many of which are ancient sepulchres hewn in the rock, are placed one above another in a very singular manner. As we sat at the Pool of Siloam, the deep shade of the rock was truly refreshing. We read over John IX. and VII. 37. We also paid a last visit to the fountain farther up, and gathered some of the white pebbles from beneath its soft flowing waters. We then ascended to the wall of the city, and entering by the Zion Gate, once more passed through the Jewish quarters, and looked upon the miseries of Israel in the city where David dwelt. "How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger!"[2] They are by far the most miserable and squalid of all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and if we could have looked upon their precious souls, their temporal misery would have appeared but a faint emblem of the spiritual death that reigns within. "Ah sinful nation! a people laden with iniquity! The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."[3] May we never lose the feelings of intense compassion toward Israel, which these few days spent in Jerusalem awakened; and never rest till all the faithful of the church of our fathers have the same flame kindled in their hearts!

[1] Mark XI. 14, 20, 23. [2] Lam. II. 1. [3] Isa. I. 4, 5.

CHAPTER IV.

GIBEON—SYCHEM—SAMARIA—CARMEL.

"Blow ye the cornet in Gibeah, and the trumpet in Ramah: cry aloud at Beth-aven, after thee, O Benjamin. Ephraim shall be desolate in the day of rebuke; among the tribes of Israel have I made known that which shall surely be."—HOSEA v. 8, 9.

IN the cool of the afternoon, all the preparations for our departure being completed, we mounted our horses and wound our way through the streets of Jerusalem, slowly and reluctantly. We felt deep regret at leaving both the city with its holy associations, and the kind friends who had given us such Christian entertainment in this strange land. The communion of saints had been inexpressibly precious, though enjoyed here only for a few days. Mr Nicolayson, whose truly Christian and brotherly kindness we can never forget nor repay, rode some miles with us, and then bade us farewell.

A Latin Christian, Giuseppe, asked leave to travel in our company. He lived at Bethlehem, and had visited us several times in Jerusalem, selling the beads, ink-horns, and mother-of-pearl ornaments, which are made at Bethlehem. On his arm he had the Virgin Mary and the Holy Sepulchre punctured with the Al-henna dye, a custom which appears to have been in use in ancient times.[1]

[1] Isa. XLIX. 16; XLIV. 5.

We journeyed north-west, and soon passed the Tombs of the Judges, but had only time to glance at them. They are cut out of the rock in the same manner as the Tombs of the Kings. Though it is commonly said that they are the sepulchres of members of the Sanhedrim, yet their real history has not been ascertained. Descending by a very rocky path, we came to the bottom of the deep valley, called by travellers the Valley of Elah. Luxuriant vineyards were on either hand, and the sun's rays poured down with great power into the deep ravines. We soon began to ascend the high ridge on which Naby-Samuel stands. Several villages appeared among the hills both on the right and left, and the remnants of ancient terraces were distinctly to be traced on most of the slopes.

In two hours from Jerusalem, we arrived at Naby-Samuel, situated on the highest point of a terraced hill of considerable height, having a few wretched houses, and an old ruined church, said to have been built by the renowned St George, but now converted into a mosque, whose spire or minaret attracts the eye on every side. For many centuries this spot has been regarded as the ancient Ramah, where the prophet Samuel was born; where he lived and mourned over the land and its apostate king, as he looked down from this eminence on its populous tribes; and where also he was buried.[1] There appears to be no good reason for doubting the accuracy of this ancient tradition. The ruins stand on the most elevated point of the whole region, commanding a magnificent view on every side; thus answering well to the name *Ramah*, which means "*a height*," and to its other name Ramathaim-Zophim, "*The heights of the watchmen.*" The conjecture that it is the an-

[1] 1 Sam. i. 1; viii. 4; xxv. 1.

cient Mizpeh, the gathering-place of Israel, is without any solid foundation.[1]

We ascended to the roof of the deserted mosque, and surveyed the country round and round with unmingled pleasure. We could count twelve towns or villages within sight. To the south, Jerusalem, sheltered by the Mount of Olives, was distinctly visible; and still farther south, about twelve miles distant, Bethlehem and the Frank Mountain. We were now in a situation to understand the prophecy of Jeremiah in reference to the massacre of the infants of Bethlehem, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."[2] The tomb of Rachel suggested the figurative representation of the mother of Benjamin and Joseph, rising up to lament her slaughtered little ones, and the import of the passage is as if he had said, That the tide of woe rolled from Bethlehem to the hill whereon Rama stands.

1 The only objection to this being the Ramah of Samuel, is taken from the history of Saul's visit to Samuel, recorded 1 Sam. IX. X. In his house at Ramah, Samuel had entertained the future King of Israel. When Saul rose to return to Gibeah, Samuel describes his way as leading "by Rachel's sepulchre, in the border of Benjamin, at Zelzah" (1 Sam. X. 2). But as both Rachel's sepulchre and Zelzah are many hours to the south of Naby-Samuel, every step taken in that direction would lead him away from Gibeah, which lies to the north-east. At first reading this passage is very perplexing; the difficulty, however, may be cleared up in the following manner. Saul's father lived not at Gibeah, but at Zelzah or Zelah (Bet-Jala), for we read that his family sepulchre was there (II Sam XXI. 14). But he had an uncle who dwelt at Gibeah (1 Sam. X. 14); and Saul himself usually resided there, both before and after his being appointed to the kingdom (1 Sam. X. 26), and hence it was called "Gibeah of Saul." On the occasion of his father losing his asses, he sent for his son Saul to help him in seeking for them. Saul, however, sought in vain, and was now on his way to Zelzah to let his father know that he had not found the asses, when, as he was passing near the hill of Ramah, his servant suggested a visit to Samuel. It was then that the interview mentioned 1 Sam. X. occurred. On leaving Samuel, he proceeded towards his father's house at Zelzah as he had proposed, passing by Rachel's sepulchre. Here he met two men just come from home, who told him that the asses were found; next he met three men on the plain of Tabor (a spot now unknown); and then, having seen his father, came back to his own house at Gibeah; which is called "the hill of God," because there was a school of the prophets there.

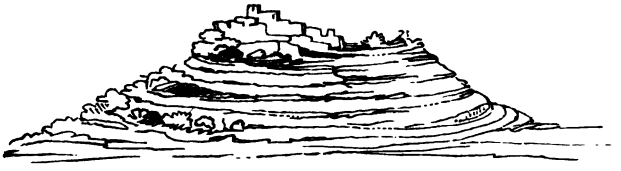
2 Matt. II. 18.

Rachel from her sepulchre begins the note of woe, and it spreads all around even to the distant hills that shut in the plain. Quite near us in the same direction stood a village in the mountains called Lifta, and still nearer Bet-iksa, which may possibly be the ancient Sechu, where there was a great well.[1] To the south-east was another village, Kephorieh, which we fancied might possibly be the site of Chephira,[2] since the other cities of the Gibeonites, Beeroth, Gibeon, and Kirjath-jearim, are all in this region. Emmaus must have been like one of these secluded villages, and probably in this direction. We could easily imagine the two disciples traversing the rocky pathway between the vineyards, by which we had that evening passed, and Jesus himself drawing near and going with them, talking with them by the way, and opening to them the Scriptures, while they perceived not the difficulties of the road nor the lapse of time, for their "hearts burned within them by the way."[3] Looking to the east, a fine hilly scene lay before us, bounded by the mountains of Moab. Upon a height near at hand stood Bet-hanina; to the north-east, on another hill, Ram; and still farther north, Kelundieh. In the same direction, though not within our view, lay Gibeah of Saul and Micmash, not far from each other, both of which remain unto this day. Due north, we saw Ram-Allah in a very notable position; a little to the west, Beth-hoor, believed to be the Upper Beth-horon; and on the hill above it Bet-unia. To the west, we looked down from the hills of Ephraim upon the vast plain of Sharon, bounded by the Mediterranean Sea, into which the evening sun was pouring a flood of golden rays.

But the most interesting of all the ancient towns at this time within sight was El-Geeb, lying at our feet,

[1] 1 Sam. xix. 22. [2] Josh. ix. 17. [3] Luke xxiv. 32.

directly north, and about a mile distant. This is the ancient Gibeon, whence came the wily Gibeonites who beguiled Joshua and the congregation of Israel,[1] described as "a great city, as one of the royal cities, greater than Ai, and all the men thereof were mighty."[2] It is situated on the top of a remarkably round hill, the sides of which are so completely terraced, not by art



but by nature, that they present the appearance of a flight of steps all round from the top to the bottom. The buildings are mostly on the western brow of the hill, the rest of the summit being covered with fine olive-trees. Many of the terraces also are set with vines and fruit-trees. From the foot of the ridge on which Ramah stands, a fine plain or shallow valley stretches past Gibeon to the north for two or three miles. From Gibeon it stretches westward for about a mile, bounded by a low hilly range, except in two points where there are openings towards the western plain, the one of which is the descent of Beth-horon. The fields of this valley were distinctly marked out, some of them bearing grain, but most lying waste. In one place, the vineyards stretched quite across, with a verdure most refreshing to the eye. This valley, the muleteers called Ajaloun. Again and again we put the question to them, to make sure that we were not mistaken, and they still answered Ajaloun. Since our return, we have not been able to find that any previous writer has found

[1] Josh. IX. [2] Josh. X. 2.

this name still remaining, and applied to this valley, and we therefore fear that the muleteers may have picked it up from the inquiries or conversation of some traveller. However this may be, the scene of Joshua's miracle was at that time vividly set before us. The glorious sun was sloping westward, about to sink in the Mediterranean Sea, and his horizontal rays were falling full upon the hill of Gibeon; at the same moment the moon was rising, and soon after poured her silver beams into this quiet vale. Such probably was the very position of the sun and moon, in that memorable day when Joshua prayed and "said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."[1] We are plainly told that the battle betwen Joshua and the five kings of the Amorites was "at Gibeon." It lasted probably the greater part of the day, till toward evening the bands of the Amorites began to give way, and Israel chased them as far as the descent to Beth-horon. At that steep defile the Lord cast down great hailstones from heaven upon them, so that they died. But it seems to have been before that, and before they were out of sight of Gibeon, that Joshua uttered the singular prayer above narrated; and in confirmation of this view, it is interesting to notice that Isaiah calls the scene of that day's wonders, "The Valley of Gibeon."[2] There was a peculiarly mellow softness in the evening light, that gilded both tower and valley at the moment, and it was strangely interesting to look upon the scene where "the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man."

It was at Gibeon also, that Abner and Joab met on either side of the pool, and that the young men began the contest which ended so fatally.[3] We were after-

[1] Josh. x. 12. [2] Isa. xxviii. 21. [3] II Sam. ii. 12.

wards told that the pool remains there to this day on the north side of the hill.[1] Here, too, "at the great stone which is in Gibeon," Joab murdered Amasa, and "shed the blood of war in peace, and put the blood of war upon his girdle that was about his loins, and in his shoes that were on his feet."[2] In the same place, Johanan, the son of Kareah, found Ishmael "by the great waters that are in Gibeon." It was here also, that "God appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and said, Ask what I shall give thee."[3] It is thus hallowed as a place of prayer, and yet more, as a place where God shewed to the world before the Redeemer came, how unlimited was his bounty to his people—all a prelude to the unspeakable gift, his beloved Son, which has made all other wonders lose their glory by reason of the Glory that excelleth.

Leaving the height of Ramah, we descended into the plain, but did not enter Gibeon, because the sun was setting. As we crossed through the rich vineyards, which skirt the hill upon which Geeb stands, two foxes sprang out, and crossing our path, ran into the cornfields. The thick leafy shade of the vine conceals them from view, while the fruit allures them; like the secret destroyers mentioned in the Song, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."[4] We saw before us also the mixture of standing corn, and vineyards, from one to the other of which the foxes ran, when Samson set them loose.[5] Journeying still north, we passed near two other villages, both finely situated on rocky terraced heights; the name of one of which was Raphat. It was here that

1 Professor Robinson told us that he had seen this pool, but had forgot to look for the great stone.

2 II Sam. xx. 8; I Kings II. 5.

3 I Kings III. 5.

4 Song II. 15.

5 Judg. xv. 5.

Dr Keith missed his favourite staff, which had a mariner's compass on the top of it. A muleteer rode back in search of it, but in vain. The darkness was coming down, so that we had to hurry on. Our view was beginning to be obscured, but we could perceive that Benjamin (whose borders we were traversing) had a pleasant portion. In two hours from Ramah, we reached Beer, the ancient *Beeroth*. Our servants had gone before us and erected the tent, and now stood at the tent-door to welcome us, Giuseppe helping us to alight with great kindness. It was a fine moonlight evening; the ground was sparkling with the light of the glow-worm, in a manner similar to what we had seen at Hebron, and the fire-flies glittered through the air in great numbers. Our tent was pitched immediately in front of a gushing fountain that emptied its waters into a large trough, above which was a Mahometan place of prayer falling into decay. We lay down to rest, with the remembrance that it was here that Jotham took up his abode when he fled from Shechem for fear of his brother Abimelech.[1] There is a pleasing though fanciful tradition associated with the place, that it was here Joseph and Mary, on their way back to Nazareth, first discovered that the child Jesus was not in their company, and turned back again to Jerusalem seeking him.[2] It was probably near this, too, that Deborah the prophetess dwelt "under the palm-tree of Deborah, between Ramah and Bethel in Mount Ephraim."[3]

(June 19.) We were up before the sun, and enjoyed the luxury of washing ourselves at the full flowing fountain of Beer. It is from this fountain that the town receives its name, both now and in ancient times. The Moslem women came out to draw water, and the

[1] Judg. IX. 21. [2] Luke II. 44. [3] Judg. IV. 5.

well soon presented a lively scene. The remains of the town lie on the rising ground to the north-east of the fountain. We wondered how travellers could ever suppose this to be the site of Michmash; for it does not stand near any deep defile, nor are there any such sharp rocks as Bozez and Seneh in the neighbourhood;[1] besides, it is not on the east of Bethaven or Bethel, but to the south-west of it.[2] Beeroth was one of the cities that belonged to the Gibeonites, and afterwards fell to the lot of Benjamin.[3] It was to this place, also, that the murderers of Ishbosheth originally belonged.[4]

We journeyed to the north-east, through a pleasant pasture country. On our left, we passed a cave in the hillside, running a considerable way into the rock, which suggested to us the nature of the retreat of the five kings of the Amorites, who fled from the battle of Gibeon, and "hid themselves in a cave at Makkedah."[5]

In a little time we approached the district of Bethaven or Bethel. The hills around, as well as the ruins of the town, are called by the Arabs, Beteen. This name is, in all probability, the remains, not of Bethel, but of Beth-aven. It would seem, that in the days of Joshua, this region was called "the wilderness of Bethaven,"[6] and perhaps the hill on which the town afterwards stood, Beth-aven.[7] When the town was built it was called Luz, but Jacob, grateful for the visit of mercy which he there received, called it Bethel, "the house of God." In later days, it became the seat of idolatrous worship, and the indignant prophet of Israel, to awaken

1 I Sam. XIV. 4.

2 I Sam. XIII. 5. Professor Robinson and Mr Nicolayson visited Michmash, lying to the south-east of Bethel. A deep ravine below it and two pointed rocks still fix its position, and the Arabic name is *Mukhmas*.

3 Josh. IX. 17; XVIII. 25. 4 II Sam. IV. 2. 5 Josh. X. 16.

6 Josh. XVIII. 12. 7 Josh. VII. 2.

the people to a sense of their sin, recalled the ancient name[1] "Beth-aven," or "house of vanity," and sometimes only "Aven." From this seems to have been formed the present name Beteen.

Turning off the path, a little to the right, we rode into the middle of the ruins, on the summit of a considerable rising ground. A ruined tomb on the nearest eminence guides to them. There are not many remains of edifices that can be traced, but here and there heaps of ancient stones, the foundation of a wall, and a broken cistern, indicate former dwellings. The whole summit of the hill is covered over with stones that once composed the buildings, and there is space enough for a large town. We looked with deep interest across the ravine on the right to the gentle hill considerably higher, on the east of Bethel. Probably this was the very spot where Abraham pitched his tent, when first he came a lonely stranger to the land of Canaan; for, it is said, he removed to "a mountain on the east of Bethel, having Bethel on the west, and Ai on the east, and there he built an altar unto the Lord," which he afterwards returned to visit;[2] shewing with what holy boldness he trusted himself to the Lord's keeping, though bitter foes on either side enclosed him. Nor could we forget, that on the hill where we stood, Jacob spent that solemn night, when he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and beheld a ladder "set upon the earth, and the top of it reaching to heaven." We read over the passage and applied the prayer to ourselves.[3] It was here that Jeroboam set up one of the golden calves. And here he stood beside the altar, burning idolatrous incense. Perhaps there was a double scheme of wicked policy in his choice of

[1] Hos. x. 5, 8. [2] Gen. xii. 8; xiii. 3. [3] Gen. xxviii. 11, 12.

this place, for we observed that it must have been within sight of the highway to Jerusalem, so that the people could be easily intercepted on their way up to the house of the Lord; so that his object was at once to allure them from God, and obliterate Bethel's hallowed associations with Jehovah's gracious discoveries of himself to their fathers Jacob and Abraham. The success of this plan may be conjectured from the children that here mocked Elisha, and taunted him with Elijah's ascension, saying, "Go up, thou bald-head." The prophet who came out of Judah, and warned Jeroboam, probably travelled the road over which we had passed. Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, died here, and was buried probably in the ravine on the south, for it is said to have been "beneath Bethel," under an oak-tree; and Jacob shewed his tender remembrance of her, by calling it "Allon bachuth," "the oak of weeping."

Few places are so full of interest. The shapeless ruins scattered over the brow of the hill, are themselves silent witnesses of God's truth and faithfulness. He had said, "Seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal; for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and *Bethel shall come to nought.*"[1] This word has been fulfilled to the very letter. We did not at the time remember the prophecy of Hosea, "The high places of Aven, the sin of Israel, shall be destroyed; *the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars;*"[2] but we have no doubt, from the desolate nature of the ground, and the abundance of thorny plants in that region, that some other travellers will discover that thorns and thistles are waving over the altars of Bethel, in fulfilment of the word of Him

[1] Amos v. 5. Lord Lindsay's interpretation of this passage cannot stand. It is not a direction to a traveller not to search out its ruins, but a command to the idolatrous Israelites to give over their idolatry. *q. d.* "Seek not Bethel, but return to me." [2] Hos. x. 8.

who cannot lie. We ourselves saw sufficient marks of the curse, of which the thorn and the thistle are the emblem.[1]

Leaving the ruins, we returned to the road, and proceeding northward, came in less than an hour to a village on our left, Ain Yebrud, finely situated upon the summit of a very rocky hill, whose sides were terraced and planted with vines. A little after we saw upon the left another smaller village of the same name, situated upon a similar hill, whose sides were entirely uncultivated, presenting little more than a barren rock. The contrast was very striking, and shewed us at once the change produced by the slightest cultivation in this land, and how, by the blessing of God, in "a very little while Lebanon may be turned into a fruitful field." Another village farther on, and also upon a hill, was called Geeb, conjectured by some to be the ancient Gob, famous in the wars with the Philistines,[2] though others suppose it to be Gibeah in Mount Ephraim, the burying-place of Eleazar the son of Aaron.[3] These villages on the tops of the hills had not only the advantage of being easily defended, but must also have been highly salubrious, having the cool breezes playing around them. We now entered a narrow defile called Mezra, and descended rapidly among the finest vines and fig-trees which we had yet seen. The terraced hills of Ephraim shut us in on both sides, and often the rocks were entirely concealed by the bright green leaves of the vines. Under the fig-trees, ripe barley was waving, whilst a very large species of convolvulus, and many other sweet flowers, adorned the pathway, and the voice of the turtle, issuing from the olives that often girt the hills, once more began to salute our ears. At the bottom of this defile we

[1] See p. 158. [2] II Sam. xxi. 18. [3] Josh. xxiv. 33, in the original.

came into a wider ravine running from east to west, in which was a broad channel of a brook now dry. We conjectured that this may be one of the brooks of Gaash[1] in Mount Ephraim. Crossing the dry channel we ascended by the ravine of a tributary, like the former finely planted with fruit-trees; and came upon a building, which is reckoned half-way between Jerusalem and Nablous. It was once a fortress, and is said to have been the head-quarters of banditti. There is a singular cavern near that may have favoured their designs.

This road must have been often traversed by our Lord in going from Jerusalem to Sychar and Galilee. The reflection of the sun's rays from these rocks that now beat upon us, may have been felt by Him on that very day, when, "wearied with his journey," about noon, he sat down on Jacob's Well. In about an hour, we ascended into a pleasant fertile little plain spreading to the east, having Singeel, a village on the hills, on our left hand, and Turmus Aya, upon an eminence in the middle of the plain, on our right. It was at this point that we should have turned to the right, to visit Seiloun, the remains of ancient Shiloh. Our guide promised at setting out to carry us that way, but unwilling to lengthen out the fatigues of the journey, he allowed us to proceed north without letting us know till it was too late to return. We afterwards found that it lay about an hour distant to the right. Mr Calhoun, the American Missionary, told us that he had visited it, and found it situated on an eminence, having fine valleys on every side of it, except toward the south,—valleys that could have contained multitudes at the great feasts. Higher hills rise behind these valleys. Our servant Ibraim had visited it with Professor Robinson,

[1] II Sam. XXIII. 30. Josh. XXIV. 30.

and told us that they had found nothing but ruins. The words of the prophet are still full of meaning; "Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."[1] We could also see the minute accuracy of the description of its situation given in Scripture, "Shiloh, a place which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah."[2] The region round is all fitted for such vineyards as are described in the same chapter.[3]

We now ascended to the highest ridge of a rocky mountain, having a very deep valley on our left. Below us on our right lay a picturesque plain of small extent embosomed in hills. Into this we descended by a dangerous pathway, and came first to an old ruin called Khan-el-Luban, and then to a fine flowing well, Beer-el-Luban. The water was cool and pleasant. Some Syrian shepherds had gathered their flocks around the well. There were many hundreds of goats; some drinking out of the troughs, some reclining till the noon-day heat should be past. We were again reminded of the Song, "Where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon;"[4] and of the care which the Lord Jesus takes to refresh the weary souls of his people during the burden and heat of the day, delivering them from daily returning wants and temptations. At the north-west end of this valley, on the height, we could see the village of Luban, the ancient Lebonah.[5]

Having travelled more than five hours without intermission, we were now glad to rest and refresh ourselves for a little under some pleasant olive-trees. Scarcely

1 Jer. VII. 12. 2 Judg. XXI. 19. 3 Judg. XXI. 21.
4 Song I. 7. 5 Judg. XXI. 19.

had we resumed our journey, when we met at the northern entrance of the plain, the Bedouin Sheikh whom we had seen at Jerusalem, and who was to conduct Lord Claud Hamilton to Ammon and Jerash. He had faithfully fulfilled his engagement, and was now returning, having left his charge at Nablous. Three fine young Bedouins rode behind him, and all were attired and armed in the manner of their country. He at once recognised us with joy, and shewed us with no little vanity the presents he had got from Lord Hamilton. Bidding them *salam*, we wound out of the valley to the right under a small town, like a nest in the rocks, which an old Arab called Sawee. Leaving this vale, we descended into another running from east to west, very deep and rocky. Some countrymen called it Wady Deeb. Crossing the dry channel, and ascending to the very summit of the opposite ridge, a noble prospect burst upon our view. From the foot of the mountain on which we stood, a beautiful plain stretches to the north apparently for five or six miles. It seemed about two miles in breadth, bounded on either side by lofty and finely intersected hills, studded with villages. The farthest of these hills on the west side was Gerizzim, with a white tomb upon the summit, and Ebal beyond it, the two hills that embosom Sychar. The plain itself was cultivated in a style very superior to any thing we had yet seen in Palestine, and was beautifully variegated with fields of different colour, some bearing *dhura* of a bright green, some ripe barley. We descended into this interesting plain, and followed the track close under the western hills.

The country people were engaged in their harvest. Indeed, this was the busiest part of the country we had yet visited. Several times we came on a band of reap-

ers at their work, and met camels laden with sheaves. In one of the villages the treading and winnowing were going on in a lively manner. On the eastern range of hills there are three villages perched in very romantic situations, the name of the northmost was Raujeeb. Probably these were flourishing towns in the days when Joseph's portion was blessed with "the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills."[1] While we gazed upon these villages of the Samaritans, one of the most touching narratives of the gospel was vividly recalled to us. Once when our Lord was going up to Jerusalem, he sent messengers before his face, and "they went and entered into a village of the Samaritans to make ready for him, and they did not receive him." His disciples wished to command fire to come down from heaven; but he gently rebuked them, saying, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of;" and they went to another village.[2] It is probable that this was the road by which the Saviour was travelling, and some of these may have been the villages here spoken of.

In about two hours we left this fertile plain, and came round the eastern shoulder of Mount Gerizzim, ascending up a path worn deep in the rock, till we found ourselves in the entrance of the Vale of Sychar, running east and west between Mount Gerizzim and Mount Ebal. We did not know at the time, but an after visit made up for the omission, that it was at this very turn of the road, where it bends toward the city, that Jesus rested; for Jacob's Well was there. Entering a little way within the vale, we rested for a while beside a flowing fountain, called Beer-el-Defna, at which the shepherds were watering their flocks. The water flows into

1 Deut. xxxiii. 15. 2 Luke ix. 52—56.

a large reservoir, from which it is conducted to irrigate a delightful garden of herbs. The ride up this valley was indeed beautiful. The plain stretches about two miles along to the town of Nablous, the ancient Sychar, and the average breadth appeared to be nearly half a mile. The sun was beginning to sink in the west, and was pouring his beams directly through the valley as we approached. A fine grove of old olive-trees extends for about a mile to the east of the town. Through this we passed, and then under the northern wall till we came to a grassy spot on the banks of a winding stream, where we pitched our tent on the west side of Sychar. We had often read of the verdure and beauty of this scene, but it far exceeded our expectations. The town, with its cupolas and minarets, is peculiarly white and clean, and is literally embosomed in trees. In the gardens beside us, we saw the almond-tree, the pomegranate, the fig, the vine, the carob-tree, and the mulberry; orange-trees also, with golden fruit, and a few graceful palms. The singular prickly-pear is the common hedge of these gardens. Sitting at our tent-door, we surveyed calmly the interesting scene. Mount Ebal was before us, rising about 800 feet from the level of the plain. It appeared steep, rocky, and barren. A few olives were sprinkled over its base, but higher up we could observe no produce save the prickly-pear, which seemed to cover the face of the hill, much in the same way as the prickly furze on many of the hills of our own country. Viewing it from another point farther to the west the next day, it appeared entirely without verdure, frowning naked and precipitous over the vale. Mount Gerizzim was behind us, rising to a similar elevation. Although precipitous in many parts, it has not the same sterile and gloomy appearance which

Mount Ebal has. It has a northern exposure, and therefore the midday sun does not wither up its verdure with its scorching rays. On the sides of one of its shady ravines we saw fields of corn, olives, and gardens, giving it altogether a cheerful appearance. In some places the precipices of Gerizzim seem to overhang the town, so that Jotham's voice floating over the valley, as he repeated the Parable of the Trees from one of the summits of Gerizzim, might easily be heard by a quiet audience eagerly listening in the plain below.[1]

It was here also upon the sloping sides of these confronting hills, that the blessing and the curse were so solemnly pronounced in the days of Joshua.[2] Six tribes were stationed on the sides of Gerizzim, and six on the sides of Ebal; while in the valley between was placed the ark of God, with the priests and Levites standing round. When all was thus arranged, and every man of Israel held in his breath in anxious suspense, the Levites in a clear loud voice uttered the curses in the name of Jehovah. At every pause, the six tribes on Ebal responded "Amen!" Then the blessings were uttered with the same deep solemnity, and the six tribes on Gerizzim responded to every blessing "Amen!" It is not difficult to understand how the united voice of the band of Levites in the valley would be heard by the multitudes that lined the hills on either side, when we remember that the sound floated upwards amid the stillness of an assembly awed into deepest silence. This lovely valley formed a noble sanctuary, with these rocky mountains for its walls, and only heaven for its canopy. And where can we meet with a scene of more true sublimity than was witnessed there, when a covenanted nation bowed their heads before the Lord and

[1] Judg. IX. 7—20. [2] Deut. XXVII. 12.

uttered their loud Amen, alike to his promise and his threatening!

In our evening worship, we read John IV, with feelings of new and lively interest. We had scarcely committed ourselves to repose, when the jackals and wolves, which in great numbers find covert in the neighbouring hills, began their loud and long-continued howling; the dogs that prowl about the gates of the town immediately sent back a loud cry of defiance, and for several hours there seemed to be a regular onset between the parties. The ropes of our tents were occasionally shaken by some that were pursuing or pursued; and the valley continued to resound with their mingled cries till the depth of midnight.

(June 20.) Mr Bonar, waking before sunrise, wandered through the grove of fruit-trees toward the gate of the town. Finding it already open, he entered. Wandering alone in the streets of Sychar at this early hour seemed like a dream. A Jewish boy whom he met led him to the synagogue. It was small but clean, and quite full of worshippers. They meet for an hour at sunrise every day. There were perhaps fifty persons present, and every one wore the *Tephillin*, or phylacteries, on the left hand and forehead, this being the custom at morning prayer. They seemed really devout, for they scarcely looked up to observe the entrance of a stranger till the service was done. At the close several came and spoke to him. He spoke a little Italian to one, and then tried German with another, finding that there were Jews from many different places. Some were from Spain, some from Russia, one from Aleppo, and a few were natives of Sychar. After conversing for a short time they separated, going home to breakfast. Mr Bonar engaged a very affable Jew to

shew him the road to Jacob's Well, who, after leading him through the town, gave him in charge to another that knew the place. They went out at the Eastern Gate and proceeded along the Vale of Sychar, keeping near the base of Gerizzim for nearly two miles, till they arrived at a covered well, which is marked out by tradition as the memorable spot. It is immediately below the rocky path by which we had travelled the day before, at that point of the road where we turned from the spacious plain into the narrow vale, between Ebal and Gerizzim. The guide removed a large stone that covers the mouth of the low vault built over the well; and then thrusting himself through the narrow aperture, invited Mr Bonar to follow. This he accordingly did; and in the act of descending, his Bible escaping from his breast-pocket fell into the well, and was soon heard plunging in the water far below. The guide made very significant signs that it could not be recovered, "for the well is deep." The small chamber over the well's mouth appears to have been carefully built, and may have been originally the ledge which is often found round the mouth of Eastern wells, affording a resting-place for the weary traveller. But the well itself is cut out of the rock. Mr Calhoun, who was here lately, found it seventy-five feet deep, with ten or twelve feet of water. In all the other wells and fountains which we saw in this valley the water is within reach of the hand, but in this one the water seems never to rise high. This is one of the clear evidences that it is really the Well of Jacob, for at this day it would require what it required in the days of our Lord, an "ἀντλημα," "something to draw with, for it was deep."[1] On account of the great depth,

[1] John iv. 11.

the water would be peculiarly cool, and the associations that connected this well with their father Jacob no doubt made it to be highly esteemed. For these reasons, although there is a fine stream of water close by the west side of the town, at least two gushing fountains within the walls, and the fountain El Defna nearly a mile nearer the town, still the people of the town very naturally reverenced and frequented Jacob's Well. This may in part account for the Samaritan woman coming so far to draw water, even if the conjecture be disregarded that the town in former times extended much farther to the east than it does now. The narrative itself seems to imply that the well was situated a considerable way from the town. He who "leads the blind by a way which they know not," drew the woman that day by the invisible cords of grace, past all other fountains, to the well where she was to meet with one who told her all that ever she did—the Saviour of the world and the Saviour of her soul.

The Romish hymn seemed peculiarly impressive when remembered on this hallowed spot:

> Quærens me sedisti lassus,
> Redemisti crucem passus,
> Tantus labor non sit cassus!
>
> (Weary—thou satst seeking me;
> Crucified—thou setst me free;
> Let not such pains fruitless be!)

But nothing can equal the simple words of the Evangelist, "Jesus therefore being wearied with his journey sat thus on the well."

About a hundred yards off, to the north of the well, is Joseph's Tomb, a whited sepulchre, believed to mark the place where Joseph's bones were buried.[1] The

[1] Josh. xxiv. 32.

Jews frequently visit this tomb; and many Hebrew sentences are inscribed upon the walls. Whether by design or accident, we could not ascertain, a luxuriant vine has made its way over the wall that encloses the tomb, and was now waving its branches from the top, as if to recall to mind the prophetical description of this favoured tribe, given by the dying Jacob, "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall."[1] The beautiful field around it, is, no doubt, "the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph," taking it out of the hand of the Amorite, "with his sword and with his bow."[2] And this plain is the plain of Moreh, near to Sychar.[3] Some have fancifully conjectured the name to be derived from Jacob's exploit, as if it meant, "the plain of *the Archer*."

About eight o'clock, the rest of our company paid a visit to the town, to visit the Jews and Samaritans. Under a spreading nabbok-tree near the gate, we came upon five or six miserable objects, half-naked, dirty, and wasted by disease. Immediately on seeing us, they sprang up, and stretched out their arms, crying most imploringly for alms. We observed that some had lost their hands, and held up the withered stump, and that others were deformed in the face; but it did not occur to us at the time that these were lepers! We were afterwards told that they were so,—lepers on the outside of the city gate, like the ten men in the days of Jesus, who lifted up their voices, and cried, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!"[4] Our Master, had he been with us, would have stood still, and said, "I will; be thou clean." On the nabbok-tree were hung many rags

[1] Gen. xlix. 22.
[2] Gen. xlviii. 22.
[3] Gen. xii. 6. Deut. xi. 30.
[4] Luke xvii. 13.

of cloth, of different colours. These are intended as sacred offerings, in accordance with a superstition of the Mahometans, which was never fully explained to us, and which we saw frequently in other parts of the country.

We passed through the streets, and found a good example of the eastern bazaar. It is a covered way, with a few windows in the roof; abundantly dark, but very cool and pleasant. There is a deep pathway in the middle unpaved, about three feet in breadth, along which the mules or camels are allowed to pass. On each side of this, there is a raised stone pavement, very smooth and slippery, which is used as a place for the shopkeepers to sit or to display their goods. When not thus occupied, it may be used for walking. It is a strange sight to walk along, and observe the turbaned and bearded sellers sitting cross-legged, and smoking in every door-way. The presence of a stranger excites little curiosity among them in general. Often they disdain to lift their eyes. Finding out the Jewish quarter, we went to the synagogue, into which several Jews followed us. The little children also came round us, and the women looked in at the door. Our Hebrew Bible was soon produced, and the prophecies concerning Messiah formed the subject of our broken conversation. Dan. IX, Isaiah IX, LIII, Ezek. XXXVI, XXXVII, and Jer. XXIII, were the passages read and commented on. The men were most willing to hear, and some of the children clung to us; but the women seemed displeased and impatient. At one turn of the conversation, Ibraim, our servant, who understood what they were saying, cried out, "Hear how that woman is cursing you."

While we were thus engaged, a Samaritan came into the synagogue and sat down. He was much better

dressed than the poor Jews; his scarlet mantle and tidy appearance shewing plainly that he was better off in the world. He invited us to visit the Samaritan synagogue, an invitation with which we willingly complied. The Rabbi was seated on a carpet in the stone court, a clean pleasant place close by the synagogue. He was a reverend-looking old man, with large uplifted eyebrows, handsomely attired; he received us kindly, and conversed with great freedom.

Mr Bonar having missed the rest of us, and hearing that we were gone to the Samaritan synagogue, persuaded a Jew to guide him thither. He led him to a shop in the bazaar, where a fine-looking man, tall and cleanly dressed, was sitting. The Jew's look was that of contempt, as he pointed out this man, saying he was "a Samaritan." The Samaritan kindly left his shop, and leading the way through many streets, arches, covered ways, and lanes, brought Mr B. to the synagogue. The old priest having made sure of obtaining a handsome present from us, now unlocked the door, and we, after taking off our shoes, were permitted to enter the synagogue, a clean airy apartment, having the floor covered with carpets. One-half of the floor was raised a little higher than the rest, and seemed to be used for sitting on during the reading of the law. On one side, there was a recess which we were not allowed to enter, where the sacred manuscripts are kept. After long delay, and the promise of a considerable sum (for he told us the sight was worth 150 piastres at any time), the priest agreed to shew us the copy of the Torah, or five books of Moses, which is so famed for its antiquity. They said that it was written by the hand of Abishua, the son of Phinehas, and is 3600 years old. It was taken out of its velvet cover, and part of it unrolled before us. The

rollers were adorned with silver at the extremities, and the back of the manuscript was covered with green silk. It was certainly a very ancient manuscript. The parchment was much soiled and worn, but the letters were quite legible, written in the old Samaritan character. If this was the real copy so much boasted of, the Samaritans have lost some of their superstition regarding it, for they allowed us to touch it. Several of their prayer-books were lying about, all written with the pen in the Samaritan character.

The Samaritans can speak very little Hebrew; their language is Arabic, but by means of our servant Ibraim, and a Jew who kept by us, we got our questions answered, and a good many remarks were made on both sides upon passages of Scripture. The son of the priest was an interesting young man, candid, and anxious to hear the truth. He admitted that the prophecy regarding "the seed of the woman" referred to the Messiah; and said that they still expect a prophet "like unto Moses." The Samaritans do not believe in the restoration of the Jews. They told us that there are about forty who attend the synagogue, and about 150 souls altogether belonging to their communion. The enmity between the Jews and the Samaritans is not now so great, nor so openly manifested, as once it was; but we could perceive that it still existed. We had seen a Samaritan sitting in the Jewish synagogue, and the Jew who accompanied us was now seated in the Samaritan synagogue; yet it was easy to see that the Jew was jealous of the attention which we paid to the Samaritans. After taking leave of the priest and his son, we were conducted again to the Jewish quarter. We found a Rabbi, an old grey-haired man, sitting in the synagogue reading the Talmud. We spoke

a good deal with him in Hebrew, chiefly pointing out "the Lord our righteousness." It was pleasant to speak even a word to a Jew in the city where Jacob often dwelt; and to a Samaritan in the very place where Jesus said, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to the harvest."[1] Our Jewish guide next led us to a handsome fountain of water at the west end of the town within the walls. It seemed to be supplied from Mount Gerizzim. He said that Jacob had built the walls of it.

A little Jew boy, named Mordecai, with sparkling bright eyes, had for some time kept fast hold of Mr M'Cheyne's hand. He could speak nothing but Arabic; but by means of most expressive signs, he entreated Mr M. to go with him. He consented, and the little boy, with the greatest joy, led him through streets and lanes, then opening a door, and leading the way up a stair, he brought him to the house of the Jewish *Hazan*. The room into which he was led was very clean, delightfully cool, and neatly furnished, in the eastern mode, with carpets and a divan with cushions all round. The Hazan was not at home, but his wife soon appeared, and received the stranger with all kindness. She was dressed in the peculiar attire of the Jewish female, and carried a long pipe in her hand, which she occasionally smoked. Her only language was Arabic, for the females in Palestine appear to be strangers to the Hebrew, and are thus entirely shut out from understanding the Word of God which is read in the synagogues. She ordered rose-water to be brought—and then coffee—and seemed gratified to be permitted to entertain her unexpected guest. On taking leave, the little guide urged him to pay another visit. He led the way to the Bazaar, and there

[1] John iv. 35.

stopped beside the shop of a venerable-looking man, saying *Yehudi*, "a Jew." Sitting down on the stone pavement, the Hebrew Bible was produced, and the passage read was "the dry bones" of Ezekiel. Several Jews gathered round who could speak Italian or the *Lingua Franca*, and all joined in the discussion by turns. The merchant himself seemed to be a worldly Jew, and cared little about divine things; but some of the rest were interested. Leaving this group, the little Jew proposed to guide Mr M. to the Well of Jacob, which he said he knew. But the day was too far spent, as we had agreed to leave Sychar at noon. With difficulty, Mr M. now prevailed upon little Mordecai to come with him to our tents, to receive a reward for all his kindness. Giving him a Hebrew tract for the Hazan, another for the old Jew in the Bazaar, and a third for his father, and putting a silver piece into his hand, which seemed to fill him with wonder, we bade farewell to little Mordecai.

We felt sorry to part so soon from such a scene as this. The twice-repeated blessing of fruitfulness put upon the land of Joseph lingers about the Vale of Sychar still, "Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon."[1] It seemed almost as if the Lord remembered still the kindness of its former people, and kept this natural beauty around it as a memorial.

We were in the act of preparing to mount our horses, when the four interesting Jews with whom we had sailed from Syra to Alexandria,[2] arrived at the very

[1] Gen. xlix. 22. Deut. xxxiii. 13, 14. [2] See p. 56.

spot of our encampment. We could scarcely believe our eyes; but so it was. They were mounted on horses, and had proceeded thus far on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem. After we left them in Egypt, they had sailed from Alexandria to Beyrout, endured the sixteen days quarantine there, and were now accomplishing the object of their journey. We met like old friends; they all saluted us with great heartiness, and were willing ere we parted to receive Hebrew tracts from us. We delayed a short time conversing with them, and then about one o'clock bade farewell to them and to Sychar.

The road from this to Samaria is perhaps the best we travelled in all Palestine. It is a level, broad highway at the base of hills—no doubt once much frequented by the kings of Israel, who would keep the highway to their capital in good repair. The direction it takes is north-west for about one hour, and then over a ridge which may be regarded a continuation of Ebal. The vale down which we rode was well watered every where, a fine stream meanders through it, and there are many wells; forming a complete contrast to the south part of the land.[1] The gardens on every hand are very luxuriant, the trees wearing their richest foliage; the fig, olive, and orange trees laden with fruit. We observed gardens of onions which seemed to rival those of Egypt. Many villages embosomed in trees also came in sight. A small village on the left was called Bet-Ouzin. Another on the hill Bet-Iba. Below this an old aqueduct having eleven arches crosses the valley, the water of which turns a mill. Before leaving the Valley of Nablous, we looked back and obtained a view of Ebal, strikingly rocky and sterile.

Our route now lay north-west over a considerable

1 Psa. CXXVI. 4.

ridge, during the ascent of which we obtained a view of many distant villages; and among others Ramia, on an eminence. When we had gained the summit, the hill of Samaria came in sight, rising out of the plain to the height of about four hundred feet. It is an oblong hill sloping up toward the west, and has a considerable extent of table-land on the top. The plain, near the head of which it stands, stretches far to the west, and the mountains that enclose it are lofty. It is a hill in the midst of higher hills; a noble situation for a royal city. A grove of olives covers the plain, and the lower part of the southern side of the hill. On the mountain to the right stands a picturesque village called Nakoura, and on the summit a white tomb of a Moslem saint. We read over the prophecy of Micah[1] regarding Samaria as we drew near to it, and conversed together as to its full meaning. We asked Dr Keith what he understood by the expression "I will make Samaria *as an heap of the field*;" he replied, that he supposed the ancient stones of Samaria would be found, not in the form of a ruin, but gathered into heaps in the same manner as in cleaning a vineyard, or as our farmers at home clear their fields by gathering the stones together. In a little after we found the conjecture to be completely verified. We halted at the eastern end of the hill beside an old aqueduct, and immediately under the ruin of an old Greek church which rises on this side above the miserable village of Subuste.[2] The ruin is one of the most sightly in the whole of Palestine. We ascended on foot by a narrow and steep pathway, which soon divides into two, and conducts past the

[1] Micah i. 6.

[2] Herod rebuilt the city and called it *Sebaste*, which means "August, or venerable," in honour of Augustus Cæsar; but God had written its doom centuries before

SAMARIA.

foundations of the ruined church to the village. The pathway is enclosed by rude dykes, the stones of which are large and many of them carved, and these are piled rather than built upon one another. Some of them are loose and ready to fall. Many are peculiarly large, and have evidently belonged to ancient edifices. Indeed, the whole face of this part of the hill suggests the idea that the buildings of the ancient city had been thrown down from the brow of the hill.

Ascending to the top, we went round the whole summit, and found marks of the same process everywhere. The people of the country, in order to make room for their fields and gardens, have swept off the old houses, and poured the stones down into the valley. Masses of stone, and in one place two broken columns, are seen, as it were, on their way to the bottom of the hill. In the southern valley, we counted thirteen large heaps of stones, most of them piled up round the trunks of the olive-trees. The church above mentioned, is the only solid ruin that now remains, where the proud city once stood. In the houses of the villagers, we saw many pieces of ancient columns, often laid horizontally in the wall; in one place, a Corinthian capital, and in another a finely-carved stone. Near the village, and in the midst of a cultivated field, stood six columns, bare and without their capitals, then seven more that appear to have formed the opposite side of the colonnade; and at a little distance about seventeen more. Again, on the north-east side, we found fourteen pillars standing. But the greatest number were on the north-western brow. Here we counted fifty-six columns in a double row at equal distances, all wanting the capital, many of them broken across, and some having only the base remaining. These ruins may be the remnant of some of Sa-

maria's idolatrous temples, or more probably of a splendid arcade, which may have been carried completely round the city. And these are all that remain of Samaria, "the crown of pride!" The greater part of the top of the hill is used as a field; the crop had been reaped, and the villagers were busy at the thrashing-floor. Part of the southern side is thickly planted with figs, olives, and pomegranates. We found a solitary vine, the only representative of the luxuriant vineyards which once supplied the capital. At one point, a fox sprang across our path into the gardens, a living witness of an unpeopled city.

It was most affecting to look round this scene of desolation, and to remember that this was the place where wicked Ahab built his house of Baal, where cruel Jezebel ruled, and where Elijah and Elisha did their wonders. But above all, it filled the mind with solemn awe to read over on the spot the words of God's prophet uttered 2500 years before—"*I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof.*"[1] Every clause reveals a new feature in the desolation of Samaria, differing in all its details from the desolation of Jerusalem,[2] and every word has literally come to pass. We had found both on the summit and on the southern valley, at every little interval, heaps of ancient stones piled up, which had been gathered off the surface to clear it for cultivation. There can be no doubt that these stones once formed part of the temples, and palaces, and dwellings of Samaria, so that the word is fulfilled, "*I will make Samaria as an heap of the field.*" We had also seen how completely the hill has been

[1] Mic. i. 6. [2] See pages 172, 198.

cleared of all its edifices, the stones gathered off it as in the clearing of a vineyard, the only columns that remain standing bare, without their capitals, so that, in all respects, the hill is left like "*the plantings of a vineyard*," either like the bare vine-shoots of a newly planted vineyard, or like the well-cleared terraces where vines might be planted.[1] Still farther, we had seen that the ruins of the ancient city had not been left to moulder away on the hill where they were built, as is the case with other ruined cities, but had been cleared away to make room for the labours of the husbandman. The place where the buildings of the city stood had been tilled, sown, and reaped; and the buildings themselves rolled down over the brow of the hill. Of this, the heaps in the valley, the loose fragments in the rude dykes that run up the sides, and the broken columns on their way down into the valley, are witnesses; so that the destroyers of Samaria (whose very names are unknown), and the simple husbandman, have both unwittingly been fulfilling God's word, "*I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley.*" And last of all, we had noticed that many of the stones in the valley were large and massy, as if they had been foundation-stones of a building, and that in many parts of the vast colonnade nothing more than the bases of the pillars remain. But especially, we observed that the ruined church had been built upon foundations of a far older date than the church itself, the stones being of great size, and bevelled in a manner similar to the stones of the temple wall at Jerusalem, and those of the mosque at Hebron; and these foundations were now quite exposed. So that the last clause of the prophecy

1 The word in the original may signify either the bare vine shoots, or the plat of ground where the vines are planted.

is fulfilled with the same awful minuteness, "*I will discover the foundations thereof.*" Surely there is more than enough in the fulfilment of this fourfold prediction to condemn, if it does not convince, the infidel.

We examined the old church at the east end of the hill. It is a massy substantial building, supposed to have been built in the times of the Crusades, as there are many crosses of the Templars on its architecture. The Moslems have broken away one of the limbs of each of the crosses in their zeal to shape them into the form of a crescent. Within the area of the church, there is a tomb where tradition says that John the Baptist was buried. Having obtained lights, we descended twenty-one steps into a handsome vault, the floor of which was tesselated with marble. There were five niches for the dead. The centre one was said to be that of the Baptist, and the door had a tinge of stone like the remarkable doors in the sepulchres of the kings at Jerusalem. "Now," said our friend Giuseppe with great gravity, "Tell your father when you go back to your own country, that you have seen the tomb of John the Baptist!"

But the natural scenery of Samaria had greater charms for us. The situation of the city is worthy of particular notice. The sun about two hours from setting, was gilding the whole country with his mellowed rays, while we stood and gazed around. We could plainly see the meaning of Isaiah's description, "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine."[1] The valley near the head of which the hill of Samaria stands, is even now rich in olive-trees,

[1] Isa. xxviii. 1. See Lowth's Note.

and probably abounded in vineyards and gardens in former days, while the hill itself, covered with palaces and towers, rose over like a glorious crown. The natural strength of the position of the city at once suggested the true force of the words of Amos, "Woe to them that trust in the mountain of Samaria."[1]

Within half an hour's distance of the hill on the north and south, and still nearer on the east, the ring of lofty hills which enclose the valley of Samaria begins to rise. These are what the Scripture calls "the mountains of Samaria." They encompassed the city, so that in the days of Israel's glory, when they were all clad in vineyards, the capital would appear encircled by plenty and luxuriance. The days are coming, when these same "mountains of Samaria" shall again be clothed more luxuriantly than ever, and cultivated by the hands of ransomed Israel; for the same unerring word that foretold the present desolation, has foretold the coming glory, "Thou shalt yet plant vines upon the mountains of Samaria; the planters shall plant, and eat them as common things."[2]

We remembered the history of the siege of Samaria by Ben-Hadad, the king of Syria,[3] and observed how easy it would be to shut in such a city on every side, so as to cut off the supplies; and it occurred to us, that probably the unbelieving lord, who was trodden to death in the gate, was thrown down by the stream of people rushing *down the hill* toward the Syrian camp.[4]

As we had still a journey of several hours before us, we were compelled to leave Subuste before sunset. We heard the sound of the millstone in some of the houses

[1] Amos vi. 1.
[2] Jer. xxxi. 5.
[3] II Kings vi. 24.
[4] II Kings vii. 17.

as we passed, and saw a man kneeling in prayer on the roof of his house, reminding us of Peter at Joppa.[1] It was very pleasant to remember that along the road we had come, and on the spot we had been traversing, Philip the Evangelist preached Christ unto the people. "There was great joy in that city"[2] then—greater than in the days of her royal magnificence, for Philip brought them joy from the fountain of life.

Regaining the public road, we proceeded due north to the foot of the hills which enclose the valley of Samaria, having high on our right a village called "Bet-emireen," "the house of Emirs." In about half an hour we began to ascend, and came to a romantic village called Bourka, half-way up the mountain. The peasants were all actively engaged at the thrashing-floor; their houses were built entirely of mud, but pleasantly surrounded by olive-trees, out of which the voice of the turtle sounded sweetly as we passed. Looking back we saw the whole of "the fat valley" beautifully illumined by the last rays of the setting sun. A very steep and difficult ascent soon brought us to the summit of the ridge, when a magnificent scene burst on our view. To the west lay the Mediterranean Sea, and that part of the plain of Sharon which stretches to ancient Cæsarea; to the north, immediately beneath us, Wady Gaba, a fine valley or undulating plain, which seemed like a Paradise, watered by a winding stream, and abounding in olive-trees. This stream we afterwards conjectured to be the brook Kanah mentioned in Joshua.[3] To the north-east rose the hills of Galilee, among which we thought we could distinguish Mount Tabor in the distance. At the head of the valley below, appeared a sheet of water, the first we had yet

[1] Acts x. 9. [2] Acts viii. 8. [3] Josh. xvi. 8; xvii. 9.

seen in this country. Slanting down the mountain side, which the Arabs called Jebel Gaba, in a north-easterly direction, we passed through the small village Matalish, and then through the village of Gaba; the latter may possibly indicate the position of the ancient *Gibbethon*, where Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baasha,[1] for that town seems to have been near Tirzah, and Tirzah was near to Samaria. The moon rose with great beauty, and the noise of the grasshoppers quite filled the valley. The glowworms and fire-flies were scattering their light around us. At length we encamped on the plain opposite Sanour. The time in which the servants were occupied in putting up the tents generally afforded us a profitable hour for meditation and retirement under the shady trees. In our evening worship together we read II Kings VI, which recounts some of Elisha's deeds in Samaria.

We set out at six next morning (June 21), and passed by the foot of a steep rocky hill, upon which stands the ruined castle of Sanour, a relic of crusading times. We were now within the borders of the half-tribe of Manasseh, and remarked the abundance of streams and the remnants of fertility, far exceeding any thing we had seen in the southern parts of the country,—as if the blessing put "upon the crown of the head of him that was separated from his brethren," had not yet passed away.

We rode alongside of the large sheet of water which we had seen the night before at the head of the valley. The Arabs called it Merj Ibnama. It is merely a gathering of water left by the latter rains, and is often dried up in summer. A much larger supply of rain than usual had fallen this year, which accounted for its

[1] 1 Kings xv. 27; xvi. 15.

being so full at this advanced season. It resembled not a little the Compensation Pond among the Pentland Hills near Edinburgh.

We came upon two men ploughing with oxen, and noticed that they held the plough only with one hand. The soil appeared rich and fertile. Thousands of a blue star-shaped flower, the name of which we did not know, decked the ground, mingled here and there with the pink, anemone, a very large species of convolvulus, and the tall plants of the lavatera. The beautiful hills all round the plain were clothed with brushwood, with olives and fig-trees sometimes running up a short way from their base.

Leaving this pleasant vale, we soon came to a height from which the hills of Galilee again came in view. From this we descended a rocky pass into a rich olive valley, with yellow corn-fields beyond, and found the large Arab village of Gabatieh. Some of the houses were well built of stone, others were entirely of mud. They had no windows except loop-holes, and these generally looking into the court of the house; the doors also were very low, perhaps for the purpose of defence. Emerging from the olive-grove we got a full sight of its beauty, and again remembered the many Scriptures which compare the soul of a thriving believer to a green and vigorous olive-tree.[1] Two things seem invariably united in this land, namely, the voice of the turtle wherever there is an olive-grove, and a village wherever the eye discerns verdure.

We met here, and often afterwards throughout the day, camels carrying home the harvest, with tinkling bells hanging from their neck. Many splendidly coloured butterflies were on the wing, and lizards with-

1 See p. 140.

out number were seen basking upon the rocks. Descending a ravine, still to the north-east, on the banks of a small stream running in the same direction, we reached Jenin in three hours from Sanour. This is the frontier town of the great plain of Esdraelon in this direction, so that it must always have been a place of some importance. It is believed to be the ancient Ginœa, mentioned in the Wars of Josephus. It is still a considerable town, surrounded with gardens and hedges of prickly pear, interpersed with a few graceful palm-trees, over which rises a mosque with its pointed minaret. The Bedouin camel-drivers seem to make it a place of rendezvous. Many of their brown tents were planted near, closely resembling our gipsy encampments ; and in one of their herds we counted as many as thirty camels. We halted for a short time under the shade of a spreading tree, while our servants went into the town to buy provisions.

Turning now to the N. W. we began to move along the edge of the plain of Esdraelon, the ancient valley of Jezreel. Very large fields of ripe barley occasionally occurred, sometimes a grove of olive-trees, but oftener the plain was waste and given over to thorns. It is melancholy to traverse the finest spots in this land, and to find them open and desolate. Even the highways are gone, along which the chariots of the kings of Jezreel used to run. The times of Shamgar are returned—"In the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through byways."[1] The threatening of Moses is fulfilled, "The land shall rest and shall enjoy her Sabbaths, while she lieth desolate."[2] We felt the heat of the sun very intense, while it poured its rays

[1] Judg. v. 6. [2] Lev. xxvi. 34.

down upon the plain. Sometimes we sought a moment's shelter under a shady tree, and sometimes we rode briskly forward to create a refreshing current in the air. It was over these level fields that the Canaanites used to drive their iron chariots in the days of Joshua;[1] and it was in these plains that Sisera was defeated with his multitude and nine hundred chariots of iron; "The kings came and fought, then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo."[2] We saw how easily Ahab could ride in his chariot from Carmel to Jezreel, while Elijah ran before him, there being no obstacle in all the plain;[3] and also how Jehu "could drive furiously"[4] as he came up from Jordan toward Jezreel. It was in another part of the same valley that good king Josiah came to fight with Pharaoh Necho in the valley of Megiddo, when the archers shot at him and wounded him in his chariot and he died.[5]

Leaving the plain, we entered among the low swelling hills on the west near a village, Bourkeen, in less than three hours from Jenin, and arrived at Ramouni, (that is, "pomegranate,") a village finely embosomed in fig-trees, olives, and pomegranates, from the midst of which came the voice of the blackbird and turtle-dove. Could this be *Hadad-rimmon* of which Zechariah speaks, and which was near the valley of Megiddo?[6] There is space for a large town here, and there are many reservoirs of water, which shew that it has been a place of some importance. Flocks of goats were couching by the well, and the Arab women were milking them, while a boy drew water in a skin and poured it into the trough. Our way lay westward over the slope of low undulating hills, covered with the carob-tree and evergreen oak, a

1 Josh. xvii. 16. 2 Judg. iv. 15: v. 19. 3 1 Kings xviii. 44.
4 2 Kings ix. 20. 5 2 Chron. xxxv. 23. 6 Zech. xii. 11.

finely wooded wilderness. Immense thistles, having heads of a rich violet hue, Spina Christi, lavatera, convolvulus, and our common holyhock, were the most abundant plants. We encamped at noon under the deep shade of a carob-tree of unusual size, and employed ourselves in writing up our notes and gathering wild flowers. Leaving at three o'clock, we rode through a fine sylvan solitude, hills and dales, all wild and seemingly untrodden, yet frequently having ruins and traces of ancient terraces, which shewed that once it had been a peopled land. The first village we came to was called Am-el-Fehm, that is, "mother of charcoal," probably from the abundance of wood which clothes the hill on which it stands, and the whole neighbourhood. Soon after, an opening in the hills gave us a rich prospect to the north-east over the plain of Esdraelon, as far as the hills of Nazareth, which seemed to be not many hours distant. Riding still north-west, the hill began to assume a more barren aspect, and the valleys looked sad and waste. Thistles, browned and withered, held undisputed reign, and the white stones covering the sides reminded us of the valley of dry bones. Toward sunset the mountains opened to the west, and we looked down upon the Mediterranean Sea—the great plain of waters, —and the line of coast near Cæsarea. Here our guide missed the track, but after passing a poor miserable hamlet, Cafreen, where not a tree grew, nor a single shrub, except one small cluster of the prickly pear, we reached a convenient spot for encamping near another village called Dalee. The frogs kept up an incessant croaking in the wady below, and the fire-flies glistened in the dusky air. Ibraim brought a plentiful supply of rich goats' milk from the village, a refreshing accompaniment to our evening meal. We had this day been

passing through a portion of the land whose luxuriance used to be proverbial, and yet we had seen little else than a labyrinth of thorns and briery plants. Isaiah XXXII. 13. again came to mind, and the remembrance was soothing, for as certainly as the curse has been fulfilled, so shall the blessing—"the Spirit shall be poured out from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field."

Next morning (June 22), as we left the poor village of Dalee, we noticed the women carrying their children, some on their sides and some on the shoulder. We were now traversing the portion of Issachar, whose "land was pleasant," and out of which princes came to the help of Deborah; yet now the pasture was scorched and withered, and the only traces of fertility were a few patches of barley and tobacco. As we approached the sea a cool breeze sprung up, which tempered the excessive heat of the morning. For about an hour after resuming our journey, the same features as before prevailed over the country, the only variety being a few Bedouin tents, "tents of Kedar." In about an hour we began to descend toward the west, and the country became much more fertile, assuming the appearance of the hill country between Bethlehem and Hebron. The swelling hills were covered with verdant brushwood, out of which issued the cooing of the dove. The deep thickets of evergreen oak frequently suggested to us the idea of the ancient groves of idolatry where they "inflamed themselves with idols under every green tree."[1] We approached a large and important-looking village, called Igzim. The houses seemed to be solidly built of stone, and there were many large enclosures of prickly pear. Often, too, we noticed here "the lodge in a garden of cucumbers."[2]

[1] Isa. LVII. 5. [2] Isa. I. 8.

Instead of entering the village, we turned to the right into a wild pass between wooded hills, which in a short time became a rocky defile, with a single sharp-pointed rock overhanging the entrance. Climbing up to this rocky pinnacle, we found some deep natural caves, which may have afforded a shelter to the prophets in the days of Elijah. The defile down which we had come issues suddenly into the narrow plain along the sea-shore, which is a continuation of the plain of Sharon. From the rocky height this plain lay stretched at our feet, and on the shore there were heaps of rubbish without any definite ruin, which mark the situation of Tortura, the ancient *Dor*, nine miles north of Cæsarea, one of the towns out of which Manasseh was not able to drive the Canaanites.[1] On the rocks above us we saw the vulture perched looking out for his prey. After slanting across the plain, which was covered sometimes with fields of barley, sometimes with sesamine, and still oftener lay waste, our road lay parallel to the shore, and within view of it; at length we came upon the shore of the Mediterranean, happy again to meet its deep blue waters. Proceeding north, we came in about an hour to a small stream which here runs into the sea; its banks were skirted with tall oleanders in full bloom, and as we forded the stream many tortoises dropt into the water from the banks. Soon after, looking back we saw on a projecting point of the shore some conspicuous ruins of pillars and ancient buildings. The place is called by the Arabs Athlete, and anciently Castellum Peregrinorum. We were anxious to press forward, and therefore did not turn aside to examine the ruins.

We remembered with interest that we were now in Paul's footsteps, when he travelled with a few friends

[1] Josh. xvii. 11, 12.

in the opposite direction from Ptolemais to Cæsarea.[1] Four miles farther north we came under the sloping sides of Mount Carmel, but it was some time before we could be persuaded that it was really the hill we had read of from infancy. It did not present an imposing appearance; but, on the contrary, seemed low and almost uninteresting. One of our number exclaimed, "Is this Carmel? Lachnagar is finer than this!" We had been expecting to see a majestic mountain towering high over the sea, and felt not a little disappointed to find the real Carmel a moderately high ridge, becoming less lofty and conspicuous as it approaches the sea, till it terminates in a point about 900 feet in height. Before we left Carmel, however, and especially after viewing the whole extent of it from the heights above Acre, this feeling of disappointment was entirely done away.

At its northern extremity, it comes very near the sea, so that there is but a narrow strip of land between the steep rocky side of the mountain and the shore. Upon this narrow strip were pitched a multitude of tents of all shapes and sizes, while men of different costumes were couching round them, or wandering along the beach. It was an animating scene, and would have been more so had we not known that this was the station where we must perform quarantine. The plague had been for a long time prevailing in several parts of the south of Palestine, but it had not spread to the north of Carmel. Accordingly, all travellers from the south were obliged to rest here in quarantine for fourteen days, or, if they consented to have all their clothes bathed in the sea, for seven days. We pitched on the shore, the waves of the sea almost washing the cords of our tents, and an Egyptian soldier, a simple good-natured man, was appointed

[1] Acts xxi. 8.

our *guardiano*, to see that we touched nobody; for should it happen that any one touch the person, or clothes, or cord of a tent, of any other party in quarantine, they are obliged to begin their days of quarantine anew.

The view which we enjoyed from our tent-door was every way splendid. The deep blue Mediterranean was in front of us, bounded only by the horizon. On the right was the beautiful Bay of Acre, round the whole sweep of which the eye could wander, uninterrupted except by the distant battlements of the town, or by small native vessels sailing past. In the distant background rose Jebel Sheikh, the ancient Hermon,[1] which "the Sidonians called *Sirion*, and the Amorites *Shenir*;" a noble mountain, where were "the lions' dens and the mountains of leopards."[2] The sea-breeze was pleasant and refreshing, and we had the privilege of bathing daily in the cool waters; but the sand often glowed like a furnace, and the thermometer was generally 86° F. day and night. It was here that Giuseppe, the native of Bethlehem who accompanied us from Jerusalem, took leave of us. He insisted on our giving him a *backshish*, which we could not refuse, although we considered that the favour was all on our side. He kissed our hands again and again, bidding us *Addio*.

The next morning was the Sabbath (June 23), and we welcomed the day of rest. Quietly seated in our tents, we read over and meditated upon the history of Elijah, especially his sacrifice on this mountain and his prayer, when seven different times he said to his attendant, "Go again."[3] In the cool of the evening we wandered far from the tents, and had delightful leisure and retirement, and every assistance from association, to spread before God the case of our own souls, our people,

1 Deut. III. 9. 2 Song IV. 8. 3 1 Kings XVIII. 43.

our land, and our journey in behalf of Israel. We longed for the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous Elijah.

The greater part of Monday was occupied in dipping our tents, clothes, &c. in the sea, while our books and papers were all fumigated, inconveniences to which we willingly submitted that our quarantine might be shortened to seven days. It seems very doubtful whether quarantines, as at present conducted, serve any good purpose. A traveller whose tent was next to ours told us that his servant, anxious to spare a handsome coat from being plunged in the salt water, hung it up among the drying clothes as if it had been immersed in the sea. Our own guardiano, whenever he came to any article of value, proposed, with a look of inexpressible cunning, to bury it in the sand till the fumigating was over, and seemed not to understand why we would not agree to it. The operations of this day made us understand better the command so frequently given in the ceremonial law, "He shall wash his clothes and be unclean till evening."[1]

The remaining days of this week were spent in extending our notes, writing letters to the Committee of our Church, and to friends at home, in preparing ourselves for farther inquiries concerning Israel, and in solitary meditations while we rambled along the shore. The heat was uniformly great. Before dawn, indeed, and toward sunset, there was generally a pleasant breeze, but on account of the nearness of the sea, the heat was as great at night as through the day. The food furnished to us was simple and wholesome. The inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Khaifa brought water-melons, and cusas, and fruits in abundance. Wa-

[1] Lev. xi. 40, &c.

ter, however, was sometimes scarce, there being but one well to supply the quarantine, and that one not very plentiful. We had long been strangers to the luxury of sitting upon a chair, and now felt the want of that accommodation less than we should otherwise have done. Still, the uneasy position of sitting upon the sand with our writing-desk supported on our knees, made the labour of writing in such a climate much greater than any one can imagine who has not made the same attempt.

Lord Hamilton and Mr Littleton were fellow-prisoners with us; and in a tent at some distance from us, Lord Rokeby, an English nobleman, who also had been travelling in these countries. Stretched upon the sand at respectful distances, under the eye of our guardiano, we held friendly conferences on the wonders we had seen. Dr Keith frequently applied and expounded the prophecies of the Word of God. On one occasion, in speaking of the wild animals that are found in the land at present, Lord Hamilton mentioned that his servant had seen during the preceding night two lynxes from Mount Carmel, with bright glaring eyes, quite near the tents. Near the Jordan, too, they had seen many wild boars and lynxes; and at Jenin, before dawn one morning, his servant had seen sixteen hyenas at one time.

Sometimes when the tide retired, (for there is an ebb and flow of a few feet at this place,) we gathered shells and sponge among the rocks. We saw some of our neighbours seeking for specimens of the shell-fish from which, in ancient times, they used to extract the famous purple dye. We did not see them find any specimens, but were told that they are still found here. It used to be found in all parts of the Bay, and there were two kinds of it. One of these yielded a dark blue colour,

the other a brighter tint, like scarlet; and by mingling together these two juices, the true purple colour was obtained. It was thus that Asher, whose rich and beautiful plain supplied viands fit for the table of kings, yielded also the dye of their royal robes, conveyed to many a distant court by the merchants of Tyre and Sidon. And thus we see the full meaning of Jacob's blessing on Asher, "he shall yield royal dainties."[1]

Grasshoppers abounded in the fields between the shore and the hill, and we found a few scorpions of a black colour; small, but dangerous on account of their venom. One evening, when we were walking along the beach, our guardiano discovered one. He instantly stamped upon it with his foot, and afterwards shewed us its sting. This reminded us of the asp on whose hole the "sucking child shall play."[2]

We enjoyed the view of several magnificent sunsets here. One evening especially the sun went down behind the great waters, tinging a vast array of fleecy clouds with the most gorgeous crimson. In the course of the week, Sir Moses Montefiore and his company arrived in quarantine, pitching their tents a little way to the south of us. He kindly sent us a present of a fine water-melon, and afterwards two bottles of the "wine of Lebanon," procured from the convent on Mount Carmel. If this was a fair sample of that famous wine, it must have lost much of its excellence since the days of Hosea,[3] for it is not very pleasant to the taste. It has the same peculiar flavour with the wine of Cyprus, a flavour said to be communicated by the tar put upon the thread with which the skins containing the wine

1 Gen. XLIX. 20. The original word מַעֲדַנִּים means whatever delights and regales, and its cognate is expressly applied to *dress* in II Sam. I. 24.

2 Isa. XI. 8. 3 Hos. XIV. 7.

are sewed. Sir Moses and Dr Keith frequently walked on the beach, conversing on the prophecies that had been fulfilled in the desolations of the land, a subject to which the former had evidently paid a good deal of attention; but he positively declined all reference to the New Testament. During the greater part of Saturday, although the heat was very great, he and his lady, and a medical attendant, who was a very bigoted Jew, went through the Jewish service with scrupulous attention.

On Friday evening (June 28), a party of Egyptian Arab soldiers of the Pasha came into quarantine, and encamped beside us. They were rude undisciplined barbarians, having nothing but their pikes and muskets, which they fixed by sticking the bayonets into the sand. They had often noisy quarrels with one another, and sometimes as we passed their tents, half in jest half in earnest, would level their musket at us, crying, *Nazarani*. At night, we heard them chanting their Arab songs in the same way as we had heard our Egyptians do in the desert, a single voice leading, and a chorus responding with clapping of hands.[1]

On the Saturday, a woman and her two children in a tent within a few yards of ours, were declared by the physician to be ill of plague. This was a solemn intimation in such circumstances; but we remembered the 91st Psalm, and entrusted ourselves more entirely to Him who had brought us hitherto. None of the cases proved fatal during our stay. We had a longing desire to ascend the summit of Mount Carmel, that we might see the place from whence Elijah's servant saw the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and that we might fully understand the Scripture references to it,

1 See p. 81.

several of which did not at that time appear so exactly suitable as we had found the references in regard to other places. But the regulations of quarantine would not permit us to wander to so great a distance. For the present, therefore, we were satisfied to skirt the foot of the hill, and to examine the large caverns which are to be found there. The limestone rock of this mountain abounds in them; and in some such cave Obadiah hid the Lord's prophets, and fed them with bread and water.[1] We were assured that there are no caves on the summit of the mountain, so it cannot be in reference to them that Amos speaks of sinners hiding "in the top of Carmel."[2]

On Sabbath morning (June 30), after worshipping together in our tent, we had separated for the day to pass the forenoon in retirement, when suddenly we were roused by hearing loud cannonading from the opposite side of the bay, and, looking up, saw the town of Acre enveloped in smoke. This continued for nearly an hour. What it meant we could not imagine; but at last a courier arrived from Acre, to announce that the Pasha's army had gained a great victory at Nezib, and that he had commanded all the large towns to celebrate it by rejoicings during three days. This information was good news to us, and for a time set our minds considerably at rest. Our days of quarantine were now expired, though we did not intend to leave till Monday; but the question with us was,—Are we to cross the country to Galilee, to inquire into the state of the Jews in that interesting region, or must we give up this fondly-cherished hope, and proceed by water to Beyrout? This had occupied much of our consideration the preceding day. The reports of the state of the country were very

[1] 1 Kings xviii. 13. [2] Amos ix. 3.

contradictory, some affirming that the Arabs, in the absence of the Pasha's troops, were infesting the roads, plundering and murdering in every direction; others declaring that there was little danger. Now, however, we joyfully concluded that the news of the victory would overawe the Arabs, and open our way into Galilee. This gave us more rest of mind for enjoying the Sabbath, till the evening, when the Vice-Consul of Khaifa paid us a visit which overthrew all our hopes. He came to say that the state of the roads toward Galilee was so dangerous, that he would not provide horses for us on the morrow, since in that case he would be held responsible for our safety. Our course was now decided, and we made up our minds to sail along the coast to Beyrout.

Meanwhile, in the cool of evening, we ascended Mount Carmel by a deep and rocky ravine a little way to the south. We conversed together on Elijah's wonderful answer to prayer obtained on this mountain, and felt that we could well spend the evening of the holy day in such a place. Having soon reached the summit, a considerable way above the Latin Convent, we sat down at a point commanding a full view of the sea to the west and to the north. Near this must have been the spot where Elijah prayed when he went up to the top of Carmel, and cast himself down upon the earth and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, "Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And Elijah said, 'Go again,' seven times."[1] There we united in praying for abundance of rain to our own souls, our friends, and our people, and for the progress of our mission, which seemed for a time impeded. It was awfully

[1] 1 Kings xviii. 42, 43.

solemn to kneel on the lonely top of Carmel. The sun was going down beyond the sea, the air was cool and delightfully pure; scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves, yet the fragrant shrubs diffused their pleasant odours on every side. A true Sabbath stillness rested on the sea and on the hill. The sea washes the foot of the hill on each side, and stretches out full in front till lost in the distance. To the east and north-east lies that extension of the splendid plain of Esdraelon which reaches to the white walls of Acre, and through which "that ancient river, the river Kishon," was winding its way to the sea, not far from the foot of Carmel. These are the waters that swept away the enemies of Deborah and Barak,[1] and that were made red by the blood of the prophets of Baal, after Elijah's miraculous sign of fire from heaven. To the south is seen the narrow plain between the mountains and the sea, which afterwards expands into the plain of Sharon. And along the ridge of Mount Carmel itself is a range of eminences, extending many miles to the south-east, all of them presenting a surface of table-land on the top, sometimes bare and rocky, and sometimes covered with mountain shrubs. On some of these heights, the thousands of Israel assembled to meet Elijah, when he stood forth before them all and said, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and from this sea they carried up the water that drenched his altar; and here they fell on their faces and cried, "Jehovah he is the God, Jehovah he is the God!"

The view we obtained that evening on Mount Carmel can never be forgotten. No scene we had witnessed surpassed its magnificence, and the features of it are still as fresh in our memory as if we had gazed on it but

[1] Judg. v. 21.

yesterday. It was, moreover, a most instructive scene: we saw at once the solution of all our difficulties in regard to the Scriptural references to this hill. Carmel is not remarkable for height; and is nowhere in Scripture celebrated for its loftiness. At the point overhanging the sea, we have seen that it is less than 900 feet high. To the south-east it rises to the height of 1200 feet, which is its greatest altitude. But then the range of hills runs nearly eight miles into the country, and was in former days fruitful to a proverb. Indeed, the name Carmel, signifying "a fruitful field," was given to it evidently for this reason. And when this vast extent of fruitful hills was covered over with vineyards, olive-groves, and orchards of figs and almond-trees, not on the sides alone, but also along the table-land of its summit—would not Carmel, worthy of the name, appear an immense hanging garden in the midst of the land? In the days of its pristine luxuriance, before the curse of God blasted its glory, "the excellency of Carmel"[1] of which the prophet speaks, must have been truly wonderful! How easy at that time it would have been "to hide in the top of Carmel;"[2] for embowering vines and deep shady fig-trees would afford a covert for many a mile along the summit. And would not the beholder in other days at once understand the meaning of the beautiful description of the church given in the Song, "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel?"[3] Would not the jewellery and ornaments, or perhaps the wreath of flowers, around the head of an Eastern bride, resemble the varied luxuriance of the gardens of Carmel seen from afar? There are at present in the Convent garden on the hill a few vines that produce excellent grapes; but these are all that now remain to testify of

[1] Isa. xxxv. 2. [2] Amos ix. 3. [3] Song vii. 5.

the spot where Uzziah had his vine-dressers.[1] With the exception of these, which are not properly on the summit of the hill, we could not descry a single fruit-tree on the top of Carmel. A few verdant olive-trees grow at the northern roots of the hill, and some extend a short way up the side; but the extensive summit, which was once like a garden, is covered as far as our eye reached with wild mountain shrubs and briery plants, all of stunted growth, except where the rock lay bare and without verdure under the scorching sun. The same God who said, "Zion shall be ploughed like a field," and "I will pour the stones of Samaria down into the valley," said also, "*The top of Carmel shall wither;*"[2] and that word we saw before our eyes fulfilled to the letter.

We had a fine chain of Divine truth before us in the references made by the prophets to this mountain. Amos represents the guilty sinner detected, though he was to hide in its top, or plunge into the sea at its foot. Solomon shews the sinner justified in a Redeemer's righteousness, beautiful as Carmel. Micah alludes to its rich pastures, when he would express the care of the great Shepherd, in feeding his justified ones, or restored Israel, and says, "*Feed thy people*, which (at present) dwell solitary in the wood, *in the midst of Carmel.*"[3] And when Isaiah would describe the fruitfulness and beauty of the New Earth, he can say nothing higher than this, "The excellency of Carmel shall be given unto it."

Refreshed in spirit we descended through a deep ravine, each side of which was fragrant with sweet-smelling briers. Among other plants there was abundance of the *Poterium spinosum*, such as we had found in the

[1] II Chron. xxvi. 10. [2] Amos i. 2. [3] Mic. vii. 14.

valley of Eshcol. We reached the shore before it was dark.

Early next morning (July 1) we saw an interesting scene. About twenty Jews from Khaifa came along the shore to the tent of Sir Moses Montefiore, to shew him respect before his departure. They were of all ages, and most of them dressed in the Eastern manner. It was affecting to see so many of them marching in a body in their own land.

Having determined to sail from Khaifa to Beyrout in a coasting vessel, we struck our tents, passed the barrier, and bade farewell to the quarantine and our kindly guardiano. We proceeded through the little plain of Khaifa, by the foot of Carmel on the north, rich in vegetable gardens, with some fine figs and olives. The entrance to the town is between hedges of prickly pear. Here we met an old Jew, originally from Vienna, who had been unable to keep up with the rest in their visit to Sir Moses, and was lingering near the town; he wore the broad-brimmed German hat and black Polish gown. We spoke to him in German, and found him very affable. He took two German tracts and one in Hebrew, and after briefly telling him, in Scripture language, his need of pardon, and that it came through Messiah, we separated, never to meet till the day of Christ.

A simple incident here vividly recalled a Scripture narrative.[1] A young Jew who had been out at the quarantine, was returning before us; and he had come away, probably, before the morning meal, and now felt hungry, for he stopped under a spreading fig-tree, and, looking up, searched the branches for a ripe fig, but in vain.

Khaifa is enclosed with walls, and appeared a neat

[1] Matt. xxi. 18, 19.

little town. We found our way to the synagogue, and by this time most of the Jews had returned from their visit to Sir Moses. There were about thirty in the synagogue, all wearing the *Tallith* or shawl with fringes, and the *Tephillin* or phylacteries, because this was the hour of morning prayer. We conversed a little with three or four Russian Jews who spoke German, and told them our object in coming from Scotland. On our asking what they expected Messiah would do at his coming, one of them said nobody could ever know that; and this he proved by turning to Daniel XII. 9,—"The words are closed up and sealed to the time of the end." In this way he evaded the subject of a suffering Messiah. We shewed them from Isaiah I. 15, "When ye make many prayers I will not hear," that their many prayers would not justify them before God. They answered, "We do not make *many* prayers; our prayers are very few." We pressed them also with Ezek. XXXVI. 26, to shew them that Israel at present have a heart of stone, and that they need a change of heart. Altogether they were most friendly.

There were several boys present, and they too wore the Tephillin. Several of the little children came up to us, kissed our hands, and laid them on their heads, that we might bless them in the Jewish manner. They little knew how truly we longed that God would pour out his blessing upon Israel's seed, and his Spirit on their offspring. One fine little boy followed us to the boat, and lingered on the shore till we had fairly sailed. When we reached the shore, the men were busy in getting ready the vessel,—a large open boat without cabin, and even without an awning. A man and a boy had the management of it, a poor remnant of the Phœnician sailors so famous of old. As we sailed the town looked well from

the sea, adorned with some graceful palm-trees. The flags of Britain and France were floating together on the roof of the Vice-Consul's house, and the Egyptian flag, bearing the crescent and star on a blood-red ground, waved over the fort. Behind rose Mount Carmel, stretching into the country in what seemed an unbroken range, bare and withered; and we could now understand well the prophet's description, "Carmel by the sea,"[1] for its northern extremity seems to descend into the very waters. The swell of the sea soon became unpleasant, the vessel rocked with every breeze, and we were exposed unprotected to the burning rays of the sun. We sailed past Acre, presenting a fine but not a formidable appearance. It is the ancient *Ptolemais*, where Paul abode one day.[2] The men soon after pointed to Zeeb, the ancient Achzib, one of the cities of Asher, from which he could nor drive the Canaanites.[3] It stands upon a slope near the sea. By sunset we were opposite Tyre, "the strong city," and could distinguish clearly the part that was once an island. Here the breeze died away, and we were becalmed for many hours. We spent a painful night exposed to the heavy dew; but, remembering how our Master slept in just such a vessel as this, we were still. At break of day we found ourselves opposite Saida, the ancient Zidon, and could hear the distant sound of the rejoicings in the town in honour of the recent victory. Soon the range of Lebanon appeared, rising up to the clouds in tranquil majesty.[4] About eleven o'clock the promontory called Ras-el-Beyrout came in sight, and in a little time we sailed into

[1] Jer. xlvi. 18. [2] Acts xxi. 7. [3] Josh. xix. 29. Judg. i. 31.

[4] Jer. xxii. 6 alludes to this prominent and majestic view of Lebanon. The true rendering of the whole verse is perhaps as follows:—"Thou, head of Lebanon, art Gilead (*i. e. the heap of witness*) to me; surely I will make thee a wilderness of uninhabited cities!"—that is, I call upon the towering heights of Lebanon to bear witness that I will do this.

the harbour of Beyrout. The town has a fine appearance, the rising ground behind being studded with villas, and completely clothed with verdant gardens and mulberry plantations. A dilapidated castle runs out into the sea, in the midst of a singularly beautiful bay, and over all rise the towering heights of Lebanon. We were thankful to land and escape the discomforts of a Syrian boat, which we had been experiencing for twenty-eight hours.

The public rejoicings were going on; the inhabitants were all dressed in their finest clothes; some moved through the streets with instruments of music, singing and clapping of hands; some were carried in palanquins, and some had mock-fights to the sound of music. We were glad to find refuge in the inn of Giuseppe, a Greek Christian, the first inn we had met with since leaving Alexandria.

We were soon waited on by two of the American Missionaries who are stationed here, Mr Thompson and Mr Hebard, who shewed us every kindness. They seemed to be earnest, devoted men, and have been blessed with considerable success. They have a regular Arabic service every Lord's day, attended by sometimes more than a hundred hearers, who are chiefly Christians of the Greek, Latin, and Armenian Churches. They have very efficient Sabbath schools for the young, and their week-day schools are attended by sixty boys and forty girls. In addition to these, they have a seminary for raising up native teachers, attended at present by about twenty Syrians. At this institution they first make trial of the boys for two months, and if in that time they do not evince sufficient aptitude or talent, their instruction is not carried farther. Some of those attending are Arabs; one is an Armenian, one a Maronite, one a Druse; and

a few belong to the Greek Church. The Missionaries have baptized eighteen persons since the commencement of their labours in this country. The Roman Catholics, and still more the Maronites, are their most implacable and bigoted adversaries, throwing every obstacle in their way. The priests of both these sects would burn the Bible if they found it in possession of any of their people. Still, by means of native agency, the Bible is distributed, preserved, and read. The Greeks, and next to them the Armenians, have far less of a bigoted and persecuting spirit. Mr Hebard labours here in the winter season, but generally in summer visits Mount Lebanon and labours among the Druses. These are a singular people, supposed to have been originally Mahometans, but having now scarcely any religion. They worship in secret places, and have doctrines which they make known only to the initiated. They are very ignorant, but much more open to the words of the missionary than the prejudiced Maronites.

Several of the resident merchants also shewed us much attention, especially Mr Heald, Mr Kilbee, and some of our Scottish countrymen, among whom was Mr Kinnear, who has since given so interesting an account of his sojourn in the East. By a kind providence also, we now met with Erasmus Scott Calman, a believing Jew, newly arrived from England. We had become acquainted with him in London, and were now providentially brought together, for he was destined to be our kind companion and fellow-traveller from that day till we arrived in England. We had also much joy in meeting with Mr Pieritz, once Jewish Rabbi at Yarmouth, now Missionary of the London Society, along with Mr Levi and Dr Gerstmann, both converted Jews and labourers in the vineyard, the former laid aside for a time through

bad health, the other, the medical missionary at Jerusalem. Some of the Syrian young men belonging to the American seminary were very kind and attentive to us, especially two who could speak English very well, named Abdallah and Habib. The latter said, "My name is Habib, that is, 'friend,' so when you want any thing you must call Habib." Frequently during our stay at Beyrout, we visited the residences of the American Missionaries, delightfully situated on the high ground to the south of the town, and about half a mile distant, in the midst of mulberry gardens.

From the roof and windows of Mr Thompson's house we enjoyed a splendid prospect. The coast of Syria, indented with numerous bays, stretched far to the north. But we were chiefly occupied with the view of majestic Lebanon. It is a noble range of mountains, well worthy of the fame it has so long maintained. It is cultivated in a wonderful manner by the help of terraces, and is still very fertile. We saw on some of its eminences, more than 2000 feet high, villages and luxuriant vegetation, and on some of its peaks 6000 feet high, we could discern tall pines against the clear sky beyond. At first the clouds were resting on the lofty summit of the range, but they cleared away, and we saw Sannin, which is generally regarded as the highest peak of Lebanon. There is a deep ravine that seems to run up the whole way, and Sannin rises at its highest extremity to the height of 10,000 feet. The rays of the setting sun, gave a splendid tint to the lofty brow of the mountain, and we did not wonder how the church of old saw in its features of calm and immoveable majesty, an emblem of the Great Redeemer; "His countenance is as Lebanon."[1] The snow was gleaming in many of its highest

[1] Song v. 15.

crevices, reminding us of the prophet's question, "Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon?"[1] In coming through the bazaar we had seen large masses of it exposed for sale. The merchants slice it off the lump, and sell it to customers for cooling wine and other liquors, and it is often mixed with a sweet syrup, and drunk in passing as a refreshing beverage. Not far from Sannin the ancient cedars are found, a memorial of the glory of Lebanon. Cedars of smaller size are found also in other parts of the mountain. There are nearly 200,000 inhabitants in the villages of Lebanon, a population exceeding that of all the rest of Palestine. This may give us an idea of the former "glory of Lebanon,"[2] and may explain the ardent wish of Moses, "I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, *that goodly mountain*, even Lebanon."[3] Not many miles east of Beyrout, over the ridge of Lebanon, lies the beautiful vale of Cœle-Syria (hollow Syria) between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. It is said to be most fertile, and abounds in plentiful springs of water, which may perhaps be some of the "streams from Lebanon."[4] At the northern extremity of that vale there is a considerable town called Hamah, supposed to be the ancient *Hamath*. The narrow entrance of this fine valley may be "the entrance of Hamath," in the northern portion of the land which God gave to Israel.[5] Ezekiel XLVII. 16, joins it with *Berothah*, the very Beyrout where we then stood. Mr Thompson informed us of the death of the well known Lady Hester Stanhope, which had taken place a few days before at her own residence in the mountains near to Sidon. He had attended her funeral, and read the service over her grave

1 Jer. XVIII. 14. 2 Isa. XXXV. 2. 3 Deut. III. 25.
4 Song IV. 15. 5 Num. XXXIV. 8.

in her own garden. No Christian was near her when she died, and not a *para* of money was found in the house.

One evening we went with Mr Kilbee to see the ancient columns that are sunk in the harbour, and the remains of old Mosaic pavement along the shore. These are the relics of Roman days, when Berytus was renowned for its school of jurisprudence, and frequented by the learned from various countries. An old caravansera also attracted our attention, once the resort of merchants with their camels, but now fallen into disuse. It was a large square, with buildings round the four sides, the lower part affording accommodation for the animals; the upper, furnished with a gallery all round, intended for the travellers themselves. On the eastern side of the town there is a Moslem burying-ground, with a solitary cypress rising over the tombs. It was pleasant to wander there and look out upon the calm glassy sea and Lebanon. Nothing can surpass the softness of the Syrian sky at evening. At such an hour we used to see many of the citizens with their children on the roofs of their houses enjoying the cool evening air. Some even sleep upon the roof at this season of the year. Beyrout is one of the hottest towns in all Syria. The thermometer stood generally at 85° or 90° F. during the day, but often rose to 96° during the night. The reason of this seems to be, that there is little or no land breeze, owing to the proximity of the mountains, so that there is perfect stillness in the air till morning, when the sea breeze commences.

There are about 200 Jews in Beyrout. We visited them and their synagogue on Friday evening at the commencement of the Jewish Sabbath. We found them generally ignorant men, with little of peculiar interest in their character.

From Mr Pieritz, the missionary mentioned above, we received much important information. Speaking of the best STATIONS for the labours of a Jewish missionary, he mentioned *the Grand Dutchy of Posen* as one of the most promising fields in the whole world. There are nearly 100,000 Jews there, among whom the London Society have sent three labourers, but there is room for thirty. The Jews there have been enlightened so far as to be loosened from the Talmud, and yet they are not Rationalists. This may be accounted for by their situation among Protestant Christians. Nearly one-half of all the Jewish converts are from that country, among whom are three of the Jerusalem labourers.

In *Moldavia and Wallachia* there is another great field, hitherto untried. The cheapness of living there is extraordinary, and the resources of commerce are great and unoccupied, so that Jewish inquirers and converts could easily support themselves independently of their brethren. Judeo-Polish and Judeo-German are the languages they speak.

From personal observation, he also mentioned *Gibraltar* as a desirable missionary station. On one side lies the coast of Barbary, all lined with Jews, each of its towns having several thousands, and these men of singular industry. On the other side are Spain and Portugal, where are many called "New Christians," who are all baptized Jews, to whom a prudent missionary might find access. In Gibraltar itself are about 2000 Jews, speaking Hebrew and Spanish; many of whom at present allow their children to attend Christian schools there. A knowledge of the Arabic language is required by a labourer on the Barbary coast, and Judeo-Spanish on the European side. Mr P. spoke further upon the subject of TRACTS FOR THE JEWS. The most

useful tract for a Jew is a plain Christian tract, such as one would give to a careless professing Christian, setting before him the simple truth of his lost condition, and the death and atonement of Christ. This is much better than a deficient controversial tract. If it is controversial, it ought to be complete, for otherwise a Jew, accustomed as he is, by studying the Talmud, to acute reasoning, will soon see its deficiency and throw it aside. The tract "Helps to Self-examination" is good, because it sets before them the law that convinces of sin, and closes with prayer for light. "The City of Refuge" is another that Mr Nicolayson considered useful.

Some of Mr Pieritz's anecdotes regarding the Jews in Palestine, were very interesting. In Jerusalem, a Jew named Munsternetze, when pressed much to read the Bible for himself, replied, "But I am afraid." "Why?" "Because (said he) I have a wife and children." He meant, that if he were to study the Bible, he would be convinced of the truth, and would, through the enmity of the Jews, reduce his family to poverty. Six weeks after Mr Pieritz came there, a learned Jew, named Joseph, visited his house to converse with him, and remained from ten in the morning till five at night; and the result was, that he would not read his rabbinical books any more. Not long after, he came secretly every day, and they read over together most of Isaiah, and all Matthew critically. One day he said that it had occurred to him that, as Messiah *should* have come just at the time when Christ appeared, it might be the case that Christ, knowing this, had taken advantage of it, and by the force of great genius, had brought all the prophecies to meet in himself. Mr Pieritz gave him Isa. LIII, Dan. IX, and Zech. XII, to compare and meditate upon. When he had read the first of these

chapters, he returned saying, that he understood it; at the same time, he applied it partly to the Jews, and partly to the Messiah as one of the Jews. Mr Pieritz set him to read all the three chapters. He sat very thoughtfully for a while; then burst out into the exclamation, "*How to understand is easy enough, but how not to understand is the difficulty!*" From that time, he became really anxious about spiritual things. One Friday evening, talking of veracity toward God and man, one of the Talmudical prayers was adduced, which says, "*I thank thee for commanding*" such and such things, although no command has been given for it in the Bible. He felt the force of this at once, and on going home, finding the table spread to usher in the Sabbath, he declined the service. His friends became suspicious of him, but his change became public in an unexpected way. A Mahometan was in the room one day, to whom Mr Pieritz said, "that the unbelief of the Jews was no objection to Christianity, as many of them did believe," appealing to Joseph, who boldly assented. The Mahometan told this to the Jews, and Jerusalem was turned upside down. An excommunication was pronounced upon Joseph, so awful that the whole synagogue were in tears. They then forced him to divorce his wife, and, by repeated solicitations, to leave Jerusalem for Constantinople, whither he went seeking Christian baptism.

On another occasion, a public controversy was held, in which Rabbi Benjamin was spokesman in favour of the Talmud. It did not last long, but three months after, he came to Mr Pieritz to say, that though convinced at the time that himself had the best of the argument, yet, on going home, he had been led to reflect and inquire. Another day, he and Rabbi Eleazar came

both together with a list of questions written, but went away without proposing them, after hearing Mr Pieritz's statement of the truth. They began to read the New Testament together. One evening while thus engaged in one of their houses, Rabbi Abraham came in unexpectedly; they tried to hide their books, but he insisted on seeing them. Upon a vow of secrecy, they shewed their New Testaments. He was very angry, but agreed to go with them to visit Mr Pieritz. He came full of fire against Christianity. He began by shewing the inaccuracy of the quotation about Bethlehem-Ephratah in Matt. II, and said many acute things; but Mr Pieritz kept to the statement of the gospel. Rabbi Abraham soon became the most earnest of the three in his love for Christianity, and all determined to make an open profession.[1] Two of them belong to the best Jewish families in Russia. Chaii or Hyman Paul, a young man, became convinced of the truth and was baptized. He used to go to the convent and argue with the Roman Catholics, telling them that they could not be true Christians, because they did not care for the Jews, but hated them. On one occasion, they ordered him out.

On the subject of PROPHECY, Mr Pieritz agreed in the sentiments of Mr Nicolayson, that it is quite necessary for a missionary to hold the literal interpretation of prophecy. He mentioned that some Jews in Poland condemn parts of Abarbinel for spiritualizing. The Jews feel their dispersion to be literal; and therefore if you explain unfulfilled prophecy by saying it is spiritual, they reckon you a kind of infidel. If you say that "a wolf" does not mean a wolf but a bad man, that "Zion" means the church, and "redeeming Israel"

1 The Jewish Intelligence for April 1840, gives the last accounts of these three. All were remaining stedfast in their adherence to the truth, but Abraham had gone to Constantinople, and had not returned.

not redeeming Israel but something else, and yet try to convince them of the truth of Christianity from the Bible, they think that you yourself do not believe the Bible. In arguing with the Jews, it is sometimes of importance to shew the similarity between Rabbinism and Popery,[1] and that they have the same author. One day a Jew referred to the follies transacted at the Holy Sepulchre, and said, "that religion cannot be true." The Missionary replied, "They do just as you do, they add to the New Testament, and you add to the Old." Like the Papists, the Jews do not approve of a man reading much of the Bible, because it leads him to speculate, and they say the Rabbinical commentaries contain as much as it is proper to know. The parts of Scripture read in the synagogue, are generally passages that do not directly instruct in doctrine. For example, they read the 52d and 54th chapters of Isaiah, but omit the 53d.

In speaking of *the Holy Land as a Missionary field*, Mr Pieritz gave us the smallest estimate we had yet heard of the numbers of the Jews. He reckoned that in Jerusalem there are only 3000 Jews, in Saphet 2000, in Tiberias 1000, in Hebron 700, and in other towns and villages 1300, making in the whole land only 8000 Jews. During the last year he thought there had been a decrease in the Jewish population; for the plague carried away more than those born during the year, and the Jewish emigrants who came to settle at Jerusalem during that time were not more than twenty. As to their *means of support*, the Ashkenazim depend wholly on the contributions from Europe, except in isolated cases. The Sephardim are not so entirely dependent on this source, as they have a little trade. If the con-

[1] See Appendix, No. VII.

tributions were withheld, they would all be forced to seek support by their own industry, and this would be infinitely better for them. Every intelligent friend of Israel we met agreed in this opinion. There are no Rabbies properly speaking among the Ashkenazim, that is, the Rabbi is supported in no other way than as a member of the congregation; but among the Sephardim there are "Hachamim" (חֲכָמִים) or "Wise," for they do not call them Rabbies. These are all who are raised above the lower class, and have reached a certain standard of learning. Above this is the class of the "Hacham Morenu" (חָכָם מוֹרֵינוּ) or "Teacher." Him they regard with unqualified respect, and submit to him as a kind of Pope. He is well supported by them, and often lives in affluence. The Ashkenazim do not pay any such respect to their Rabbies. The Polish and German Jews are generally better scholars than the native Sephardim; but, on the other hand, the latter have more knowledge of the Bible. On the Barbary coast, it is not uncommon to meet with very unlearned Jews who are well acquainted with their Bible. There is a mixture of the customs of different countries among the Jews of Palestine; but a general inclination prevails to yield to the manners and laws of the Sephardim; as, for example, in the rites of burial. There is much more of Pharisaism among the Sephardim than among foreign Jews, and much less morality. Polygamy is not unfrequent among them, but is not allowed among the Ashkenazim. There are several in Jerusalem at present who have two wives, and some who have even four. Divorce occurs every day. Mr Pieritz mentioned one case of a Jewess in Jerusalem, not above thirty years old, who was then married to her fifth husband. In how affecting a manner does this illustrate

the question put by the Pharisee to our Lord, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?"[1] and the touching answer of Jesus.

The Jews here are far lower in morals than those in Europe. Those living in Saphet are worse than those in Jerusalem; those in Hebron are the most respectable of all. Their misery also is very great. It is not true, as some have supposed, that though the houses are outwardly poor, they are well-furnished within. Yet the Jews are more open and friendly in this land than in any other, because of their misfortunes. The Bible shews that affliction will be one way of humbling them; and it is so here. In other lands, where they are involved in business, or rich and comfortable, they will not attend to the missionary.

The Jews here will take an Old Testament willingly, but often they will read the historical parts only, and not the prophets; for it flatters their national pride to read the story of the wars of their fathers. To remedy this, the London Society have published The Prophets separately, and these are often sold to them.

The Karaites,[2] or Jews who keep by the text of the word of God and reject traditions, abound most in the Crimea, and hence some erroneously give that country the honour of originating the name. They are generally very ignorant, having no literature of their own. In the Crimea and Turkey, they are said to repeat their prayers in Turkish. Their prayer-book is a beautiful compilation, being taken almost entirely from Scripture, with some hymns; and they do not omit any book of the Bible in the Scriptures, as some have asserted.

1 Matt. xix. 3.

2 קָרָאִים that is, textualists, adhering to the simple Scripture, קרא, and rejecting traditions.

The other Jews hate this sect more than they do the Gentiles.

In regard to the LITERARY QUALIFICATIONS OF MISSIONARIES, the remarks of Mr Pieritz have been mostly anticipated.[1] He shewed the necessity of a Missionary's knowing more languages than Hebrew. If he speak to them only in Hebrew, he must quote the Scripture simply as it stands in the Hebrew text, which they often understand in a different sense from what he does. For the sake of perspicuity, therefore, he must explain himself in the vernacular tongue—Judeo-Polish or German for the Ashkenazim, and Judeo-Spanish or Arabic for the Sephardim. The study of the Talmud sharpens the intellect much; so that a Missionary who has not studied it deeply ought to have passed through an academical education. The only way of learning it is by the help of some learned Jew. The parts that are not controversial are the most easy. But one who is a Talmudist and nothing more will never do for a Missionary. One advantage of Talmudical knowledge is, that it enables the person to argue by Talmudical logic, which is much shorter and more striking than scientific logic. Jews cannot follow a long argument. They do not feel the power of the syllogism; and, on this account, "Leslie's Method" does not suit them.

The concluding words of our conversation with this interesting person were worthy of remembrance. "Rather send one good Missionary than fifty others. I have come after many Missionaries, and have wished that they had never been there. It was pleasant to come after Wolff. All the Jews in the place knew what he wanted with them—viz. that without Christ there is no remission of sin."

[1] See pages 258, 259.

(July 5.) In the streets of Beyrout, it is common to meet Druse women wearing the tantour, or "horn" of silver, with the white veil thrown over it. It is far from being a graceful ornament, and is adopted only by the women of Lebanon. It is likely that this fashion was borrowed originally from the language of Scripture, and not that any such fashion existed long ago, to which Scripture refers. Probably the truth in regard to this custom, is the same as in regard to several practices in use among the Abyssinians; they have grafted customs on a literal application of Scripture expressions. Such passages as "I have defiled *my horn* in the dust,"[1] may have suggested this singular head-dress to the people of Lebanon. The horn to which the words of Scripture refer, was simply, as among the Greeks, the horn of animals, that being their principal weapon of defence, and therefore the natural symbol of power.

We met a man carrying a wooden key hanging over his breast, and an iron key over his shoulder hanging down his back; and we found that it is common for merchants when they carry more than one key, to suspend them in this way over the shoulder. It was once the custom in Judah; "The key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder."[2] Every body also seems

[1] Job xvi. 15. [2] Isa. xxii. 22.

to carry in his hand a string of beads, keeping his fingers in constant employment. Christians, Jews, and Mahometans seem equally wedded to the practice.

We had been deliberating for some time as to our future movements in the important Mission with which we had been entrusted ; and now, after much anxious and prayerful deliberation, came to a unanimous conclusion. Our valuable fellow-traveller, Dr Black, had for some time felt the climate of Syria, and the rude manner of travelling, too much for his bodily strength, and feared that he would not be able to undergo the farther fatigue of a journey into Galilee. In these circumstances, it was considered right that he and Dr Keith should proceed homewards by Constantinople and the Danube, making inquiries into the condition of the Jews in all the most important places through which that route would take them; whilst the two younger members of the Deputation should remain to visit the Jews of Galilee, and return to England by a land journey through Europe. To aid us in our inquiries, Mr Calman, a Christian Israelite, of whom we have already spoken, a man of tried integrity, who had formerly laboured five years in Palestine, and was master of the Arabic and German languages, was engaged to accompany us.

On Saturday afternoon (July 6), we were present at the Arabic service in the house of Mr Hebard, the American Missionary. About twenty Syrian converts were present, and among the rest a venerable old man, named Karabet, who had been twenty years Armenian Bishop in Jerusalem, but had now renounced the errors of that church at the cost of sacrificing all his worldly interests. A prayer meeting was conducted in English, and then an address and prayer in Arabic followed. In the evening,

the heights of Lebanon were here and there blazing with fires kindled by the Maronites in honour of the feast of St John.

(July 7. Sabbath.) Early this morning the Missionaries came to take us to the house of the American Consul, where their forenoon service is conducted. Here, in a large commodious room with stone floor, the open windows of which commanded a splendid view of the sea, the old castle, and Lebanon, was assembled a congregation of more than 100, consisting of English residents and their families, and many turbaned Syrians who understood English. The singing of the hymns was very sweet in a foreign land. Dr Black preached from Rom. v. 1. At three o'clock, we parted with our esteemed fellow-travellers, and saw them set sail in the Austrian steamer for Smyrna. It was solemn and painful to separate from our brethren, "not knowing the things that were to befall us."

We now went to the mission-house above the town; and round the door found several of the Syrian boys waiting for the commencement of the Arabic service. Sitting down under the shade of the mulberry-trees we conversed with them. Two of them spoke English remarkably well, and went over the Old Testament history most accurately, as far as the wanderings of Israel, accompanying every answer with most expressive looks and actions. One of them especially was full of liveliness, and on asking him the story of Moses wishing to see Lebanon, related it fully, pointing to the lofty mountain towering before us. Three others sitting by occasionally added a remark, while old Bishop Karabet, and many others, looked on from the steps above. Soon after, the Arabic service commenced in a large airy room, divided by a partition, except at the place where the